Tales From Two Rivers I

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A Two Rivers Arts Council Publication
College of Fine Arts Development
Western Illinois University
Macomb, Illinois

Tales From Two Rivers I

EDITED BY

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Contents

Acknowledgements

I Community Life 3

THE 1910 FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN LAHARPE *Ernest A. Peyron, Sr.* 5
THE ADAIR FISH FRY AND HORSE SHOW *Burdette Graham* 5
ADAIR AND PILOT GROVE SCHOOL: THE EARLY 1900's *Ruby L. Sexton* 7
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HENRY COUNTY FAIR, 1906-1907 *Jane Nash Lund* 7
THE ANTI-HORSETHIEF PICNIC *Ruby Davenport Kish* 8
THE PIE SOCIAL IN CALHOUN COUNTY *Marie Freesmeyer* 10
COURTSHIP IN OLENA—THE CHICKEN HOUSE DANCE *Muriel Carner* 11
WINTER RECREATION IN BROOKLYN: THE 1920's *William F. Irvin* 12
OLD SETTLER'S DAY IN PLYMOUTH *Harold L. Donkle* 13
MEMORIES OF THE PLYMOUTH OPERA HOUSE *Small Burdett* 14
THE ELLISVILLE OPERA HOUSE *Willis R. Harkless and Angelo Forneris* 16
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" IN RUSHVILLE *Florence M. Woodworth* 16
MEMORIES OF OQUAWKA *Marjory M. Reed* 17
REMINISCENCES OF NAUVOO *Florence Ourth* 19
CARTHAGE: THE WORLD WAR I ERA *Mary H. Siegfried* 21
ARMISTICE DAY IN MACOMB *Beulah J. McMillian* 23
THE INNOCENT YEARS: THE TWENTIES *Keith L. Wilkey* 23
A BRIEF HISTORY OF GLASGOW AND ITS ACTIVITIES *Stella Hutchings* 24
MARIETTA AND COAL CUT *Kermit F. Oliver* 26
MY GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES OF EARLY FOUNTAIN GREEN *Ida C. Jackson* 28
THE RUINS OF THE TYSON CREEK SETTLEMENT *Ira J. Allen* 29
BUG TUSSLE *Frank Hersman* 29

II Earning A Living 33

THE ANATOMY OF A PHARMACIST *Edward R. Lewis, Jr.* 35
TEACHING IN HENDERSON COUNTY *Mrs. Omega White* 37
THE STRAUSS BROTHERS' FAMILY STORE IN PITTSFIELD *Kenneth Weinant* 38
GETTING TO SCHOOL: THE WINTER OF 1940 *Kathryn Link* 39
THE DAY THE RAINS CAME *Ruth S. Pollitt* 41
DELIVERING MAIL ALONG THE KILJORDAN *Robert Little* 43
GETTING MY FIRST TEACHING JOB AT DALLAS CITY *Marguerite Campbell Hill* 44
MEMORIES OF MY YEARS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS *Olive Navarre* 45
A TWILIGHT SHORTCUT *Lyle W. Robbins* 46
FUR TRADING IN WESTERN ILLINOIS *Florence Braun* 48
PLOWING IN 1913 *Ollie Alexander* 49
UNDERGROUND COAL MINING IN SOUTHERN MCDONOUGH COUNTY *John C. Willey* 50
CHICKEN CANNING IN AUGUSTA *Leota Lawton* 52
WORKING WITH HORSES *Homer A. Canfield* 53

III Family Life 57

LONG AGO ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI *Evangeline Dickhoener Norton* 59
FAMILY SURVIVAL IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS *Edith Alva Allison* 60
MY FAMILY AND THE SWEDISH BAPTIST CHURCH *Edythe H. Johnson* 61
CHRISTMAS LONG AGO *Esther Hollender* 63
WINTER EVENINGS IN THE TWENTIES *Lucille H. Irvin* 64
GAMES MY FAMILY PLAYED YEARS AGO *Nellie F. Roe* 66
VIEWING HALLEY'S COMET IN 1910 *Edna Williams* 67
THE DAY WE BURIED THE DOUGH *Mildred M. Nelson* 68
THE BLOWN-UP BANK *Virgie Mead* 69
DELIGHTFUL SMELLS OF YEARS AGO *Iva I. Peters* 70
DADDY JENKINS *Ethel Jenkins Wetterling* 72

P. J. FLEMING—MY POP *Mary W. Heitzig* 73
DR. PROVINE OF BLANDINSVILLE—MY FATHER *Eleanor P. Gingerich* 76
GRANDMA *Katherine Boden* 77
I REMEMBER GRANDMA *Marion Lister Zejmowicz* 77

IV *School Days, School Days* 83

WARM MEMORIES OF RURAL SCHOOLS IN WESTERN ILLINOIS *Burdette Graham* 85
THE GOLDEN RULE: A GIRL'S VIEW *Esther Sypherd* 87
THE OAK DALE SCHOOL: GREENE COUNTY, ILLINOIS *Neita Schutz* 89
COUNTRY SCHOOL DAYS *Pierre Marshall* 90
REMINISCENCES OF YOUTH AND SCHOOL *Ruth Johnson* 91
WE ALL REMEMBER *Nina Senders, Edna Codling, Bertha Ensworth, Zalea Elliott, Osee L. Anderson, Faye Douglas* 92
GRADUATION DAY IN 1918: THE RAG IN THE CORNER *Erma Elliott Swearingen* 93
MY TEACHER TRAINING AT WESTERN ILLINOIS NORMAL SCHOOL *Beula Selters* 93
A LETTER TO MY GRANDCHILDREN *Elizabeth Kiddoo* 94
LEARNING RIGHT FROM WRONG *Viola A. Stout* 95
REMINISCENCES FRANKLY GIVEN *Nell Dace Turner* 96
DEJA VU *Marion Y. Baker* 97
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT *Burton O. Goodwin* 98
LONG TOWN *Nelda B. Cain* 99

V *Tin Lizzies, Etc.* 103

LIVING WITH A MODEL T *Bob Hulsen* 105
IN OUR MERRY OLDSMOBILES: HOW IT WAS *Hattie S. Smith* 107
THE RUNAWAY *Eunice Stone DeShane* 108
STEAMBOATING ON THE MISSISSIPPI *Esther Halemeyer* 109

THE PONY CART *Martha Lewis Crabb* 110
OUR FIRST AUTOMOBILE *H. Harlan Bloomer* 111
DRIVER TRAINING: THEN AND NOW *Beulah Jay Mason* 114
SEEING LUCKY LINDY *Pauline Dittmer* 115
STEAMBOATIN': THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL *George W. Carpenter* 116
SARIE AND MAUDE: AN ORNERY PAIR *Beulah Burrows* 117
THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE ARRIVES IN CALHOUN COUNTY *George W. Carpenter* 118
THE BIRTH OF ROUTE 136 *Orville Larson* 119
OUR FIRST CAR: BEGINNING TO END *Edna Schoonover* 120
FORDING HENDERSON CREEK *Sylvia Gillaspie* 121

VI *Hard Times* 125

HAPPINESS WAS HOMEMADE *Lillian Nelson Combites* 127
DEATH IN YEARS GONE BY *Olive L. Orsborn* 128
PRAIRIE DOCTOR *Genevieve Hagerty* 128
TO BE GERMAN IN 1917-1918 *Ora M. Huffendick* 130
MEMORIES OF A "FRESH AIR" CHILD *Marguerite Foster* 131
MY FIRST REAL JOB *Ben Padget* 132
GOOD OLD DEPRESSION DAYS *Virginia Dee Schneider* 133
MOLDY WHEAT *Roxie Heaton* 135
DEPRESSION DAYS IN A COAL MINING TOWN *Anna M. Becchelli* 135
A DEAL IS A DEAL *Elsie L. Dixon* 137
THE CCC AND ME *Lowell Clover* 138
THE PRICE OF THINGS *Delbert Lutz* 139
TRAMP? *Sarah Catherine McKone* 140
THE WATERTOWN FLOOD OF 1922 *Martin E. Herstedt* 141
THE WINTER OF THE FLOOD *Margaret Sipes Lawson* 142
BEARDSTOWN'S DRY FLOOD *Vivian May Pate* 143
THE BAKERY WAGON *Bob Hulsen* 145

VII Farm Life

149

THE LITTLE FARMS *Floy K. Chapman* 151
ALL THE NEEDS OF DAILY LIFE *Adelphia J. Dean* 153
JUNIPER BERRY TEA FOR THE KIDNEYS *Idapearl Kruse* 154
ENERGY: COAL, WOOD AND WOMEN *Wilma Keilman* 155
A RURAL CHILDHOOD *Edith F. Aden* 156
LIFE ON NUBBIN' RIDGE *Ora Lee Douglas* 157
FARMSTYLE: 1909 TO 1920 *Dorothy B. Berry* 158
THE WINTER OF 1936 *Francis Harrison* 160
MOVING DAY: 1899 *Lydia Kanauss* 161
CREAM AND EGGS BY U.S. MAIL *Ruth H. Lingle* 161
THE CIDER MILL *Laurence L. Royer* 163
BUTCHERING DAY ON THE FARM *Edith Weinant* 166
BUTCHERING TIME MEMORIES *Minnie J. Bryan* 167
QUINCY'S LAST CATTLE DRIVE *Arthur E. Bowles* 169
THRESHIN' AND SHUCKIN' *Paul Sloan* 171
PICKING CORN *Wilmer V. DeWitt* 172
FARMING IN WEST SCHUYLER *J. Dwight Croxton* 173
THRESHING: A NEIGHBORLY RITUAL *Inez Koehler* 174
GLADACRES ORCHARD *Eleanor Dodds* 175
ALONG A COUNTRY MILE *Burdette Graham* 176
THE YARDS HAD PANSIES *Lillian Elizabeth Terry* 177
NO BAND-AIDS *Loren S. Curtis* 178
FISHING CROOKED CREEK *Clare Beckwith* 179
FLEAS AND PHD.'S *Margaret Eyman* 180
THE WAY IT WAS *Clarice Trone Dickerson* 181

List of Authors

183

Plymouth Opera House

Acknowledgements

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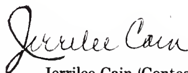
We hope you enjoy the book!



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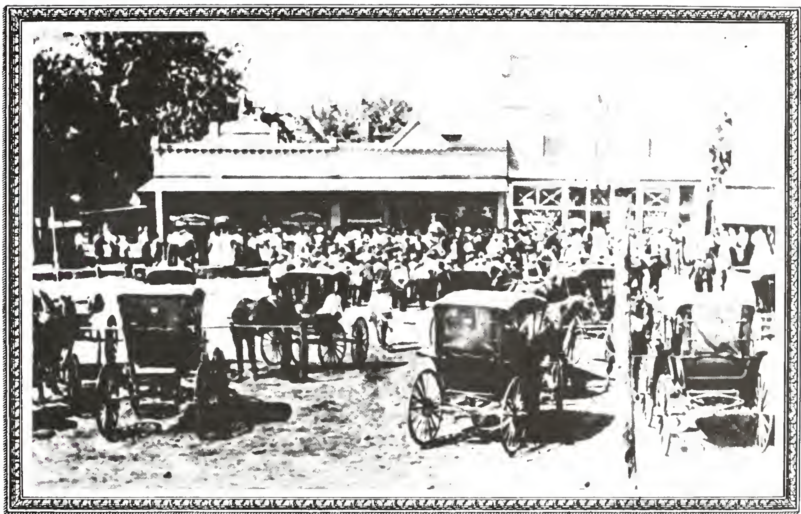


I *Community Life*

COMMUNITY LIFE

For the communities of western Illinois, and all of small-town America, the 1920's made a big difference. Automobiles had been around in ever-increasing numbers since before World War I, but they did little to link one town with another until hard roads were constructed in the twenties. Those same roads allowed farmers to transport livestock and produce by truck to urban centers, thus bypassing the country towns which had been important rail shipping points. Likewise, wind-up phonographs, silent-film movie theatres, and crystal set radios had been on the scene since the early years of the century, but significant improvements in those mechanical sources of entertainment did much to popularize them in the twenties. As a result, people came into closer contact with the economic and cultural environment that lay beyond their home towns.

But while those developments exerted a centrifugal force, propelling people into a larger world, the communities of which they were a part underwent rapid change. The blacksmith shops disappeared, with their mingled smell of smoke and sweat, and their constant clanging of hammers on hot metal; and the last of the livery stables vanished, where men had gathered to talk of crops and livestock, sports and women, amidst the smell of cured hay, feed, and horse manure. A certain masculinity was gone from the small town with the coming of the automobile.

In other ways, too, there was change. With hard-surfaced roads and affordable cars, the rural population was not so dependent upon the nearest village for a market and supply center. Competition had come to Main Street, and soon there were fewer small-town stores selling clothes, hardware, drugs, furniture, and groceries—and fewer photograph studios and funeral parlors. The decline that set in during the twenties continued in the Depression, as townspeople and farm families alike learned to get along with less. Soon, each small town was no longer the complete little world that it had once been, and today there is an unshakeable feeling of emptiness and abandonment in places like Augusta, Fountain Green, Keithsburg, Kirkwood, Marietta, Vermont, and Warsaw.

Local live entertainment also waned. Weekly band concerts that once brought the community together at the park in summertime eventually disappeared, as phonographs and radios became common and the Depression dried up the money that had financed those groups. Without the bands, Fourth of July and Memorial Day parades lost some of their spectacle and excitement. Now, unused bandstands remain as curiosities—community heirlooms—in villages like Adair, Colchester, and Elmwood, and musical participation in local parades is left to the children. But fortunately, we have memoirs like Ernest A. Peyron's "The 1910 Fourth of July Celebration in LaHarpe," which vividly portrays the color and excitement of community entertainment long ago.

Other live entertainment vanished, too. Movie theatres killed the opera houses that had once brought *Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Count of Monte Cristo,* pianist Blind Boone, Dashington and Talbot's Minstrels, magic exhibitions, and numerous other shows to Carthage, Oquawka, Rushville, and similar places. As a result, townspeople no longer gathered to view and approve local performers either. Now, the few remaining opera houses—in Ellisville, Rushville, and Raritan—stand empty, although some local residents are beginning to work toward their restoration. "Memories of the Plymouth Opera House" by Small Burdett, "The Ellisville Opera House" by Willis Harkless, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin in Rushville" by Florence Woodworth describe those fascinating community entertainment halls during their heyday and reveal what they meant to local people.

For much the same reasons, chautauqua also disappeared in the twenties, after reaching a high point in the previous decade. Many families had camped on the local chautauqua grounds during that marvelous summer week

when the program of plays, music, and speeches brought instruction and entertainment to their town.

County fairs, community picnics, Old Settlers' celebrations, box suppers, pie socials, square dances, and other social activities have also declined or completely disappeared, as the forces of our electronic culture have diminished the interest in participatory entertainment and the apparent need for community contact. So we are indebted to "Recollections of the Henry County Fair, 1906-1907" by Jane Nash Lund, "The Pie Social in Calhoun County" by Marie Freesmeyer, "Old Settler's Day in Plymouth" by Harold S. Donkle, and other fine memoirs in this section for revealing part of our lost heritage of community social activities.

Thus, the various changes that took place in western Illinois towns decades ago resulted in more than economic decline. Cultural vitality diminished, and so did community togetherness. In a sense, the end of community isolation and provincialism has brought an increase of individual isolation. Townspeople do not know each other as well as they used to. Communities do not provide the rich social contact that once offered recognition, support, encouragement, and security to those who "belonged." The small town is no longer an extension of the family.

All of the memoirs that follow recall the richness and vitality of community life in western Illinois more than half a century ago. While everyone recognizes that the "good old days" for most people were also marked by deprivation, restriction, and hardship, town life clearly provided a kind of fulfillment that made up for the narrowness and adversity which simply had to be endured.

THE 1910 FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN LAHARPE

Ernest A. Peyron, Sr.

The Fourth of July celebration was an annual affair in LaHarpe, Illinois where I lived, and one particular year, 1910, stands out clearly in my mind today. I was ten years old then.

As usual, a large crowd assembled. People came in on the morning and noon trains and others arrived in the horse-drawn buggies and wagons from the neighboring communities. Preston Jones, from the northeast country, brought his family to town in a wagon to which was hitched a team of oxen. This created some added interest, especially among the younger set. Only a few automobiles were in the vicinity at that time, and the fact that there would be auto races, aroused much interest and excitement. Some great concern was coupled with excitement at one point, however, when one of the horses became frightened and ran away, causing the buggy to overturn and endangering the occupants. No serious injuries were sustained so all turned out well. I do not recall what, if any, reaction to the automobiles was made by the oxen. The City Park was the center of entertainment. The Parkland and Orendorff Band from Peoria and a singing group from Ft. Madison furnished music and song. Contests and games were provided for participation of both old and young.

The LaHarpe Clothing Store managers worked out a little plan of their own to add to the day's enjoyment. They advertised that they would furnish free dinners and prizes to the largest group of out-of-town residents arriving at their store in one vehicle between the hours of 10:00 and 11:00 a.m. This plan provoked a very amusing idea in the minds of some close friends and a practical joke began to take form. Everyone in the west country and the La Crosse vicinity were notified of the plot and told to meet at the railroad crossing near the J. B. Campbell home before 11:00 that morning. Some trucks were borrowed from the Scott Lionberger Threshers outfit, and a platform 10 ft. by 18 ft. was built and assembled on the truck. Then three teams of horses were hitched to the vehicle, and 138 people climbed aboard and reported for registry at the appointed time and place. However, this well-laid plan, which originated at the La Crosse Church on the previous Sunday, sprang a leak and the Merchants learned of the plot. They quietly cooperated and engaged some ladies of the Christian Church to prepare dinner for the crowd. They kept their bargain. Prizes were awarded as advertised and a good feeling of fellowship prevailed.

Afternoon activities took place at the Fairgrounds where auto races and horse races held the interest of everyone. As a County Fair was held in LaHarpe each year in those days, the track and amphitheatre were always available. Race horses were trained on the track at all times.

Another feature that went over big was when Mr. Jericho, the Druggist, in association with other merchants, scattered 500 pennies on the street. Some of the pennies had special markings which when presented to the merchants, gave them an extra prize. This caused quite a scramble among some of the ladies as well as all of the kids and it afforded much amusement.

As evening approached, all gathered in the Park again to listen to the music. When darkness fell, a beautiful display of fireworks terminated the day's celebration. Well, almost. The noise and the lights of firecrackers, rockets and roman candles were not appreciated by the horses hitched to the Park railings, and they caused a little trouble for their owners. But it was a great day and one never to be completely forgotten.

THE ADAIR FISH FRY AND HORSE SHOW

Burdette Graham

Plans were made many weeks in advance for the big affair which happened in August for many years in the town

of Adair, Illinois. This event really lasted the better part of two days because the first day, Thursday, was for getting ready, and Thursday night was a band concert. Traffic was routed around side streets, and the main street between the railroad tracks on the east and the business district on the west was made into a beautiful arena for various events. Seats were made from two by eights and tile. On the east side of the arena was a stage used for various things but mainly for the pageant which was held on Friday night. Fish was served at noon and in the evening on Friday.

The fish were cooked in large flat pans over fires built between concrete or stone blocks. Several local people were known as the expert chefs, particularly men named Oldfield and Carrison.

On Friday afternoon the big parade took place with floats displaying many of the wares of local farmers and businesses. Among these were L. A. McGrew's Horses and Cattle and Auctioneer Business; Herndon Brothers Store, with farm machinery, tools, engines, and food; Herndon's farm, with purebred hogs and cattle and horses; local churches; and other businesses and clubs.

After the parade a horse show took place where the leading breeds were Belgians, Percherons, and Clydesdales. Sometimes a lighter horse would show up, but usually the draft animals were the main show.

Usually some sporting events entertained the crowd for a while. One event was Wheel Barrow Polo. In this event six members made up a team. Each team consisted of six wheel barrows, a rider with a broom, and a pusher. The idea was to get the ball, a socker ball, across the goal line by only hitting with the broom. When the whistle blew, the six members converged on the middle of the arena and began batting the ball everywhere, and of course, each tried to hit it toward his goal line. The problems came with someone of the opposite team being in the way, running into the opposite players, and missing the ball with the broom while hitting someone of the opposite team. Many spills happened, but I do not remember any broken legs, or heads. There were many wheel barrows without wheels, and some went on to finish by having the pusher become a puller and dragging the wheel barrow and its rider with his broom into the thick of battle. About the only foul was touching the ball with hands or feet, or hitting it when not in a wheel barrow.

Another event was Model T polo. Two Model T's, each with a bumper of 2 x 12 lumber, made up a team. The ball was a large five-foot-diameter leather or canvas affair. The idea was to get it to the goal past the other team, who also had two Model T's fixed up the same way. Lots of pushing went on but nothing like modern demolition derbies. The cars seemed to come out in pretty good shape. The idea was to out-drive the other team and slip around an end or through an opening.

In another year a Model T race was staged in the arena. The cars could not run out of low gear, or low pedal. They were fixed up with their hoods off and exhaust pipes extended straight out from the block, or straight pipes. So many laps around were necessary, and of course, the one done in the least time won. A lot of noise and dust was made and most of the cars became overheated, with steam flying out. No wrecks or injuries happened, but I doubt that this race was ever staged another year. It was a little hard on the cars.

After this almost everyone went home to chore and get ready for the night performance. Almost everyone ate fish either before going home to chore or went early and came back and ate. Some people—in fact, many—came from towns and farms many miles away, and so of course, they arranged for someone else to chore and stayed around town and shopped or watched games like horseshoes or croquet.

The night stage show was made up of local players, who had practiced many weeks before so as to present a good performance. After the curtain call came, everyone went home.

ADAIR AND PILOT GROVE SCHOOL: THE EARLY 1900's

Ruby Sexton

I was born near Adair on July 16, 1895, on a farm near Pilot Grove School. This is where I started my school years. There was just my brother and I; he was five years younger.

Soon after we started to school my dad brought a farm—still near Adair—where we moved into a log house. We attended Pilot Grove School and Church. Pilot Grove School continued until the late 1930's when rural schools began to be consolidated.

When my parents decided the log cabin was getting outdated, dad had the framing boards sawed from our own timber and built a new house. This is still my home. In those days it was quite a nice dwelling, having furnace heat, where you could go downstairs from an inside door made in the floor. It was seven rooms and a bath. I remember how proud my mother was of her new rag carpet, loom woven, and she put it in our parlor after sewing many strips together.

The Pilot Grove Church always had summer revivals. My dad put up a small dam across the little creek in our pasture and baptisms were held at this little water hole. Many times the dam would have to be replaced each year.

The village of Adair was our shopping center. At that time Adair had two doctors, a drug store, a barber shop, a harness shop and a hardware store. There were two stores that sold both food and staples and dry goods. One of these dry good stores also had the bank vault and a little window for transactions. Adair once had stock shipping and you could drive animals to town or haul them in a wagon and ship them by train. Adair has always had a thriving lumber yard business and an elevator, likewise a Post Office.

I can recall visiting my aunt who had the telephone switchboard in her house. She might have to stop drying dishes or peeling potatoes to give a signal ring on another line that was not connected to the person's line who was calling. I still have the big tall chair she sat on at busy times of the day to pull and punch the plugs. The grape-vine gossip traveled from house to house because anyone who wished could listen in on any conversation, if your conscience didn't hurt you. My aunt's house was really a center of information and probably sometimes misinformation.

Adair's biggest crowd could be found on the 4th of July, when all turned out with their lunch baskets to watch or participate in a big parade or a band concert in the park, where the bandstand still is. There were also horse shows and races, fish fries and home talent plays.

In the days of my childhood I recall having been very fond of a gentleman school teacher at Pilot Grove. I guess I must have been an upper class pupil. Grading was not done as it is today, and I probably was about sixteen—old enough to be casting sheep eyes at the opposite sex. I sometimes went back to pick up a book after school was dismissed just to see him one more time. He didn't give me any extra attention. Of course, he was much older than I and later he married a nice lady and continued teaching school at local areas until retirement. Shortly after his retirement she passed away. After a few years went by, he called upon me. I had had a few sweethearts, but none that pleased myself and my parents, who influenced me very much. After courting this "way back when" school teacher for a couple of years, we were married. I was forty-two years old.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HENRY COUNTY FAIR, 1906-1907

Jane Nash Lund

The fair was a big event for small fry way back then. Children were admitted free on Wednesdays, and so of course that was the day we went. Mother packed a big picnic lunch, Father hitched the horses to the big open buggy, and we were off to the fair. There were rows of hitch racks for the horses,

many of them filled. The calliope on the Merry-go-Round was blaring, and lots of people were strolling around.

My brother and I were each given a quarter to spend. We dashed off to join the excitement while our parents headed for the barns to see the livestock.

The big attraction for us was the one ride on the grounds, the Merry-go-Round. Tickets were six for a quarter, so one of our precious coins went for three rides apiece. Dividing the second quarter caused a few arguements. The tickets burned a hole in our pocket so we had to take a ride at once. The painted horses pranced, the calliope blared, and the steam engine whistle blew. We were very thrilled.

A tour of the grounds was next in order. The south end of the grounds was a park-like area with lots of big trees. There was a log cabin that had been built by the Old Settler's Association. It contained a big fireplace, and various old tools. A big amphitheater faced the race track. Back of the amphitheater was the cream candy stand. The candy bubbled and boiled in a big pit, and an iron hook was fastened to a tree in front of the stand. When the taffy was cooked a big blob of it was hung on the hook and a man pulled and worked it into snowy white ribbons. These were cut into strips about a foot long, wrapped in wax paper, and sold to the waiting patrons. After some arguements one of our nickels went for candy, as that could be divided. Dust, flys, ants, and other insects were plentiful way back then, but there were no inspectors to tell us how very unsanitary it all was.

The next attraction was the ice stand. They had a sort of a griddle where they dropped a ladle of batter, flipped it like a pancake, and rolled it into a cone to be filled with ice cream to sell for a nickel. I think that there was also a lemonade stand. The product could have been described by the old phrase "made in the shade and stired with a spade." The ice that they used all came from a river or pond, and had been preserved in sawdust.

Two small buildings housed fancy work, vegetables, small grains, and seed corn. There was also a dilapidated open building where some local organization served dinners. There were also a few games of chance.

A big tent housed cages of chickens of all descriptions. There were several rows of horse barns. A. G. Soderburg and E. A. South exhibited their world famous Clydesdales. There were big black Percherons and fancy driving horses decked out in elaborate trappings. The race horse barns were farther back. Drivers in bright silks strolled about, but that area was off limits for small fry. There were a lot of pens of hogs in all colors and a few cattle.

By now we had covered the grounds and were ready to meet our parents in the grove. Several families of friends and relatives joined with us to spread their blankets on the ground for a big picnic dinner.

After dinner came the horse races and sometimes even a ballon ascension, which we watched big-eyed. In between we clambered up and down the ampitheater seats to invest our remaining pennies and use our other ride tickets.

We arrived home tired but happy, with a few stomach aches perhaps, but all of that went along with the annual visit to "the great Henry County Fair."

THE ANTI-HORSETHIEF PICNIC

Ruby Davenport Kish

Before the days of radio and television, people would think that back then people did not have any fun. Well that just isn't so. You have heard of the old saying, "You never miss what you have not had." We used to have all kinds of fun, but it was a different kind of fun and always shared by others, which helped to bring people closer together. One of the best times I ever had was when we went to the Anti-Horsethief Picnic.

When I was a child there were very few cars around and only the wealthy had them. We managed to have one or two old Model T's, but we could wear ourselves out cranking

them or break an arm trying to get them started. My father would sometimes give up in disgust, and we'd all pile in the wagon and go. Back in those days a farmer had to rely on his horses for transportation and farming.

In pioneer times when horse thieves began to flourish farmers banded together and started the Anti-Horsethief Association for their own protection. The organization progressed and continued long after horse thieves became extinct. Members paid a small fee and they met on the third Thursday of July for their annual picnic. It was the summer of July 1926, and my mother and father had talked and planned for days to attend the picnic. Mom baked, fried up a lot of chicken, and made potato salad, deviled eggs, and pickles. When the beautiful sunshiney day arrived, we piled in the old wagon with our huge basket of food. We had all bathed and scoured the night before, and we put on our best clean clothes, and with two horses pulling the wagon we started out down the road for the picnic grounds.

We had traveled about ten miles, when we came to a timbered area with a small clearing up front shaded by some very large oak and walnut trees. The farm women had set up tables by placing some long boards on saw horses. The tables were then spread with newspapers to give them a clean neat appearance, and the farm wives were busily setting their goodies out on the table in preparation for the noon meal. We children walked along the tables eyeing everything and deciding just what we would grab when it got to be our turn in line. We were shooed away occasionally by our angry mothers. The amount of sandwiches, meats, salads, cakes, pies and cookies was enough to make any child's eyes bulge. Everyone of us children took more than we could eat, and we ate more than we should have but the adults knew better. There was ice cream, all we could eat.

After we had rested awhile in the shade the games were started. There were small and useful prizes. For children, they had bought things like pencil boxes, tablets, crayons, etc. Adults as well as children participated in the sack race. What made it so much fun was that everyone came up with the darndest partners. One would go a little faster than the other one, their feet would tangle and down they'd go. One game was the egg-in-the-spoon racing contest which usually ended up a mess, for most everyone dropped the egg and it broke and splattered. We had few winners on that one but it sure was a lot of fun.

After the games, the men played horseshoes and the women and children sprawled out on a blanket in the shade—the women to gossip and the children to get an earfull. We had a very rewarding, fun-filled day as we were families enjoying good clean fun. That is something most families miss today.

When the men got tired of horseshoes and talk they decided to hold the final contest of the day, the largest family competition. Each man was to round up his family and put them in his wagon and bring them to the judges' place. The winner was to receive a hundred pounds of corn meal, a hundred pounds of sugar and a hundred pounds of flour. My father managed somehow to get us all together in the wagon and bring us before the judges. That was the hardest test of the day, getting everyone together when it came time to go home. You could find one and then another would run off and disappear. Well, we won, as there were eight children in our family and our parents made ten. The other parents came up short. My father and mother sure were glad to win those prizes, for it would be that much that they wouldn't have to buy.

It was decided that since we were loaded up that we might as well go home. We children were happy too that we had won the best prize of all, and I in my childlike way of thinking decided that my father was the smartest man there since he had the largest family. I have often chuckled to myself later in life about that train of thought, but I have never forgotten the fun of that Anti-Horsethief Picnic.

THE PIE SOCIAL IN CALHOUN COUNTY

Marie Freesmeyer

In the peninsula county between the two rivers, we were quite isolated from the cities with their multiplicity of entertainments. However, there were several local activities which adequately compensated. One was the annual pie social (closely related to the box social in other areas) held at most of the elementary schools during the apple harvesting season. Why in that particular season? Because that was the time of year when the lads had the most pocket money and were most apt to be free with it.

The object of the socials was to enable the school to purchase a few extras, such as playground equipment, art supplies, books, pictures—or maybe even an organ or piano.

Go back with me, if you will, and visit such a pie social. I can recall many of these events, both as a student and later as a teacher.

In most districts, these events were advertised only by word of mouth or "the grapevine," as we called it. The date, set by the school well in advance, was quickly spread to be sure that no other school in that vicinity would select the same date. It was usually on a Friday night so that the late hour of revelry would not prevent even the youngest child from attending. This was an occasion for the old and young alike to participate, or at least to enjoy.

During the days prior to the date, the pie social was the main topic of conversation, especially among the students and the apple crews of that area. The fellows joked about who would "bid in" whose pie and how much they might be willing to pay for it. Usually there was wide-spread knowledge of which boy was "sweet on" which girl, and plans were made to bid against him, thus making him pay dearly for the privilege of eating pie with her.

During the intervening time the girls in the community spent endless hours planning the kind of pie to bake and in decorating a box to put it in. Great competition was waged among them in both the quality of the pie and the beauty of the box, then for making ribbons, bows, and even flowers. It is difficult to imagine the colorful display that these boxes made when they were finally assembled.

In spite of the seemingly endless number of days before the arrival of this eventful evening, it finally dawned. The schoolroom was scrubbed and shining. Every desk had been put in order and all loose objects securely tucked away. Lamps and lanterns had been provided for at least a dim light, and ample space had been prepared for the numerous boxes with their precious contents. The teacher had instructed one of the students to prepare two sets of numerals, one for the boxes and one to be given to the purchaser. The teacher usually served as secretary and one of the school board members as treasurer for the evening.

The auctioneer, who was usually a local man with a bit of talent and a "a gift for gab," had been contacted weeks ahead. He arrived early to get details from the teacher and to see that everything was in readiness for a successful evening. Weather cooperating, it was rightfully presupposed that there would be a large crowd or a "packed house."

The auctioneer took his place at the front of the room and held up the first box, which one of the older students had handed him. The secretary took the number of the box; the crowd settled down for business, and the bidding started. He may have had to work slowly and kid a bit to get as much as a two dollar bid on this first box. (No girl wanted her box to be auctioned first, and several warned or bribed those in charge.) But as the evening progressed the bidding became livelier, especially when warned by the auctioneer that they were nearing the end or that a particular box is exceptionally heavy so it must be a delicious pie. Of course, the more attractive boxes sold best because it was assumed that they were made by an older girl. I have known the boys to bid against a man who wanted a particular girl's pie and make him pay as much as ten dollars for it. That was almost a week's wages in those days.

After all the pies had been sold, some girls were ecstatically happy, but others were quite dour because of the one who had purchased their pie and with whom they must sit and share it. But the claiming of the boxes and its owner would have to wait. There were more exciting things on the agenda.

A large cake was held up as the auctioneer announced that it would be given to the girl in the audience who received the most votes as the prettiest girl. Several minutes were allowed for putting names of the nominees on the board, then the voting began at a penny a vote. This never failed to cause a lot of excitement and fun. During the voting the auctioneer held his big pocket watch in his hand to let them know just how much time was left for the contest. First one then another of the young men stepped forward with enough collected money to put their favorite candidate ahead. During the last few minutes voting took place at a rapid pace, and the room was a din from cheers of first one group then another. The cake contest was frequently the most financially rewarding part of the social. I recall one particular contest which earned over one hundred dollars.

Then there was a contest to see who would win the jar of pickles for being the most lovesick couple. There was always a lot of fun and joking during the nominating but seldom the heated voting that took place in the earlier competition.

Sometimes there was a pillow donated to be given to the laziest man. This, too, provided much joking and many humorous comments but all in good clean fun. Frequently this was won by the auctioneer himself, and he probably contributed in his own behalf.

"Now boys, come up and claim your boxes; then you can claim its owner," concluded the auctioneer at a rather late hour (still early by today's standard). The purchaser would seek out the girl whose name matched the number on the secretary's sheet. All the time he was hoping for his favorite pie, but more importantly, he was hoping that the girl would be a suitable and pleasant companion. I'm sure the older fellows were a bit disappointed when the owner proved to be a ten or twelve year old school girl.

When all had found their partners, it made a very pretty sight to see the various couples sitting in those single, student desks eating, talking, and laughing. Most of them were discussing the happenings of the evening, all the time looking around to see who was eating with whom. Older women did not think it appropriate for them to bring a pie, and the men who had not purchased one never failed to receive generous portions from friends and neighbors.

When all had eaten too much, wraps and belongings were collected and the exodus began. But the year's pie social would provide material for much rehashing, laughter, and even a bit of gossip for many days after. Too, it provided the school with ample funds for purchasing some of the things which the teacher and pupils would use for the remainder of that term and perhaps many more.

The pie social is a tradition fondly remembered by the people of that era and locally. It may have been the beginning of many a romance which terminated in marriage.

COURTSHIP IN OLENA: THE CHICKEN HOUSE DANCE

Muriel Carner

I first saw the man who would be my husband when I was shopping in Stronghurst. This was about 1920. My best friend, Goldie Booten, and I were in the dry goods store. She saw this young man walk past the front of the store. He was wearing a white suit, and he seemed to be looking right at us. Goldie said to me, "Muriel, that guy is after you!" Why, I didn't believe her and just said, "Oh no, I'm too fat!" But after the *third* time he walked past, he came in and asked me for a date. I guess it was love at first sight because after that first date, we saw each other three times a week until we married two years later. There was not a better man than

Morris Carner. He was patient, kind, and loving . . . a good guy.

For some entertainment while we courted, he would sometimes buy a bag of candy at the store and we would go for a buggy ride. Often, we would go to the box socials or dances in the community.

Some neighbors had a dance one evening while we were courting that was especially memorable. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Veech built a large new chicken house that spring. They planned to raise chickens and sell them. It had electricity, wood floors, and nice windows. Before they put the chickens in it, they decided to have a dance to celebrate its completion. They invited all the neighbors to come to a dance in the new chicken house.

Morris came in his horse and buggy to pick me up. It was about dusk on a spring evening. He wore a white shirt and navy blue pants. I wore my best dress. It was a long, brown, lace georgette. Morris always called me 'Red' or 'Punkin' because my long hair was light auburn. That night, I wore it in puffs at my ears in a style that the other girls jokingly called 'Kootie Garages.'

Mrs. Veech had a table set up in the chicken house with coffee, sandwiches, and pies for the refreshments. Three musicians—a banjo player, a fiddler, and a guitar player—had chairs in one corner. Another man called the square dances. They were neighborhood men who could play both round and square dance music for the neighborhood dances. Some of the tunes they played at the dance at the chicken house were: "The Irish Washer Woman," "The 8th of January," "Skip to My Lou," and "The Tennessee Waltz."

There were about sixty people at the dance, both young and old. My parents, Goldie Booten, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Likely, Maude Justice, and some of the Burrel family were there. Miss Georgetta, the school teacher, did not go to dances.

Some of the older ones knew how to schottische, and old Virg Davis would dance a jig if he was in the right mood. When the square dance caller said "Swing your corner!" during one of the square dances, Maude Justice did just that. Maude was a very large woman, and although Morris was average height and well muscled, Maude was a lot bigger. She just picked him up and swung him right around!

About midnight, they played "Home Sweet Home," and Morris and I danced the last dance in the new chicken house.

WINTER RECREATION IN BROOKLYN: THE 1920's

William F. Irvin

Those of you who have grown up in the era of radio, television, movies, and the easy mobility that comes with good roads may well wonder how those of us who grew up during the early 1920's spent the long winter evenings in a small town. Roads in those days were such that, for all practical purposes, Brooklyn was an isolated community during the winter months. The telephone was there, but in a very primitive form. The two stores were able to keep a supply of staples only because storekeepers made occasional trips to Augusta, through mud or on a frozen, rutted road. Consequently, our entertainment was pretty much of our own making.

Ice skating was one of our major recreations. After a couple of nights when the temperature was zero or below, we skated on " The Crick." (To all of us of that era, the Lamoine River will always be "The Crick.") This was a short walk for most of us. "The Crick" was always preferred because the ice was better, and one had the feeling that he could skate on and on for miles. Actually, some of the older boys did skate as far as Birmingham. We usually skated from the dam to "Blackburn's Bend" and back. There was always a fire, and usually someone would pull up small logs to use as seats around it. Lanterns were placed at the open water where ice had been cut to be stored for summer use. When the ice was good and the weather not too bitterly cold, this activity

involved most of the community. I was among the youngest of the group, which ranged in age from eight or ten to sixty or over.

When "The Crick" was not safe we skated at "The Cut-off." This was the old river bed, which had silted up after "The Crick" changed its course many years before. The water was shallow, so ice formed more rapidly, and the only real danger was that of getting wet if the ice should break. After supper we would gather in small groups and walk the two miles to "The Cut-off." The usual fire was built, and we would skate for a couple of hours before we started the walk home. Sleeping was never a problem after such an evening.

Snow, of course, spoiled the skating, but it made coasting possible. There were several good hills near town, all of which sloped to a common valley. Most of the young people congregated there. Some of the older boys had made bob-sleds, which would seat up to eight, and most of us had our own small sled with steel runners. The coasting started for us younger ones immediately after school. Then after supper, the whole group came. We swished down the hills and dragged the sleds back until we knew that we would be in trouble at home if we didn't get there soon.

There were many nights when there was neither ice nor snow. On these evenings the lucky ones who were from large families played Flinch, Somerset, Old Maid, and Checkers. In the families where playing cards were allowed they also played Rummy, Pitch, Seven Up, Hearts and Five Hundred. As an only child I wasn't able to play these games unless when we had guests or when we visited neighbors. However, I loved to read, and my parents made a quantity of reading material available. They subscribed to the *Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal, Cosmopolitan,* and *National Geographic.* These, along with the books I found at school, filled many winter evenings.

All of this may seem dull to those of you from later generations. However, we had good times. I sometimes wonder if all our modern passive entertainment brings as much real pleasure as we found in creating our own recreation.

OLD SETTLERS' DAY IN PLYMOUTH

Harold L. Donkle

I was raised in Plymouth in the early years of the century. When Old Settlers' Day, a local celebration, came around, we kids could hardly wait.

The arrival of the Merry-Go-Round was the biggest thrill. First, a track was layed and the Merry-Go-Round was built on this. A large cable went completely around it, and this was attached to the source of power, an upright steam engine. When it was completely assembled, we kids would mount the horse we had picked, waiting for the steam engine to blow its whistle to let us know the free ride was about to begin. The horses rocked back and forward, not like they do today.

Also, at one Old Settlers' celebration I took my girl on the Lovers Tub. Years later, I married her.

One of the main attractions of the celebration was the balloon ascension. This took place off the public square. A trench was dug to make a furnace with a stove pipe to supply hot air for the balloon. The balloon was held upright by two tall poles with a rope over the top. The opening at the bottom was placed over the stove pipe and a fire built to supply hot air to fill the balloon. When it was filled, ropes hung down the sides and men held onto these to hold it down.

Finally, the superman arrived on the scene dressed in bright red tights. He would place himself on a trapeze kind of thing on the parachute. At a given order, those holding the ropes let go and away the balloon, parachute and man went up into the bright blue yonder. When they were away from the village, he would cut the parachute loose and float down to earth. The balloon would turn upside down, and the hot air escaped letting it fall to the ground also.

On Old Settlers' Day a few years later, a two-wing monoplane circled above and landed just west of the village. When we kids arrived at the place we noticed a tall, gawky fellow in flying cap and goggles standing on its side. He was barn storming and taking people for rides, and many went. Imagine our surprise, in later years, when we heard of his solo flight across the ocean.

MEMORIES OF THE PLYMOUTH OPERA HOUSE

Small Burdett

Opera Houses were the center of community entertainment in the late 1800's and early 1900's. Prior to 1904, Plymouth was served by the King Opera House located over the King Department Store on the south side business district, including the King Store and Opera House. The buildings were replaced by a row of one story brick business buildings, leaving no place for an upstairs Opera House.

Frank Noel, seeing the need for a replacement for this loss, constructed a Noel Palace Opera House. The name and year, 1906, are still inlaid in the side walk where the entrance was. The building was an impressive one for a town the size of Plymouth. It was built of concrete blocks two stories tall, with an extra high second story to serve the Opera House section. The high balcony windows gave it the appearance of a three story building from the front. The ground floor housed two stores and an eight or ten-foot-wide stairway in the center, leading to the Opera House on the second floor.

The Opera House was very well designed. It included a balcony, at least eight rows deep, across the entire front of the building. Each row was elevated by means of large steps, similar to those in modern stadiums. Doors led from the landing at the top of the entrance steps to rooms across the front of the building under the balcony. These rooms were used at various times as offices and apartments. The main floor was a large square hardwood floor with folding theatre seats, complete with a wire hat holder under each seat. The seats were joined together in sections of six or eight so they could be easily removed for activities using the floor. They were numbered so they could be reserved when desired.

The stage is what really added to the value of the structure as a theatre. It was a large stage with regulation foot lights, border lights, etc., and above all a large fly loft, allowing scenery to be pulled up without rolling. This made possible the easy hanging and fast changing of special scenery carried by the larger road shows. The permanent or stock scenery consisted of a front curtain with a lake scene in the center, surrounded, as was the custom, with ads of local business firms. A few feet back was the street drop, a little farther back the garden drop or Olio, and then a woods drop farthest back, at full stage. A reversible interior set was built on flats or frames, one side of a parlor set, the other side more rustic for cabin interiors or any plain building interior.

Dressing rooms were partitioned off at the side of the stage and the stage door was in the back. It was reached by an outside stairway. A rail on each side of the stairs served as a track for a platform dolly with flange wheels, built high in the back to keep it level on the incline. Baggage and heavy properties were pulled up to the stage door on this by means of rope block and tackle. Without this arrangement for handling heavy baggage, the large seating capacity and the well equipped stage, it would have been impossible to play the shows appearing here in the "hey-day" of the old Opera House.

Situated on the Burlington Railroad with Galesburg and Macomb to the north and Quincy to the south, and with the ideal facilities for presenting a production, Plymouth became a regular stop for road shows, both large and small. The farming country was heavily populated at that time, made up of small farms, some as small as forty acres, so attendance was consistently good and Plymouth became known as a good show town.

I was just two years old when the Opera House first

opened, so of course, I don't remember the earliest attractions. I was no doubt in attendance, however, as my parents were twenty-five years of age at the time, and babysitters had not yet become a way of life. I can also remember being there when I didn't know exactly what was going on and being frightened by any shooting in the plays. And I remember a frequently recurring nightmare in my early childhood, dreaming of falling out of the front row of the balcony, always jumping awake before hitting the main floor.

In those early years many of the better one-night stand plays showed in Plymouth, with good sized casts and lots of special scenery. After all these years, I still remember two titles, *The Royal Slave* and *The Warning Bell*, that played around 1911.

There were many repertiore companies, changing plays each night for a week with variety specialties between the acts and an occasional tabloid musical.

The minstrel shows were one of the top line attractions of those days. Several of the better ones, both all-black and all-white, played in the old Opera House, the minstrel semi-circle reaching all the way across the stage. These shows travelled and lived in their own railroad car or cars with state rooms and baggage space. A uniformed band concert in front of the Opera House shortly after noon was a standard procedure.

I remember one of the larger all-black minstrel shows that played here a time or two was the P. G. Lowry Minstrels. Mr. Lowry was an exceptionally good cornet man, and during the summer season he had the side show band and minstrel performance in the Ringling Brothers Circus for many years.

There were several novelty attractions, too. I remember a glass blowing show in particular. They gave a good exhibition of glass blowing, both large and small pieces, and sold blown glass novelties.

An occasional hypnotic show was always good entertainment. One that played in town when I was in the lower grades stayed for several days. They used a store window next to the Opera House to plug the show. On one day and night, one of their lady subjects was doing a window sleep, and on another, one of their male subjects was pedaling a bicycle in the window. I imagine they got out and rested during the wee morning hours but if they did, they apparently got away with it.

The number of large road shows decreased sharply just prior to the first World War. This was probably due in part to the movies and to movie and vaudeville combinations taking over many of the previously available theatres in the larger towns. Smaller shows, however, continued to play into the middle 1920's. These included one or two medicine shows each year.

There were many home talent shows all down through the years. These were presented in the Opera House before other facilities were available.

The large main floor was ideal for many activities—roller skating, dances, play parties, etc. It was also used for the early basket ball games. The north storeroom downstairs were converted into a movie theatre which was there for many years.

Since the life of the Opera House spanned my childhood and youth, it always seemed to me that it had been there for many, many years. This was not true, of course, since it was completely destroyed by fire in 1935, just twenty nine years after its opening. A depressing pile of ashes and rubble was left where it had stood so proudly on the southwest corner of the square. Although the old Palace Opera House is gone forever, it is still fondly remembered by the old timers of the community.

THE ELLISVILLE OPERA HOUSE

*Willis Harkless**

Among my memories are stories of Christmas parties in the early 1900's at the old Ellisville Opera House, where entire families came to celebrate the holiday by having a program in which village children participated. An enormous Christmas tree was laboriously hauled up the steep flight of steps and erected in the large hall where it stood stretching upward to the very high ceiling. The tree glittered in the flickering glow of forty or fifty small candles, and it is a wonder something didn't catch on fire. Presents were heaped under the tree, for every child in Ellisville was remembered. The biggest event in most children's lives was receiving a gift from under that huge Christmas tree in the Old Opera House.

The Opera House was also the scene of many theatrical productions, the most notable of which were put on by a family named Gordinier from Bushnell. They would come to town, usually for a week's stay, and were transported by a team and wagon. On one occasion after remaining a week and presenting a number of plays, the citizens of Ellisville refused to let them leave, begging them to stay on. The troup protested that they had already exhausted their repertoire, but the people of Ellisville insisted, and so they stayed another week, presenting plays with scripts in their hands. No one cared; they were starved for entertainment.

On the other hand, the people of Ellisville were pretty good most of the time at coming up with their own entertainment. I remember that, as a child, I got roped into being in home talent productions, much to my dismay and other peoples' amusement.

Dances every Saturday night in the Old Opera House were memorable occasions. Local musicians, David Sheckler on piano, John Passent on the drums, and Scotty Morrison on a C-melody sax, played until the wee hours. John would cut loose on the drums and "beat the tar" out of them (long before Gene Krupa's solos!)

People who lived over at Ellisville Stations would trudge over, through the woods, along the banks of a small creek, carrying their shoes in their hands. Once at the Opera House, they would wash off their feet, put their shoes back on, and dance up a storm.

Ellisville Station was a small cluster of houses, known as "The Dirty Dozen," located a short distance north of Ellisville. The girls from the Stations loved to come, as they would try their best to get the Ellisville boys to dance with them, causing many a squabble at the dance.

Invariably there were a few boisterous young men around looking for a fight. One night some unusually active gent threw his fist through the back door. But the Old Opera House will always be remembered as a place of wonderful community entertainment.

*As told to Angelo Forneris

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" IN RUSHVILLE

Florence Woodworth

I was born in Schuyler County, Illinois, and spent the first twelve years of my life there. My parents lived on a farm about three miles southwest of the county seat of Rushville. Living in the country, it was quite a treat to get to go to town. On occasion a circus or a carnival would come to Rushville, and father and mother would take my sister, Edith, and I to enjoy the sights.

But the one occasion that still remains so vividly in my mind was being privileged to see the play, *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* I was about five years old at the time, and I had not started to school yet. The play was given in a tent on a vacant lot in Rushville, by a traveling summer stock company in the year of 1900.

My father and mother, with my sister and I, drove to town in a surrey with a fringe on top, drawn by a team of

spirited driving horses. Father was late getting his evening chores finished, and when we arrived at the show, there was standing room only. Of course, I was too small to see well, as we were in the back of the tent, so father hoisted me up on his shoulder.

There before my eyes was enacted the drama of Harriet Beecher Stowe's noted book, Topsy was played by a small lady, who was said to be in her sixties. Uncle Tom, the slave, was whipped by Simon Legree; Eliza and her baby were trying to escape from slavery and were being chased by real blood hounds. They were crossing the river on simulated blocks of ice. But the climax, to be always remembered, was the death of little Eva and her ascension to heaven. A wire was attached to her body and she was drawn out of sight.

In the time between then and the present, I have sat in a large Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles and marveled at the vast crowd of people there. I have also attended light opera in the Civic Auditorium in Los Angeles, where I saw *The Firefly* and heard the noted Rudolph Friml perform on the piano.

Of all the entertainment I have witnessed, the little play, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, still remains most fixed in my mind. I did not wholly understand the moral of the play at the time, but in later years, when studying history, I knew it involved the freeing of the slaves and also the cause of the great conflict between the North and the South.

MEMORIES OF OQUAWKA

Marjory M. Reed

Many people treasure their childhood memories and file them under various categories for future need. Some are kept for the warmth felt, an event of hilarity, a shared happening, or an outstanding occurrence. Frequently, a current activity will trigger a nostalgic memory, and this is removed from the file and rerun like a silent movie.

A deteriorated store building was recently demolished in Oquawka, the village of my childhood. A wealth of my yesterday memories were submerged in this faded brick building. It was the first grocery store, which I could remember, of my father's. He was C. M. Stotts, son of Emma and Albert Stotts. I was only five when our family returned from Wisconsin to open a grocery store in this town on the Mississippi River.

The river brought much color to our lives. An advance man would place posters in Dad's store publicizing a coming attraction to our community, and he would leave complimentary tickets for the courtesy. One such event was an all-day excursion boat trip. This was a gala family affair. With well-stocked picnic baskets and a blanket, they would board at the end of Schuyler Street. Walking up the seemingly narrow gangplank onto the boat began an exciting day. Every corner of that boat was explored by the children. The thrill of the trip was watching the huge wooden paddle wheel turning over, churning huge foaming waves. We stood at the boat's railing and watched the changing shoreline. When tired, we curled up in a chair and napped. We did not always return on schedule as sometimes the heavy laden boat became stuck on a sandbar in the middle of the river. It usually took hours to dislodge the boat and we would arrive home after dark, very hungry and weary.

Mr. McOlgan operated a ferry boat from Oquawka, transporting vehicles and people to their destination along the river. A pleasant pastime was sitting on the riverbank and watching the ferry, with its occupants, slide away from the shore and slowly disappear.

During the summer, the music of a calliope in the distance would summon all to the mainstreet shoreline. By the time the showboat steamed into view, the river bank was lined with villagers. It was a colorful boat, with merry passengers waving from the decks and the calliope playing loudly. We waited in anticipation as the boat was slowly moored and the gangplank lowered. A few costumed musicians disembarked, followed by a "spiel " man. With a carnival atmosphere, they paraded up Schuyler Street,

trailed by dancing children and enthusiastic adults. Halting near Meloan's Drug store, a short concert was given, followed by the ballyhoo for the nightly dramas to be presented during the week. Such entertainment occurred only one week of a year and we rarely missed a performance. The excitement of falling in step with other townspeople, treading cautiously up the gangplank, seeking an empty seat, gazing at the artistry of the stage curtain, and becoming entranced with the presentation, produced many lasting memories.

Oquawka Beach attracted summer tourists from a large area. At that time, people referred to the areas north along the river as Oquawka Beach, North Beach, and Mill Slough. These were highly popular resort areas during an era of time. Cabins populated every corner of this area. Families from far off cities owned or rented cabins for the summer. Band concerts were routine entertainment. One attraction was a large dance pavilion, with an attached refreshment stand. For a while my parents and grandparents served chicken or fish dinners in a building adjacent to the dance pavilion. It was great fun spending my summers there with my grandparents. I slept on a cot in the screened dining room and was wakened by the hilarity blasting from the cabin. During the day, I would help with some light chores and become a part of the constant commotion. I waded barefoot through the hot sand, following a trail down to the two beach houses, then down the wood steps to the beach proper. Boards, fastened to cables, formed a boundary for non-swimmers, and I never ventured outside of the boards and I was afraid of them. Most of the trees in the area were locust and are remembered for their thorns and highly scented flowers. Many times I made garlands of these blossoms and adorned myself. Sometimes my barefeet contacted the ever-present sandburrs and, unless easily removed, would send me hobbling for help.

Small circuses came to Oquawka, setting up their tents in open fields in the north part of town. At a set time all their performers and animals paraded down Schuyler Street. Seeing animals foreign to our soil attracted the villagers. The glittering costumes, agile performers, and flashy circus wagons drew the spectators to the big tent.

In those days, small town merchants sponsored gatherings for their community. My most unforgetable experience was near Thanksgiving. Chickens, ducks, geese, and a turkey were dropped from the roof of our store building. Citizens clutched, pushed, shoved, fell and chased until each bird was captured. I was perched above watching this exciting affair. Then, the prize of the afternoon was brought forward. A greased pig was released in front of a line of determined participants. Scrambling madly, the pursuers fought hard to subdue and hold that slippery pig, but without luck. The chase went for two blocks, in and out of the crowd and buildings, the pig evading each grasp. At the river's edge, the pig was cornered, terrified of the screaming, grabbing mob. So, it ventured onto the river's ice. The ice was not thick enough to hold even a shoat. The remorseful pursuers tried to save the animal, but it was lost to the river.

Near Christmas dad placed a large decorated tree at the front of the store. Later, Santa appeared for the evening and presented treats to the children of the community. Sometimes the families were served an oyster stew supper. There was always merriment and celebrations.

During the winter, men of the community spent time cutting ice from the river. Light trucks drove onto the ice and were loaded with huge rectangles of ice. The town's ice house was across the alley from our store. It was an immense barn-like building, covered with dulled tin and piled high inside with sawdust. The ice was sent down a trough ramp, placed between the truck and the ice house door. A man, on each side of the door, would catch hold of the cake with tongs and drag it into the storage place, to be covered with sawdust. Watching this procedure, we greatly anticipated next summer's enjoyment, the cool aroma, chips of ice melting in our mouths and wading barefoot in the cool damp sawdust.

Memories of yesteryear flood us at times. We need them

for our refreshment—the forgotten thrill, the known affection, the reminding experience.

REMINISCENCES OF NAUVOO

Florence Ourth

I will never forget the first time I came to Nauvoo. It was in June of 1921. Our family had been invited to spend a two weeks vacation with our aunt and uncle, John and Ida Layton, who were caretakers and guides at the Joseph Smith homes. We were living in Independence, Missouri, at the time. We children were so excited riding the Santa Fe train to Fort Madison, Iowa. From there we were to take a steamboat down the Mississippi to Nauvoo.

Excitedly we watched as the boat, the *Keokuk*, came down the river from Burlington. It was a beautiful sight as it glided along, its white paint gleaming in the sunshine, the gang plank drawn up in front, the pilot house looking like a summer pavilion with its lace-like filigree between two funnels that belched out black smoke.

Once on board, we walked to the back of the boat so we could watch the paddle-wheel. I remember the beautiful little rainbows that appeared as the sun shone on the water that dripped from the paddles as the big wheel churned the water that left a wake behind us.

Then we went to the front of the boat to stand by the rail with the wind in our faces, looking at the scenery on either shore. We could also see where many islands had once been because of the dead trees, bleached a whitish-gray by the sun, standing in water that had been backed up from the dam built near Keokuk in 1912.

All too soon there were two long and three short blasts from the boat whistle. "She's blowing for a landing," said a man who seemed to realize that this was our first river-boat ride. Soon she was tied up to big iron rings embedded in cement on the river bank. As we walked down the gang plank, up the bank, and down the two blocks of dirt road to the Joseph Smith Mansion House, where we would be staying, it seemed like we were stepping back into history.

It had been in 1918 that Uncle John and Aunt Ida Layton had been sent by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ from Independence, Missouri, to restore the Mansion House, the log cabin homestead, and the Nauvoo House that had been started as a hotel back in the 1840's. No one had lived in them for some time, and they had become very dilapidated. But every once in a while, some one would come to see where Joseph Smith had once lived. Soon the place took on a new appearance, and the Laytons were in a better position to receive and guide visitors.

At that time, there were many old Mormon houses that are gone now. They were not being lived in, some with doors ajar. I remember how my sister, Mildred, my brother Jack and I walked down the grassy lanes that had once been well-worn streets, and wandered through the empty houses, wondering what it was like in Joseph Smith's time when the city had a population of about twelve thousand.

But it was the river that fascinated us. We had originally lived in the east and had spent summers on the coast of Maine and at Cape Cod, and when we moved to the middle west, it was the water we had missed most of all. So every afternoon we went swimming with other young people of the community, in front of the Nauvoo House. It was all open water then; now it has filled in. My father rented a boat from some fishermen, George and Louis Kachle. He tied it to a big stump on the bank with a long rope, and we spent hours rowing out as far as the rope would let us and then back again. In the evenings my father and mother would take us rowing in the moonlight. We would go past the old stone house of Captain James White, who had been the first settler here, coming in 1832. The water from the dam had backed up into the house, and it would make ghostly sloshing noises and echoes.

It had been such a wonderful vacation, and in that two weeks we had fallen in love with Nauvoo. We came the next summer and spent a month camping in the big Nauvoo House, which is close to the river. I remember how peaceful it was to go to sleep at night hearing the water lap against the shore. Then the next year, 1923, we came to live.

Again we took the steamer, the *Keokuk,* from Fort Madison to Nauvoo. It happened to be the same day that Nauvoo High School students were returning from Burlington on an excursion they had taken for their school picnic. My cousin, Esther Irene Layton, was their English teacher and she introduced us to all these happy, friendly, young people, who would be our classmates in the fall. I could not help noticing one tall young man with black, curly hair who seemed to be very popular. His name was Arnold Ourth. Little did I dream that six years later he would become my husband.

Another event that I will never forget, happened in 1928, when Frederick M. Smith, the grandson of Joseph Smith, decided that the time had come to find the bodies of Joseph and his brother Hyrum. They had been secretly buried in 1844 after their assassination by an angry mob at Carthage. W. O. Hands, a civil engineer, had been sent from Kansas City to superintend the project. My father had been among those who had helped with the work. Soon deep trenches criss-crossed the area designated for the search, but no trace of the bodies could be found.

Sixteen years before, Joseph Smith III and Alexander, then the only living sons of Joseph Smith, Jr., were in Nauvoo with their eldest sons, one of whom was Frederick M. Smith. They were told that someday they might need to look for the bodies. When that time came, they were told to look for the old spring house, and the bodies would be lying in the northwest corner under the floor. But all evidence of any springhouse had disappeared. It was January and the weather was turning cold. Some of the workmen were suggesting that the search be given up as not worth further effort. The dam at Keokuk had raised the water, and there was an uneasy feeling that possibly water covered their graves.

But W. O. Hands was a man of great faith. I remember he asked the members of our congregation to spend Sunday in fasting and prayer. Even the children responded to this request. These prayers were answered in a wonderful way. He said that in the small hours of Monday he was awake, and with an earnest prayer for direction, he went out to where they had been digging. No vision was seen, no voice was heard, but with what he felt was a divinely directed gesture, he swept the light across a spot not yet opened and said, "We will explore this today."

Later that morning as the men began to dig at the place selected, they soon uncovered four sides of a brick foundation. Trenches had previously been dug on all four sides, but this had been missed. About four feet below the surface, they came upon and uncovered a skull easily recogizable as that of Hyrum by the bullet hole under the right eye and through the top of the skull. The remains of Joseph were just south of Hyrum. When the sands and gravel were cleaned away, they found every bone of their bodies except about four inches of Joseph's right arm which evidently had been shattered by a bullet and decomposed.

When I came home from teaching school that evening, my father sent me down to see the bodies, saying, "This is history." I will always remember the feeling of sadness that came over me as I looked at the bodies of Joseph, Hyrum, and Emma, Joseph's wife, whose body had been taken up so that she might lie beside her husband.

It was that same year that my husband-to-be, Arnold Ourth, bought and restored one of the Old Mormon houses. It had belonged to a man named William Marks in the 1840's. It was just two blocks west of the Mansion House, where Joseph and Emma had lived, a block from the cemetery where they were buried, and next door on the west was where Hyrum had lived. The big stone that covered the well he had

dug beside the road was still there. But best of all, it was near the river that I loved, only a half block from the boat landing. This is where I was carried over the threshold the night I was married in June of 1929.

But that year, the *Keokuk*, the boat on which we had first met, stopped running. No longer were there enough passengers and cargo for it to be profitable. For us, something important was gone from the river.

CARTHAGE: THE WORLD WAR I ERA

Mary H. Siegfried

To be able to remember the events of World War I brands one as an old-timer. Those of us whose high school years covered the period 1914-1918 were witnesses to this great conflict, as reflected in our home towns. We had been told by our history and geography teachers that there wouldn't be any major wars among the great world powers in the future. People were too civilized, and wars would be fought only by small, less civilized countries. All kinds of treaties and pacts were being made by the "Big-shot" diplomats, and we thought these would bring peace, not war. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, the Central Powers, formed the Triple Alliance, and England, France and Russia were the Triple Entente.

Here in peaceful America, we were shocked in August, 1914, when the newspapers carried large headlines about the war, telling of horrible atrocities committed by German soldiers on Belgian children. Most of these stories were grossly exaggerated, and some proved to be absolutely false, but the purpose, to get America into the conflicts, was finally accomplished. England went to the aid of France. There were no radio or television in those days. All news came by cable or telegraph to the newspapers, where it reached the people.

At first, most of the American people were opposed to getting into the war. Many Americans were of German descent and had relatives living in Germany, and many others were opposed to getting into a war that was not our own making. In 1916 President Woodrow Wilson ran for re-election on the campaign slogan, "He kept us out of war," and he won the election to his second term.

By the spring of 1917 antagonism mounted, until on April 6, 1917, war was openly declared against the Central Powers, and the United States was definitely a part of the struggle.

Mobilization began immediately, and there was no area that was left untouched in the total commitment to service. The draft was nationwide for all men from twenty-one to thirty-five years old. To finance the great conflict, bonds were issued by the government called Liberty Bonds, and patriotic meetings were held in all communities to encourage the sales.

All civilians were given some service to do for their country. To provide an adequate food supply, war gardens were planted, vacant lots were plowed up and small patches along roadsides and railway right-of-ways. Instructions for raising and canning fruits and vegetables were issued by the Home Bureau and the makers of canning jars. The slogan was, "EAT ALL YOU CAN, CAN ALL YOU CAN'T." Pressure canners for home canning came into use, but most of the canning was done by open kettle for tomatoes and acid fruits and by the water bath for non-acid vegetables. Peas and sweet corn were boiled for three hours in the water bath and green beans for two hours before they were deemed safe for winter storage. I helped my mother can over 700 quarts that summer, besides drying some apples and sweet corn.

Food prices began to rise rapidly, as well as the cost of fuel and other commodities. Rationing was begun on many staple foods. The one that affected us young people the most was the rationing of sugar to two pounds a month per person.

My senior year at Carthage High School began in September, 1917, when everything to promote the war effort was getting underway. We were asked to memorize the words

of "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" so we could sing them at outdoor rallies.

Red Cross Chapters were organized in all the small towns. The members sewed hospital garments and made surgical dressings for army hospitals. Knitted articles, such as mufflers, sleeveless sweaters, helmets, wristlets, and socks, were made for the soldiers in action. The high school girls were enlisted in the knitting projects. Since knitting had been out of style for many years, few girls knew how. Our teachers, Ida Helfrich and Josephine Simmons, held sessions after school, teaching us to knit. Our first accomplishments were two afghans, knit in square blocks from yarn remants we brought from home. They were used for wheel-chair patients in war hospitals. Then we made mufflers, sleeveless sweaters, helmets, wristlets, and socks from gray yarn furnished by the local Red Cross. The socks were the most complicated, and not all girls learned the art of "turning a heel."

During the summer and fall of 1917 contingents of draftees were sent every few weeks to Camp Dodge, Iowa, or some other camp, for basic training. They marched in a body down Main Street in Carthage to the railroad station, preceeded by the flag and accompanied by a marching band. Many citizens followed along on the sidewalks to wish them farewell.

Service flags began to appear in the windows of homes of service men. These had a white field surrounded by a red border, and a blue star was placed on the white field for every member in service. When a soldier gave his life for his country, the blue star was replaced by a gold star. Service flags were also hung on the walls of churches, with a star for each member in service.

Anti-German sentiment began to increase, and churches in German communities who still held their services in their mother-tongue were pressured into changing to English. Two churches in the Carthage area, Zion's Kirche, whose church building is now the VFW hall, and Immanuel Lutheran Church south of Carthage, which is still a strong congregation, were pressured into holding services in English. Several High Schools and Carthage College had courses in German, which they finally were forced to discontinue. As college credit would not be given for only one year of a language, five of us senior girls began our second year in order to receive college credit. In the spring of 1918 the students arrived one morning to find that the German books had disappeared during the night. We felt this was a useless demonstration of pseudo-patriotism. The superintendent visited our class that day, and said that there was so much feeling against teaching German that we would have to drop the course. "As all of you are making passing grades, you will receive your credit," he said. The college was forced to drop all German courses. They were restored again in 1920.

In the fall of 1918 I entered Carthage College as a freshman. Here everything was geared to help the War effort. A branch of service known as the student army training corps was stationed on the campus, and a building to house the men, called The Barracks, was built, which remained on the campus many years. The members were enlisted men and wore the olive-drab uniforms of World War I. Training periods were alternated with college classes.

During the fall of that year, talk of peace began to circulate, and conferences began between the European powers to consider treaty terms. We thought little about it until suddenly on November 11 the word was spread that the armistice had been signed and "The War to End All Wars" was over.

The whole town of Carthage went wild that day, and that afternoon a large impromptu parade was organized. The streets were filled with people walking round and round the square, singing patriotic songs, and the bands played until evening.

The joy of the war's ending was suddenly overshadowed by the flu epidemic that hit Hancock County in full force.

Schools and public meetings were closed for many weeks. There was a great deal of panic as the death rate was rather high throughout America. The epidemic died down with the arrival of Spring. The season was gratefully welcomed. Carthage, and the nation, looked forward to a lasting peace.

ARMISTICE DAY IN MACOMB

Beulah Jean McMillian

My father, Reverend Albert G. Parker, moved to the Camp Creek Church near Macomb on December 20, 1917. Our family of eleven was reduced to Mother, Elliott, a junior in high school, Neil in the seventh grade, and I in the sixth grade. My father started me keeping a diary on September 1, 1918, from which the facts have been gathered for this account.

Monday, November 11, 1918: As I was sleeping peacefully this morning, I was awakened by father and mother asking if I heard the whistles blowing. Of course, I could not help but hear them, although we were six miles away. While we were listening, someone on the party line called Central. When Central answered the person asked, "Is the war over?" Central said, "Yes." Elliott was listening and heard several of the telephone receivers click, which meant that other people had listened. He started on a run up the stairs, yelling at the top of his voice, "Whoopeeeeee." The whistles were making so much noise that we were awake nearly an hour listening to them. During that time we heard several guns go off. We also heard our rooster crow for the first time. Other roosters in the neighborhood were making as much noise as they could.

We washed the clothes, and in the afternoon we got ready and went to town to see what people were doing to celebrate. We had to park the Ford on a side street, like the rest of the people. We then walked around the Square listening to people blow their whistles. Boys were riding bicycles to which were attached tin cans, buckets, and any other tin they could get a hold of—anything that would make a noise. Some of the people with whom we talked said that that kind of din had been going on since 2:30 a.m.

At 3:00 p.m. they had a kind of parade in which anyone could join in. Elliott ran across a bunch of High School boys whom he knew, and joined in the parade, being among the first ones.

Almost every house in town had one to ten flags decorating it. After Father, Mother, and I had watched the parade for awhile and walked around the square, we started up Jackson Street. Meeting Ruth Binnie and her mother and Mrs. Campbell, we went back to Mrs. Campbell's and visited until about 4:30. Elliott came at about that time. As the sun was setting low we started for home.

There was to be a Big Parade at 7:00 p.m. to bury the Kaiser. I suppose there must have been a great noise in Macomb, although we could hear only the whistles. It was quite an exciting day, and it was a happy one.

THE INNOCENT YEARS: THE TWENTIES

Keith L. Wilkey

The care-free days between the close of World War I and the Great Depression of the 1930's fill my reverie with the most pleasant thoughts and memories of my life in Paloma. The lazy summer afternoons, when I played with my chums around my father's general store, the village grain elevator, the lumber yard situated on the north side of the Burlington Railroad siding track, and the stock yard, with its bawling cattle and grunting hogs, were the most pleasant of all my years.

Our general store during the 1920's was the hub of community life. Virtually everyone came to the store—the rich, the poor, the middle-class, the downtrodden, the

youngsters, and those who were walking feebly in the twilight of life.

Though the average family was much less dependent upon food items that were "store bought" than they were upon their cellar, orchard, and pantry, there was something about going to the store that was difficult to resist. The store was an exchange center—a clearing house for neighborhood news. "I heard it at the store" preceded and ended many a conversation during the halycon years of the drowsy 1920's.

Radios, with their morning-glory-type loud speakers and three dial station selectors, were the prerogative of the well-to-do. To be invited to the home of the banker or a retired farmer, who had an Atwater Kent Superhetrodyne, and to spend the evening listening to the Goodyear Silvertown Orchestra or Coon Sanders and the Nighthawks, from WDAF Kansas City, was to have a very pleasant time.

The inauguration of President Calvin Coolidge, on March 4, 1925, was the first time that an important occasion was broadcast nationwide. The seventh and eighth grade pupils, by previous arrangement with the teacher, went to the home of the mail carrier, who possessed one of the better receiving sets, and were instructed to listen carefully and report back to school the next day. In memory I can still hear the 30th president begin his oration in his northeastern nasal twang: "My Countrymen . . ."

The Twenties was the heyday of the Model T Ford. During that 10-year period, more than fifteen million of these versatile conveyences were on the American roads and streets. The "T" was the badge of the middle-class. Those families "with money" rode in Hupmobiles, Paiges, Pierce-Arrows, and of course, Packards and Cadillacs. But the Model T was the farmer's friend and was identified with most small towners.

The term "used car" lay ahead in the future. If the citizen of the 1920's couldn't afford to spend the $500 for a new car, some village entrepreneur found him a "second-handed" one.

The more mechanically inclined men had their Ford tuned up so it would start with a small tug on the choke wire and a quarter turn of the crank. Tools required were a pair of pliars, a screwdriver and a monkey wrench.

Life and death were matters of community concern. Most babies were born in the home and most deaths occurred in the family bedroom. A black wreath or satin bow was attached to the front door of the house where the Rider On the Pale Horse had made his visit. Two neighbors "sat up with the corpse" all night, and most funerals were conducted in the front room, later moving to the church.

When a member of the family fell ill to a communicable disease, the local constabulary tacked a quarantine sign on the house, and no one could enter or leave until the period was up, usually 14 days.

History has dubbed the nostalgic interlude between the Great War and the Great Depression "The Roaring Twenties." To some, perhaps it was. To others, the end of the 1920's was the lull before the storm; to yet others it was the time of "Coolidge Prosperity." But to a sub-teen-age, small-town boy, those were the innocent years, a time of life when such words as "frustration" and "tension" had yet to be learned.

It was a time when interests were in the president's fishing expeditions, Jack Dempsey and Billy Sunday, Lindbergh and Babe Ruth. It was a time of dusty country roads and windmill fans whirling in the morning sun. It was a time of plug tobacco and five cent soda pop. It was also a happy, carefree and most pleasant era, which will always live in the memory of those who knew it.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF GLASGOW AND ITS ACTIVITIES

Stella Hutchings

The town of Glasgow was laid out in 1836 by Ashford Smith, and a second addition was developed in 1837 by David

Rankin, Moses, Rueben, and Elisha Wetmore. The surveying and platting was done by Seneca McEvers.

In the following years settlers came from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. People with the family name Adams, Blair, Cumby, Haney, Gauges, Wilson, Young, Leitze, McGleasson, Smith, Sherwin, Killebrew, Farington, and Coats became Glasgow folks. The town grew rapidly. Very soon a school was established. In 1856 the Baptist church was founded, and the Christian Church came in 1872. Several small industries thrived. There were three general stores and a hat store. Two blacksmith shops were busy. There was plenty of water and timber. The location was high above the lakes and swamp area along the Illinois River. It was hoped that the railroad, soon to be built, would pass through Glasgow, just west of the town. It seemed that Glasgow might grow into a fair sized city.

Then in the early nineteen hundreds the growth stopped. The railroad bypassed our town. It was decided that Big Sandy was too small for river barges. Without transportation the small factories could not complete with those of larger places.

A few families moved away, but most felt that they could adjust to living in a small community where everyone knew his neighbors. Those early settlers had put down roots. They were content to live and farm in a small, inland town. They learned to develop their talents for a good social life in the place where they had grown up.

In 1893 Mr. U. S. Collins came to Glasgow to teach school. He was a very talented man, and he recognized much musical ability in the community and set about to develop it. Soon Glasgow had a brass band, a part of the Collin's Comedy Company Band; members who played included Byron McEvers, Charles Wilson, Beal Cotter, Warren Hanback, Albert Hanback, William Handback, Max Smith, Joe Leitze, and perhaps John Leitze. Band men wore uniforms and hats with plumes. They had a high wagon drawn by four dapple gray horses, also wearing plumes. The band members rode in the wagon and carried their instruments. Mr. Joe Smith cared for the horses and band wagon. He drove a pair of black horses hitched to a buggy to lead all the parades. The band practiced on Sunday afternoons for the many concerts and affairs at which they played.

For many years Glasgow was noted for the home-talent plays they gave in the hall above the McEvers General store. Later this became the Cumby store and hall. In 1912 a play, *Bound by an Oath*, was given by the following cast: William Killebrew, J. P. Ward, Earl Veach, P. E. Smithson; Lee Leitze, Ola Fundel, Lola Coats, Mrs. Lee Leitze, Anna Leitze Overton, Byron McEvers, and William Cumby. The admission was twenty-five cents and the proceeds went to the Christian Sunday School.

In 1924 a play, *Prairie Rose*, was directed by Max Smith, with the cast being Audry Howard, Mrs. George Leitze, Madlyn McEvers, Mrs. Ed Cumby, Everett McGlasson, Millard McGlasson, Claude Haney, George Leitze, Carl Vestal, John Ward, and Dale Blair.

Stella Fox directed *The Iron Hand* for the benefit of the Baptist Church. This cast included Claude and Edith Sherwin, Gladys, Hettie, and Veta Hanback, Estel Cowper, Carl Vestal, Martha Cunningham, and J. P. Ward.

When the play *The Shepperd of the Hills* was given, all the scenery was painted by Mrs. Leo Savage, who had a great talent but no formal training.

For many years, at least one home talent play was given each winter. It was performed first in Glasgow, and then taken to neighboring villages, and it was always well received.

Almost every farmer planted a patch of cane each spring and hauled it to Frankie Barrow's sorghum mill in early fall to be made into sorghum. Each family needed at least one barrel of sorghum for table use during the winter and for the many "taffy pull" parties they would be hosting during the cold months.

Square dancing was a popular form of entertainment in those years. Three brothers, Charles, Jack, and Jim Clanton, furnished the violin music and did the calling for dances held in the public hall almost weekly.

Some parents did not approve of dancing, but did allow their children to attend "play parties" in homes, if they were invited. Most play party games were exactly like dances except that there was no music and no caller. Instead, the players sang the directions. How I did love those old fashioned play parties!

Most Glasgow men belonged to either the Red Men's Brotherhood or the Modern Wood Men of America. Each summer the Red Men held a money-making "pow-wow." This lasted three days and was much like a carnival. It was held in the public square, which was also the school yard. There was always a Merry-Go-Round, refreshment stands, and free entertainment. People came from far and near for the pow-wow. I remember well the first one I attended. My sister and I went with our neighbors. Dad gave us each a dollar for our lunch, and we could use the change in any way we chose. We felt rich! We decided to waste none on sandwiches. Gladys bought as many rides on the Merry-Go-Round as her dollar would pay for. I spent all of mine for ice cream cones! I was never more frightened in my life than when a group of men dressed as Indians galloped in with a prisoner, tied him to a stake, and set fire to a circle of straw about him. Not until he had been rescued by white riders and the Indians had fled did I realize that it was just an act! This "burning at the stake" was always part of every pow-wow, but I never did enjoy watching it.

As far back as 1873 Glasgow and other towns in Scott County had a burgoo picnic. Burgoo is a mixture of many vegetables and meats cooked together in a huge iron kettle over an open fire. In the early years men went squirrel hunting for part of the meat. Beef, pork, and many chickens also went into the soup kettle. In the afternoon most of the towns people were there in the school yard at work dressing the squirrels and chickens, shucking big piles of corn, and peeling potatoes, onions, and carrots. Cabbage, tomatoes, and navy beans were also put in. The Allen family supervised and added the secret seasonings supposed to have come from England.

The burgoo was cooked all night, with men stirring constantly with big wooden paddles. When morning came the aroma of that thick, delicious soup called everyone to the park. The entire community had dinner at the tables set up for them. Many visitors came. The celebration lasted all day and until all the soup had been eaten.

In recent years the Burgoo Homecoming has been held on the Saturday before Labor Day. Many folks from other towns and other states plan their vacations so as to be in their home town of Glasgow on this date. Doesn't this prove that those early settlers really did put down roots?

MARIETTA AND COAL CUT SEVENTY YEARS AGO

Kermit F. Oliver

I was born between Marietta and Leaman, Illinois in Fulton County. Marieta is still in existence on Illinois State Route 95, but there is nothing left of old Leaman except a coal dump, some old wells and cisterns, and a few piles of large sandrocks covered with moss and vines.

These sandrocks had been quarried out of the sides of the hills and were to be made into grindstones and whetstones at the factory. The whetstones were boxed and sent all over the world. Some of the large stones were squared with special hand tools and hauled on wagons or loaded on cars of the T. P. & W. Railroad, which had a short spur alongside the factory. These square and rectangular stones can still be found as bridge abutments, building foundations, and walls in many parts of the country. When the railroads were built these stones were used (and in most cases are still in place) in abutments and foundations for the many bridges.

These stones are still piled here and there, as the factory shut down because cement, a new product, was more efficient, and a sandstone in Ohio was found to be free of iron specks, making better grindstones and whetstones than Leaman's stones. Also, emery stone was invented, which was superior in grinding and sharpening to the sandstone.

This factory also made different kinds of tiles from clay dug from the hills around there. I never knew if the bricks used in building the large flue for the kilns were made there or from another source.

When the neighbor boys, my brothers, and I might happen along by there at dusk (between 1911 and 1916), it was a very exhilarating feeling to watch the hundreds of chimney swallows (or sweeps) swarming like bees around and around the top of the old flue. When it was almost too dark to see them, they would gather in what looked like the tail of a tornado and were seemingly drawn or sucked down inside to rest for the night. Many times we went to the base and looked up inside to see the hundreds of mudlike nests stuck to the inside of the flue. There were several inches of fallen nests at our feet, having accumulated since abandonment of the factory several years back. We were very cautious while exploring the old caved-in coalmines (we called them banks), the remains of the old homes, and the old store, hotel, post office, and various piles of stones, as many rattlesnakes had been seen and killed around there. I haven't heard of any having been seen or killed for years, but perhaps it's because of the briars, vines, and thicket growth of many years. No one ventures into it except in the fall of the year to hunt deer after the snakes have hibernated. There were no deer then, but lots of quail and rabbits. The hoot owls, foxes, hawks, and other predators have nearly extinguished them. The state stocked the deer a few years back, and then coyotes moved in.

In earlier days there was a road (a wagon road, as cars were unknown then) winding south past the Marietta T. P. & W. depot toward Table Grove. It branched off here and there. One branch went west through the Point Pleasant neighborhood, where the neat white church and cemetery are still used today.

There was a stockyard with lots of partitions and loading chute, along with a narrow gauge set of rails from the T. P. & W. to the two derricks. The quarried stones were hauled on small cars on this track to be loaded on flat cars and shipped after being shaped with hand tools. There was a gasoline engine in a shed with a large cooling tank. I was too young to understand how the engine worked in relation to the quarry, but it, the derricks, and rail tracks were there after the quarry shut down.

My father also had an ice house alongside the railroad side track, too. I was quite young, perhaps four or five years of age, when it was in use, and so I don't know if he had the ice shipped in by rail or just where he did get it from, but I can remember being in the sawdust in the summer when he was taking ice out. It was hot outside, but in the sawdust it was so cool on my bare feet.

There was a wagon road going east from the depot along the railroad tracks. It crossed the creek (Humphrey's Run) by fording it twice before it came to Leaman, one mile East of the Marietta depot, and crossed the railroad twice before it came to Coal Cut, one mile East of Leaman—once just after fording the creek the second time and again right near the old store and factory at Leaman. Except for about sixty rods near Coal Cut, the road has been closed many years, and no signs that a road had ever been along there exists today. As a matter of fact, the creek has cut into the right-of-way in at least five places, and in some places it flows alongside and right against the railroad tracks where the road used to be.

Sometimes the creek gets out of its banks and washes the railroad tracks out. My father showed us where a train engine ran off washed-out tracks and was buried in the Barker's Creek. This is the creek that Humphrey's Run empties into, just a few yards above where the engine buried itself in the soft mud, sand, and slit. At that time, there wasn't equipment to get it out.

Coal Cut is just a name given to a cut through a narrow ridge that was made to build the railroad through. It had a vein of coal all the way along where the track was laid. It has been said, and I'm pretty sure it's true, that a stagecoach road was on the ridge, and there are still signs of where it came down the hill just north of where the cut was made. Also, the same road was used to haul grain, coal, food, and other products to towns, mills, and farms. There are a few signs of the old lime kilns on the farm just to the south of the cut. My father used to tell of how some of his mother's folk (the Melvins) dug the lime rock out along Barker's Creek and burnt it in kilns; then when it was slacked, it was loaded on wagons and hauled to Bushnell. If a rain came up while on the road, the lime had to be protected from the rain, because if it got wet, it would heat and burn the wagon. The stagecoach road ran south and east past the lime kilns, following the ridge to the Spoon River, and crossed it in the Zoleman Riffle and on south toward Bernadotte.

There was a township road that branched off the one along the railroad, right at the west end of the Coal Cut. It wound south across Barker's Creek (with no bridge) to a settlement called Buckwheat, then west connecting with the road south of Marietta toward Table Grove. These roads were on Rural Route 2 out of Marietta for years. The road ran along the T. P. & W. easterly to Seville (another almost forgotten town) and on to Smithfield. There was a small platform frame of heavy timber filled with sand and fine cinders to step on from railroad coaches at a flag stop just a few yards east of Coal Cut. To the south of this was a group of large and medium size cabins, called Camp Griffith, named after Doctor Griffith of Bushnell. It had a Delco electric system, the first I had ever seen.

There had been no sign of any habitation there the last fifty-five years. This was on Spoon River; and a few rods south, there was a log shack built under an over-hanging sandrock. It was rumored that it might have been part of the Underground Railroad. It is all gone, and silt and soil have filled in where it once was.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES OF EARLY FOUNTAIN GREEN

Ida C. Jackson

I will endeavor to chronicle Fountain Green in the days of its youth, as related by my grandmother Leach many years ago.

The focal point of the village in those early days was the general store and post office, named The Arcade, where the men folks gathered nightly to listen to the proprietor, Mr. C. C. Tyler, and my grandfather read the news of the world from the one and only copy of the daily newspaper which the village boasted.

Whenever a wagon load of merchandise, shipped by boat from St. Louis to Warsaw, arrived in town, The Arcade was the gathering place for the women and girls of the neighborhood, who feasted their eyes on the exquisite pieces of china and glassware, the bolts of cloth from which all articles of clothing for the entire family were fashioned, as well as a few priceless books and still fewer "ready made" articles of clothing. In addition to the above mentioned items, staples groceries of all kinds, almost everything in the hardware line, small farm and garden tools, kerosene for the lamps, repairs for the horses' harness, and other items could be found at The Arcade.

A prey to the ravages of time, this fine old building has been gone for many years, and while it still lives in the memory of some of us who have been here for three score years and more, the younger generations have no idea that it ever existed.

According to Grandmother the nearest the Civil War came to Fountain Green was one summer night when a band of southern raiders ventured into this territory seeking any

supplies that they could pillage. Having heard that threshing operations were in progress on a farm a few miles from, town, they stopped there and "made off" with some fifteen or twenty horses being used for the threshing. Fortunately, one of the boys on the farm managed to sneak into the barn and escape with a horse which he rode into Fountain Green to warn the villagers that the raiders were coming. Grandmother recalled having hidden their valuables, such as silverware and important papers, in the unused brick oven. However, the raiders apparently became suspicious that the townspeople had been warned and so they took their loot and headed back toward the South.

Such are a few of her reminiscences of Fountain Green, a town which derived its name, according to legend, from the village green and the seven natural springs or fountains whose waters bubbled forth from the ground. The latter quenched the thirst of the first settlers to arrive here and provided a drink for the graceful deer and other wildlife that roamed the prairies in that era.

Many more interesting stories could be written about this little hamlet, but space does not permit. Suffice it to say, that so far as this writer is concerned, Fountain Green is the "garden spot" of the world and the closest thing to paradise of this earth.

THE RUINS OF THE TYSON CREEK SETTLEMENT

Ira J. Allen

I can still remember playing in the ruins of the Tyson Creek settlement in Appanoose Township, Hancock County, where previous to 1890 there were three kilns where they burned rock to make lime, a saw mill to saw the native lumber, a brick and tile factory, and a sorghum mill. This settlement was destroyed around 1890 by an ice gorge from the creek and never rebuilt. The location of this settlement was approximately one-half mile from Center School, which was one of the oldest in the county. I attended this school, and it was the only formal education I received. My father and his brothers and sisters also attended this school. We used to go to the settlement during recess and watch the workers. I recall that they used a steam engine for power, with wood for fuel.

BUG TUSSLE

Frank C. Hersman

Bug Tussle is not a town. It is a well known but not well defined neighorhood in Brown County. I do not know how it got its name, but I do know what a feller told me. He said that when you go fishin' there your contemplations may be rudely interrupted by a tussle with the bugs.

Bug Tussle is not hard to find. It's near Buckhorn, right close to Honeywell, not far from Wheeler Ridge, over by Hersman, in the vicinity of Suratt Hollow, and down the line from Gilbirdsport.

Harlan E. Moore was a native of Bug Tussle, but now he's dead. I don't know of anyone else who was from there.

II *Earning A Living*

EARNING A LIVING

Any senior citizen in America today has been affected in some way by two important dogmas or arguments: the principle, so common in nineteenth-century America, that work never hurt anybody; and the notion that the Great Depression of the 1930's was an event which was catastrophic but which had its virtues as well as its dire effects. The first was culturally old and given to each child almost at birth. The second was learned the hard way, for the Depression came along just like the seven lean years in the Bible, and had to be tolerated. It is altogether possible that the first dogma no longer lives in the cultural idiom of America today, and in regard to the second, to phrase it in the manner of the 1960's, one could not know the Depression unless he lived it.

When one of our senior citizen writers states about working for his father's business, "I got nothing but the privilege of working," he is expressing part of the heritage of an earlier America. Indeed, it was part and parcel of the Industrial Revolution everywhere. Thomas Carlyle, the Scottish historian and essayist, laid down the parameters to such thinking in his *Sartor Resartus*, some of which was required reading in many college courses down to 1940. Work, said Carlyle, is it own excuse for being. Out of labor and the sense of accomplishment comes the greatest rewards. Ralph Waldo Emerson touched upon the same principle in various essays written for an American reading public. Thomas Edison laid his own success as an inventor not to brilliance but to work; it was the result mostly of perspiration rather than inspiration. Henry Ford, not literate enough to be acquainted with Thomas Carlyle, expressed what were to him the same immutable laws. Work, said Ford, is the most important anodyne in life. It is the only activity which makes the painful passage of life more bearable.

The great Depression was something else again. It took an American society which had been well used to the fact that there were other frontiers to open in hard times, and it revealed that for the moment these frontiers had vanished. There were no lands in Colorado to which one could escape; no great forests left uncut; no fresh deposits of gold, silver, or iron to be staked out for the taking. The stark facts of the Depression are almost impossible to believe today. In March of 1933, for instance, United States Steel did not have a single worker at the smelting forges. For the first time in American history, military service was more attractive than civilian life, and to be chosen by recruiting officers to enter the army or the navy was considered a remarkable achievement. The Great American Depression was a traumatic development of major magnitude, and most senior citizens still talk and write about it with some feeling.

Both the acceptance of work and the hardships of the Depression find their ways into most of the following articles. A retired school teacher writes that she was also the janitor of her small rural school. It was not a hardship, she says, for she was "familiar with carrying coal, wood, and cobs and with taking out the ashes. . . ." Other retired teachers tell about struggling through deep snows and floods, for as one school board member said, "We never have closed the school because of the weather!"

There are revealing glimpses of life in the hard days of the 1930's. Oren Dennis, running a chicken hatchery in Augusta, Illinois, hit upon the idea of canning chickens. With the help of willing workers, he built a local business into a national one. John C. Willey, one of the Depression nomads of the 1930's, returned to his home in Colchester to work in a small family coal mine nearby. Mary K. DeWitt was forced to quit Western Illinois State College after one year because of financial problems. One of the lucky ones, she was able to find a teaching job in Schuyler County even though she was only eighteen years old. Marguerite Campbell Hill managed to finish college in 1931 only to find that teaching positions were not to be had. With luck and a great deal of common sense, she persuaded the Board of Education at Dallas City

to take her on. She concludes her piece by writing: "In this age the assignment and the salary would seem unbelievably ridiculous. In that day, I was one sublimely happy and grateful person." Josephine Oblinger describes her teaching life in the 1930's and adds a piquant note by pointing out that many of her students carried "lard sandwiches" in their lunch pails.

Shaped by the past and tempered by the Great Depression, these elders are a different breed. How well they would understand the plight of an Illinois farm wife as described in the *Saturday Evening Post,* April 17, 1937. Puzzled by what was happening to America as a result of the Depression-inspired relief programs, she wrote, " We talk about relief as the girl and her loving parents must have talked about marriage to the villain in those old days when the villain always held the mortgage on the old homestead." She concludes, "I can't help thinking, however, that many folks on relief aren't lazy and grasping. But won't they become so?. . ."

Most of these people have never heard of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus,* but one may be sure that virtually all of them would find grounds for agreement. "Produce!" Carlyle wrote. "Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name."

THE ANATOMY OF A PHARMACIST

Edward R. Lewis, Jr.

Passing through the Spoon River Country, one might pause for a moment in Canton and observe a building on the south west corner of the square. "That looks like an old-fashioned drug store!," you may remark. Upon entering it you will find that it is not far removed from its original appearance in 1915, with it's high pressed-tin ceiling, mahogany wall fixtures with sliding glass doors and mirrored back, original soda fountain and back bar with its slightly risque oil painting of dancing nymphs and satyrs, and three adjacent booths topped with leaded glass light fixtures.

How can a pharmacy survive in this era of stainless steel, glass, and plastic with its ever changing style of operation? Possibly the answer lies in an examination of my formative years, which were spent in a similar drug store.

Born in Beardstown, Illinois, in an apartment on the second floor above the Denton Drug Store, my first remembrance is of playing in the back room of that store on the corner of Third and State streets, where my father was employed as a registered pharmacist. It was a large area comprising about one third of the entire store, and contained (in addition to the prescription counter with its adjoining shelves containing glass-stoppered and labeled bottles) a roll-top desk, which was never used as a desk but as a depository for receipts, bills, and trade journals. The room also had shelves to the ceiling for storage of cans of paint.

On either side of the prescription counter two swinging doors led to the front room with its high tin ceiling and black and white mosiac tile floor. In the center was a large horse-shoe display case, and a soda fountain near the front door. The walls were lined with double-decked fixtures; the top deck was for storage and was reached by a rolling step-ladder which traveled from front to back of the store in the narrow aisle. The front of the two-story brick building contained two large display windows which were attractively decorated with colored crepe paper.

In 1926, the last of the major floods hit Beardstown, completely inundating the community, and it was a time of great excitement for all. Basement merchandise, including wall paper, window glass, and fifty gallon drums of turpentine, linseed oil, and mineral oil, was quickly removed overnight by flat boats and stored on the high ground behind our home. This gave me real enjoyment, climbing on the tables and the shelving there. The basement of the drug store was flooded to keep the building from floating away. A sea wall was constructed of sand bags around the entire half-block of the building which, in addition to the drug store, contained about five other businesses. My principal job was to run around the levee and chase off the river rats so the appearance of the area would be more inviting to the few customers arriving by row boat.

During my grade-school days, I began working for my father who had by then purchased a half interest in the business. The firm became known as Denton & Lewis Drug Store, with Mr. Denton moving to Springfield where he purchased an existing drug store. My first duties were to sweep the floor, empty wastebaskets, and dust shelf bottles containing syrups, tinctures, and fluid extracts. The latter was most distasteful, because those bottles were nearly impossible to clean—and clean they had to be! My first question, upon learning that my father had a half interest, was: "Did you buy the front half or the back half? I hope it was the back half, because that is where I want to be."

That back room was a fascinating place for a young boy. There I did my home work for school with a Benjamin air rifle at my side to pick off the rats as they came at night to roam the shelves containing the paint cans. Frequently, I was invited to numerous rat hunts conducted by the owners of the business in the building. I don't think they felt that they would reduce the rat population markedly, but it did prove to be a great sport as they chased them from one end of the

building to the other. They used 22 calibre rifles with bird shot, and I used my B-B gun. My kills were often as good as theirs because I had studied the escape patterns of the rats, and knew where they would run. Later, my father bought a ferret, which he kept in the basement during the daytime, and at night it was allowed to roam the entire store. With the introduction of the ferret, there was a mass exodus of the rats from the store.

My first clerking experiences included the fireworks and valentine counters. Working at the soda fountain came later, when I was tall enough to reach the wash basins and clean the glasses and dishes. Summertime proved to be the most difficult since I was assigned to the task of stirring the five-gallon tub of chocolate syrup which cooked for about one hour upon a gas stove. There was no air conditioning in those days, and it was hot! As a reward, I received a chocolate soda. Other soda fountain syrups were more simple to make from sugar, water and concentrated flavors. The day had passed when druggists made their own flavored syrups from fresh fruits. Likewise, the era of exotic soda fountain concoctions such as Peach Blow, Razzle Dazzle, Moxie Extract, and Blood Orange Nectar faded away following the turn-of-the-century.

Saturday nights during the summer months were the busiest times for the drug store soda fountain. Scores of people flocked around the fountain following the Saturday night band concerts in the public square, and it was not uncommmon for the entire working force to remain on duty until midnight, when the last customer had gone and the fountain had been thoroughly cleaned for the following day's business. During the week days, the soda fountain, adjacent cigar counter and magazine rack were the meeting places for the local basketball armchair strategists and political prognosticators.

As I grew older, I was given the responsibility of packaging standard home remedies, such as Epsom salts, sulfur, alum, castor oil, spirit of camphor, and other remedies which sold for five or ten cents an ounce. First, the bottles for liquids had to be washed to remove the adhering straw packing. Corks of the proper size were selected for the bottles, and the bottles were filled from a tin dispensing tank with a pump on top. Solid drug products were carefully weighed and placed into cardboard containers, and all were given pre-printed labels selected from a cabinet containing rolls of standard "shop labels." Later, I was entrusted with the more complex manufacturing of citrate of magnesia—a great mover in those days.

My first bicycle came when I was ten years old, and was a result of the pressure which I put on my father since I was required to deliver sale bills door-to-door. The next ultimatum which I gave my father came during the delivery of an exceptionally heavy set of propaganda. This was a booklet, similar in size to an almanac, which promoted Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One hot summer day, as I delivered those missives door-to-door up one side of the street and down the other, I began to receive considerable needling from those residents sitting on their front porches as I passed along the street. The title of the booklet was: "There is a Baby in every Bottle." Since I could not see anything humerous in my serious business of delivering advertising, I threatened to quit. Fortunately, my father could see my point, and I was promoted to a more desirable position as clerk at fifty cents a week.

With the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his subsequent letter programs, such as the NRA and early labor laws, I soon found myself out of a job. Working ten to twelve hours a day was not a concern to me, but now I was considered too young to work. This lasted only a few months, because the Lewis family moved to Canton, Illinois. W. S. Denton found himself a victim of the Depression Years, lost his store in Springfield, and returned to Beardstown. Conditions at that time did not warrant both he and my father together in business in a small commmunity, and the partnership dissolved.

Upon arriving in Canton, I again found myself employed in my father's drug store, which he had purchased from Henry B. Gustine, a firm which had been in business since 1889. This time, however, I did not receive fifty cents a week salary. I got nothing but the privilege of working. The year was 1937. America just climbing out of the Depression but was rapidly sinking into a recession.

In 1943, I graduated from pharmacy school and spent the following three years as a combat officer in the United States Navy. The Lewis Pharmacy was little changed when I returned following those seven years of absence. It was still a small-town community drug store with all the charm of its early years.

TEACHING IN HENDERSON COUNTY

Mrs. Omega White

My story began in the Spring of 1918. I lived on a farm near Stronghurst with my parents, a sister, and three brothers.

My tall blond "prince charming" lived in Media and was soon to go into military service. His folks were neighbors to the County Superintendent of School. He was also a friend of my boyfriend.

When Mr. B., the superintendent, knew my boyfriend was going into the army, he came to their house and took our pictures. He then insisted that I take the teacher's examination. I thought I wasn't qualified, especially in science. But Mr. B. gave me books and a great deal of encouragement. So I went to Oquawka to take the examination and, upon entering the room, was given the number thirteen. No one else wanted it. When I received my grades, Mr. B. wrote on the card: "Who said number thirteen is unlucky?"

Having obtained my teacher's certificate, I borrowed two hundred dollars from the Stronghurst State Bank. I packed a trunk with my very simple wardrobe and went to Summer School at Normal, Illinois.

One of the texts I studied was *The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading* by Huey. Another was *The Teacher and the School* by Colegrove. I must confess these gave me very little to apply to the type of school that I was to teach in. I also observed some classroom teaching. I would have enjoyed more of that.

I applied for a position in two districts and got the one at Hopper. It was a one room school located in a very sandy area, with scrub oaks and cacti. The school house was painted white and had a small hall for coats and boots. There were no near fences but some very close neighbors. There were blackboards and a teacher's desk with a bell. I was the janitor, but this wasn't a hardship as there was a small coal house near. I was familiar with carrying coal, wood, and cobs and taking out the ashes because I did that at home.

I was fortunate to have the older brother of a pupil build the fires when the weather was very cold. The stove burned soft coal and was an upright one. The desks were single and graduated in size. A yardstick was very useful as a point or "attention getter."

I drove a horse and buggy to school. "Old Hickory" was one of a kind. I had to beat him on the way to school, but he knew the way home and nothing stopped him then (not even the black jack oaks). I put him in the barn across the road. He was so tall I had to climb on the manger to get the bridle bit in his mouth. Once he threw his head and knocked me off the manger, and I got a very bad sprained ankle. As I prepared lessons I reviewed and studied. And I never studied harder in my life, as I had to keep ahead of the pupils. There was a dictionary and wall maps. I bought a flag and pictures of Washington and Lincoln. I also gave a box social to raise money for books.

I am proud to say that I had very good discipline in spite of the fact one sixth grader was man-sized. He was one

of eight children attending from the same family. These children never gave me any trouble because their father told them that if they were given a "licking" in school, they would get one when they got home. I imagine the teachers today would like to hear that.

On nice days we would take nature hikes at the noon hour. In winter we would build snow forts and have snow ball battles. Once I was hit on the head with a snow ball, and "Tiny Tim" became very angry because they weren't supposed to hit the teacher. I assured him it was fair in battle.

I liked teaching in Henderson County because of the course of study. This we followed religiously, and so I always knew when I had covered everything in every subject. That is not easy when you have all eight grades and twenty-two pupils.

The first graders were always dear to me, and I always felt they loved me, too. I began to consider it an honor to pull teeth. They just knew I wouldn't hurt them.

My greatest regret was that we never had enough beginner readers. The youngsters learned so fast. I should have supplied my own, but on fifty dollars a month, I didn't feel all that rich.

My next one-room school was in my own district and close to home. I only had three girls that year. But I had my two brothers. No problem there, but I had to prove that I showed no favoritism.

One cold morning, some of the boys were studying near the stove when they saw the County Superintendent drive up. They hurried to their seats and were perfect dears (without being told). Fortunately, Mr. B. always complimented me on my work and appearance so I was never too nervous when he visited.

THE STRAUSS BROTHERS' FAMILY STORE IN PITTSFIELD

Kenneth Weinant

Isaac Strauss, a native of Bavaria Germany, came to New York City with his widowed mother when he was fourteen years of age. After a few years there, he came west and became a peddler traveling the countryside with a pack on his back. His headquarters were in Peoria. When he was twenty-three years old he opened the store in Pittsfield in partnership with his brother Jacob.

The two brothers had combined capital of about $3,000.00 when they decided on the big venture of opening a family store. They sacrificed to save money to start and were willing to deprive themselves if necessary to provide a good line of merchandise. Uncle Ike, as we called him was granted a peddler license, third class, on May 1, 1863. Uncle Jake stayed in the store. The Strauss brothers were more than generous in sharing their wealth with all community projects and individuals.

I, Kenneth Weinant, will now tell you my story of forty-eight years in this store, from March, 1922 to June, 1970. One Saturday night I went in the store to buy a cap. I was in my senior year of High School, when I was asked by Isaac, the son of Uncle Jake, who was by then deceased, if I would like to work for them. I then had planned to hire out as an apprentice to Harry Branch, who was a building contractor. Mr. Strauss said, "Why don't you come in the morning before school and on Saturday and see if you like it." So I did. The first morning, as I was filling the old cedar water keg, Uncle Ike, the older gentleman, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Vot are you doing here young man?" I replied, "I started to work for you this morning." He said, "Vell I don't know if we need you or not." I stayed.

We had no cash register at this time so the paper currency of all denominations was dropped in a large wooden drawer, but the coins were kept in separate tills. We had no

sales slips so we used the paper that came between the rolls of hair ribbons, which were in style in 1922. We had a charge sales book, which we used, turning them in at night. William Strauss then transferred them to the day book and then to the ledger.

This department store carried clothing for the entire family, as well as floor coverings, a complete line of dry goods, sewing machines, Edison phonographs, notions, etc.. In the earlier days they bought wool fleeces; the holes where the long burlap sacks hung for filling still show in the warehouse floor. Geese, duck, and chicken feathers were bought and sold. Feather ticks were the style instead of mattresses. The straw ticks were also good bedding. Rag rugs came in rolls thirty-six inches wide and were sewed together for the rooms. I remember the matting was made in Japan or China. This was also in use for bedrooms. Many kitchen floors were bare, until later on when felt base and linoleum were introduced. I enjoyed going to St. Louis to buy for the store.

I worked in several departments in the store but mostly in the gents' furnishings, suits, and floor coverings. I remember the horse and buggy days, when they were tied to the old hitching rack that was around the court house square. The farmers with their families came to Pittsfield, which is Pike County Seat. Butter and egg and poultry money provided funds for the family necessities. Also, chairs, benches, and rest rooms were furnished for the public.

When I was seventeen, the men all wore stiff collars and three-piece suits. All of our merchandise was of high quality. The dry goods, such as muslin, outing flannel, dress prints, calico, ginghams, and etc., were shipped by boat from Rice-Stix or Ely Walker, which were merchants in St. Louis. Sometimes the goods were shipped by railroad and brought up on large flat-bed dray wagons, which were pulled by a team of large draft horses.

I remember buying for the gents' furnishing department 450 dozen double-thumb Kokomo gloves at one time, and 150 dozen two-thumb mittens, plus all other kinds of work gloves. Our aisles were crowded with customers, and the counters and the shelves were stocked with goods. We had no definite closing time on Saturday night; the door was never locked while we were in the store. Of course, we were straightening up the stock, and we could be sure of our regular late customers shortly before midnight. Then, Ike Strauss would take us to the Bert Niccum restaurant for ham sandwiches sliced by hand—nice and thick from a large baked ham. Of course, we had anything else we wanted.

They were very generous with gifts at Christmas. We were paid monthly, quite different from today. During the Depression of 1930, we were cut 50% in time and 20% in wages. I was married and had two children. This is the time we brought our first home. Quite a struggle, but we made it.

Shortly before Christmas in 1945 the store was sold to Henry and Albert Wuellner of Alton, Illinois. The name "Strauss" was to be retained. The store was remodeled, there were shorter working hours, and a raise in weekly pay was granted. The manager and I went to the Mohawk Carpet Mills in New York and took training. I enjoyed taking contracts for churches and homes for floorcoverings. I thoroughly enjoyed my forty-eight years in the store and my associations with my customers. If you gave me a family name, I could tell you the town in Pike County that they came from.

My associations under the new management were most pleasant. Although I have been retired for ten years, I visited the store many times after I left, and it brought many memories of days gone by: happy times, store parties, Christmas rush, meeting former customers. The store is now closed.

GETTING TO SCHOOL: THE WINTER OF 1940

Kathryn Link

These aging feet have covered many miles on many

roads to many schools, as both student and teacher; but in retrospect, two incidents take precedence.

The first involves the building of the highway, now known as Route 9, and the spring thaw of 1929. Much of the grading and many of the fills had been done in the summer and fall of '28 so that the road crews could get in a full season of cement laying when the weather settled in the spring. We lived west of LaHarpe, near a fairly large fill just east of the Durham-LaHarpe township line. My sister and I, she the teacher, and I a student, drove a horse and buggy to the old Washington School, just north of the Lamoine River bridge.

When the warm spring days began to bring the frost out of the ground, the bottom went out of the clay fills. One Monday morning we started to school as usual, but our good old horse, despite all her valiant efforts, could not negotiate the mud. Finally, she got down in the belly-deep mire, and my sister had to get out and unfasten the tugs so that "Old Nell" could get back on her feet. At last, we managed to get through that mudhole, but we knew that a worse one lay farther down the road.

We drove to the next house, where an elderly widower lived, and asked his permission to leave our buggy there; we then rode our horse on to school. We spent the rest of the week with a family who lived near the school house, and, on Friday, our parents came for us with a team, making the trip through Disco, thus avoiding the terrible mud of the proposed new "hard road."

The second road to school stands out in my memory when I recall my first year of teaching. That was the winter of '39 and '40. After trying all summer to find a teaching position in my major field or in a one-room rural school, I gave up and entered business college. Late in October, one of the rural schools for which I had applied lost its teacher to a government position, and the directors called me to begin teaching on November first. I took a room in the home of one of the school directors and his wife. After a couple of weeks I purchased an eight-year-old car (for $35.00) so that I could go home on weekends. The school was south and east of Basco, in the opposite corner of Hancock County from my parents' home.

That winter brought considerable snow, and on two different weekends my father had trouble getting me out of our ungraveled lane to the highway. He suggested succinctly that if it appeared that the lane was going to be impassable I should not come home for the weekend. About mid-January, I started home one weekend in a snow storm. By the time I got to Carthage it was getting so bad that I remembered my father's words, turned around, and returned to my room near the school.

The snow continued throughout the weekend, accompanied by blustery winds, and when we awoke on Monday morning, snow drifts loomed fence high on all the roads. In my innocence, I suggested to the school director with whom I boarded that maybe we shouldn't have school. His reply was: " We never have closed the school because of the weather!" He went on to explain to me that I would be unable to walk in the road five-eights mile to school, but that I should go through the pasture that adjoined the road. He told me that a large draw went through the land, and that I would have to go around it to the east. I donned knee-high hiking boots over jodphurs (this was before slacks), my warmest sweater, coat, mittens, scarf, and cap. In my book bag I placed a change of footwear and a skirt—no proper school mistress could appear before her students in pants—and taking this bag in one hand and my dinner bucket in the other, I set out.

Being unfamiliar with the terrain, I did not go far enough east to get around the big draw, and suddenly, I found myself waist deep in snow, half-way between home and school and out of sight of both. The more I tried to get out, the deeper into the snow I sank until I became a bit frantic and began to feel that I would not get out at all. Soon I noticed a three-strand barb wire fence at the top of the bank, I had an idea. I tossed my book bag and dinner bucket up to

the fence, leaving my hands free. Then I turned over on my back, placed my arms above my head, and using my heels to push, I inched myself up until I could reach the fence and pull myself to the top of the bank. From there on, it was easy going. I arrived at school about forty-five minutes after I had left home.

No one else had arrived, but I built the fire in the furnace, then walked about forty rods to a neighboring house. The mother of the students who lived there told me that all the parents were waiting until they saw smoke coming out of the schoolhouse chimney before they started their children to school. By ten o'clock the students began arriving, and we had a short day of school. None of them had any dry clothes to put on, and all ten sat throughout the day, drying out from their trip to school. I dismissed them shortly after three, banked the fire, and took my long walk back to my room.

By that time the snow was hard and crusty, and each step involved breaking through with each foot into the deep snow and pulling it out again. I did not fall into the ditch, but it took me almost an hour to get home. I was so exhausted that I lay on the living room floor without removing my coat to rest. The landlord came in, and finding me there, asked what was wrong. "Nothing," I replied. "I'm just exhausted!"

That night at supper we discussed the situation, and I explained how wet the children were when they arrived at school. The landlord phoned the other two directors, only one of whom had children in school. After much discussion, they decided to close the school until the roads were open.

I was snowed in, miles from anyone I really knew. The people with whom I roomed had a year-old baby, and it was their custom to go to bed about 8:30 when the infant got sleepy. The next few days were very long. Late in the week we received word that some neighbors were going to take their team and wagon, meet another family who lived on the highway, and go to Carthage. If I would walk the mile and half to the other family's home, I could ride along. I walked! In Carthage, I phoned my parents, who came to get me. It was another week before we resumed school, and about a month before the road on which I lived was cleared so that I could get my car out.

I'll never forget the winter of '39 and '40.

THE DAY THE RAINS CAME

Ruth S. Pollitt

It rained, and it rained, and it rained! The rain had started the previous afternoon—not one of those gentle spring rains, but a continuing downpour. All night long the rain came down. In the morning, as I prepared breakfast while my husband fed the stock and curried the horses, I frequently glanced out the window at the deluge. Only one thought was in my mind: "How will I ever get to school?"

The Burhans School, where I was teaching that year, was located on the top of a hill on the west side of Duck Creek a few miles south and west of the little village of Monterey in Fulton County. As anyone who was ever acquainted with the area southeast of Canton, known as "Duck Creek," will remember, this particular stream was notorious for its flash floods. Just the summer before, an extra powerful flood had washed out the bridge at the bottom of Burhan's Hill, and it had been replaced with a temporary bridge consisting of steel stringers, stretched across from bank to bank, and on which has been placed a row of heavy bridge planks.

Our home was on the next road to the south, at the top of a hill on the east side of Duck Creek. In good weather I drove a Model T to school, but since gravel roads in rural areas were an unheard-of luxury in the 20's, it was impossible to drive a car on those muddy roads after a good rain. My only way to get to school then was to walk cross-lots, a distance of about 1 3/4 miles, climbing many fences and crossing several small branches that wound their way between the hills and eventually flowed into Duck Creek.

Ordinarily, these branches were so narrow that one little

leap easily carried me to the other side, but this morning it would be different. When I had come home from school the afternoon before, it was difficult for me to cross these swollen streams. After all the rain we had been having, I knew that crossing them would be impossible that morning, and it was much too far for me to walk around by the road. However, Will solved the problem for me when he came in for breakfast. "I better walk to school with you this morning," he said, "to be sure you make it O.K. If I wear my hip boots, I'm sure I"ll have no trouble getting across those branches."

What a trip that was! When we came to the first branch, it looked more like a rushing lake. The water was very deep, but Will was able to wade it, so he picked me up and quickly carried me across. At each succeeding branch it was the same story, and each time he carried me across safely.

At last we reached the road and headed toward the bridge. As we rounded the bend just before reaching it, we were dismayed to discover that no bridge was in sight. We could see where the road entered the rushing water and the place where it went out, but not one speck of the bridge was visible.

Taking a long stick in his hands, Will felt in the water at the place where the bridge should be. The stick struck the plank, and showed that the water over it was not very deep, so he went on. Cautiously, he inched his way to the other side, always feeling ahead of himself to be sure that each plank remained in place. When he had ascertained that it was safe, he returned, picked me up, and again feeling his way, carried me across as the water rushed around his feet and legs. With a big sigh of relief, we climbed the hill to the schoolhouse. Never, before or since, was the sight of that little old building quite so welcome.

The first thing we did was to build a fire in the stove in order to dispell the damp chill, and to help dry ourselves out, and then I proceeded to do my other other janitorial duties and await the arrival of the children. Nine o'clock came, but no pupil had arrived—then 9:30, 10:00, and finally 10:30; still no pupils had come. Of course, we knew that none of the children who lived east of the creek could get there, but I looked for those who lived on the west side. I learned later that the parents were so sure that I would be unable to get there that they had kept their children home.

When no child had arrived by 10:30, we decided that none would come, so we started for home. To our consternation we discovered that the water had risen so rapidly during the time we were at the schoolhouse that crossing back over the creek was an utter impossibility. There was nothing for us to do but to follow the windings of the creek, hoping that in some way we could manage to get across or around those flooded streams and get home. Many branches flowed into the creek from the west as from the east, and by the time we reached the first one, the water had become so deep and the current so swift that Will couldn't wade it alone, to say nothing of trying to carry me. We followed the branch upstream until we came to a water-gap, a place where a fence had been built across the stream. Hanging onto the top wire, and placing our feet on the bottom wire, we edged our way along sideways until we reached the opposite side. Then, in and out, we followed the windings of the creek until we came to the next branch, which we crossed in the same way. I do not remember how many of these we crossed in that manner, but there were several. Needless to say, our hearts were in our mouths, as the saying goes, and a prayer was on our lips, because we well knew what the consequences would be if either of us should slip, or one of those wires should break.

Finally, about 2:30 in the afternoon, wet, hungry, and completely exhausted, we reached Will's parents' home. We were still a half mile from our own home, but after we had eaten some dinner and rested for a while, that was a simple matter of plowing through the mud down one hill, across a bridge that WAS there, up another muddy hill and Oh!—"There's NO place like HOME!"

Did I hear someone sigh for the "good old days?"

DELIVERING THE MAIL ALONG THE KILJORDAN

Robert Little

When I was a little boy, my dad had a job as traveling salesman for a stationery firm in Chicago. He sold school supplies and stationery to bookstores over a large part of Illinois. He was away from home all week but came home for Sunday. Dad wanted to get a job so he could be at home every day, and when a vacancy appeared for a rural mail carrier out of Macomb on route five, Dad took the examination and passed. That was about 1912.

The roads were all dirt so Dad bought a horse and buggy. The mail route was a long one, about twenty-eight miles, and very hilly, which made it hard for one horse. So Dad bought another and changed horses each day. He put a tongue in a two-wheel cart and drove both horses when the roads were very muddy. In the spring when the frost was going out of the ground, the mud rolled up on the wheels like snow does when making a snow man, and dad would stop and push the mud out from between the spokes with a spade or paddle so that the horse could pull the cart.

When the weather was nice it was pleasant carrying the mail, but when it was stormy the job was sometimes disagreeable. So Dad built a mail wagon which was all enclosed and had sliding doors. In the winter he would heat a charcoal brick in the furnace each morning and put it in the foot warmer. It would stay warm all day.

One day after a big snow storm, Dad got out on the route about six miles and got stuck in a snow drift. It was impossible to go on so he unhitched the horses and rode one and led the other home, leaving the mail wagon in the road.

After some time Dad bought a Ford touring car, and then he was home by noon. Sometimes on Saturdays I would go with him on the route, and he taught me how to run the car. I had to stop at each box at just the right place to put the mail in, and it was good experience for a beginner. In those days there were no drivers' licenses or age limits for driving.

Most every farmer butchered his own hogs, and many of Dad's patrons would put a package of meat in the box for him. I can remember times when he would come home in the evening and handing Mom a package of meat would say, "Aren't I a good provider?"

One time when Dad was about ten miles from home he passed two men driving a hog. Just as he got even with them, the hog suddenly darted across the road and gashed the horse in the front leg. Dad tied a sack around the leg but the horse lost a lot of blood and was very weak when they got home. It was a couple of months before the horse was able to work again.

I remember one of Dad's experiences when he got caught in a flood. It was on the fifth of July, and it rained about five inches that morning before he left town. By the time he got to Kiljordan Creek, the water was over the road and still rising. It was a long way to the bridge, and before Dad got to the deepest place, the water was already up to the bottom of the buggy. There was no room to turn around without getting in the ditch, and believe it or not, the horse tried to sit down in the water. To keep the horse from breaking the shafts, Dad unhitched him and tied him to a tree. The water was still rising, and Dad feared the mail would get wet so he hung the mail sack on a tree limb and waited for the water to recede. It was about two hours before it was safe enough to go on. Dad learned never to cross a flooded road again.

It was fun for me to ride with Dad on the route and especially during one Christmas vacation when he was riding in the sleigh. I decided to go on the route, and one morning I helped put the sleigh bells on the horses and got ready for the trip. It was a nice day and I enjoyed the ride. When I would get cold, I would run behind the sleigh until I warmed up. It was really fun riding in the sleigh and listening to the sleigh bells.

When going to high school I had time each morning to help Dad sort the mail at the post office. I knew the names of

everyone on the route and also made friends with many of them. I went to the fiftieth wedding anniversary of one couple about two years ago.

GETTING MY FIRST TEACHING JOB AT DALLAS CITY

Marguerite Campbell Hill

Here I was in the spring of 1931 about to graduate from college and hoping for a job in a high school, teaching English, history, or Latin—or a combination of two or all. Anything for a job!

The stock market had crashed in 1929. In Illinois Len Small was governor and hard roads (concrete roads) were being built all over the state. Anyone taking a trip by auto had to be a good driver in order to weave in and out over the numerous detours where the paving was still incomplete.

The "Great Depression" had oppressed the entire nation for many months. Corn got down to 12¢ to 15¢ per bushel; many people burned it for fuel. A 200-pound hog could be bought for $6.00 at 3¢ per pound. Money could be borrowed at 4%, only there wasn't much money available. Good land could be purchased for $150.00 per acre. Gasoline was around 10¢ a gallon, a loaf of bread could be had for 8¢, a pound of butter for a quarter, and enough round steak to feed a family of four for 25¢. In the cities many men who bought heavily in the stock market on 10% margin put guns to their heads, or jumped out of skyscraper windows, rather than face financial ruin. Soup kitchens were swamped, unemployment was rampant. The man on salary, even though very small, was the lucky one.

And I, graduating from Western Illinois State Teachers College, now known as Western Illinois University, craved to become one of the salaried people—a teacher.

Financing a college education in those days was not easy. The Depression had practically wiped out my father, who had been a successful businessman in our community. Fortunately, our home was right across the street from the Western campus, so I could stay at home, and my mother had begun to take in roomers—college students—at $2.50 a person per week, and that included breakfast. Tuition at that time was about $16.00 per twelve-week term, three terms a year, plus two six-week summer terms.

Times were so pinched that my mother urged me to take what was then called a 2½-year certificate, with which one was entitled to teach. But I begged to be allowed to finish my four years, promising to take classes all summer the two remaining years, and to take five courses instead of the customary four as many terms as were necessary in order to complete the four year's work for a bachelor's degree in three years. She and my father consented.

I had kept my part of the bargain, and here I was hoping with all my heart for a teaching job. I had written several letters of application and had made personal interviews with two high school principals, one in Media and one in Dallas City. The latter, a large red-haired man with a deep resonant voice, interviewed me for over an hour on my qualifications. His final question was, "What kind of cigarettes do you smoke, Miss Campbell?" I answered, "I don't smoke, Sir," to which he responded (which was not unusual for that day), "That is good because the last teacher lost her job partly because of her smoking." Then, by way of encouragement, he added "I'd like to have you meet with the board, Miss Campbell. Frankly, I am pleased with your application. Western sent two other applicants, but Mr. M. preferred a music-English combination, and Miss G. rather snootily asked if, this being a river town, we have any 'river rats' here in the high school. I don't think she would work out in this community. Could you come for our next board meeting Tuesday night at 7:30?"

My brother rather grudgingly agreed to take me the 35 miles to meet with the Dallas City school board in regard to the vacancy in English. We arrived about 30 minutes before the appointed time, so we drove around to look over the town. Even at dusk we liked the appearance of the small river town

built along the shore of the Mississippi River on a series of four parallel streets, each one at a higher level as it left the river.

I knew my admonishments to my brother not to drive too fast, not to stare, not to smoke, etc., were ridiculous, but getting the job was terribly important to me. There were many, many applicants for few jobs. Several of my friends, in discouragement, had dropped out of college only a few weeks before graduation.

The high school building looked like a tall, old, stone castle, round turrets and all. The office where the board met was on the third floor. Timidly, but determined, I climbed the well worn steps. At the top, in the anteroom of the office, I was shocked to see a young woman who was obviously another candidate for the job I wanted so badly. My heart sank. I had thought all other candidates were eliminated. The principal came out of the inner office in a few minutes and introduced the young lady as Miss X. We made polite conversation until she was called in to meet the board. I felt even lower, for she had disclosed that she had already taught five years. And, alas, I had no experience. This surely would give her a great advantage.

After what seemed to me a very long time, the young lady re-entered the outer office, bade me an indifferent farewell, and left. I was summoned to enter. In the days of the community high schools, there was a five-man school board, and I do mean "man." A woman board member was unheard of. I faced six men: the principal and five, ruddy-faced, casually dressed men. I was so tense I scarcely remembered the next morning what questions they had asked me. They were considerate and kind, but non-committal. At length the president of the board dismissed me with, "We thank you for coming, Miss Campbell. We will consider your application and let you know."

That was all. I didn't know whether they approved of me or not. When I stood to leave, the principal rose, too, and walked out to the outer office with me and on into the hall, saying, "Thank you again for coming, Miss Campbell. I think you will be hearing from me tomorrow. You don't need to worry about Miss X. When this community high school was formed, her father was one of those who fought bitterly against it. People have not forgotten. And, more important, I feel you are better qualified for the position. I like what your instructors have to say about you and your record."

The world became a much more beautiful place. I thought I could not possibly wait for what tomorrow would bring, but I could and did. As promised, the next day I received a telephone call from the principal to tell me I was being sent a contract to teach four years of English and to direct two plays in the Dallas City High School the next year, for a salary of $1,250. In this age the assignment and the salary would seem unbelievably ridiculous. In that day, I was one sublimely happy and grateful person.

MEMORIES OF MY YEARS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Olive Navarre

No school telephones were in operation decades ago, which made it necessary for the teacher to see that a child who became ill at school be taken home. I was thankful this did not happen for some years, or at least until I had bought a car. In that instance, as I was enroute to the sick child's home, I found that I could not go any further, so had to walk about half a mile and get a farmer, with his tractor, to get my car out of the road ditch. The roads had thawed and it was icy underneath. All this time I had left the older children in charge at the school.

A jacket stove, in one corner of the room, provided heat. Usually, long ranks of wood were corded outside the window near the stove corner, and at recess, the larger boys volunteered to hand the pieces of wood through the open window. It was the teacher who started the fire in that stove and tried to keep the room comfortable during the school day.

Sweeping the floor, and dusting and washing the blackboards, was a daily routine, but the day was not over, as lesson plans had to be made and test papers were waiting to

be graded. Substitute teachers were unheard of. If a teacher was ill, school was canceled for that day. I remember one cold snowy day when I started out through the drifted snow, and after going about a half mile, which was about half the distance, I was nearly exhausted and had to turn back. These conditions lasted until 1946, and then consolidation began. Then, four grades were in each room, buses were in use, a water system was available, and the children had access to a gymnasium.

Up to this time, our social event for the year was a pie supper to make money for school use. The girls brought pies and the young men bid upon the pie. If they wanted a certain pie, which their girl friend had brought, it was likely to bring a high price.

The big event would be the last day of school, sometimes as early as April 1. This consisted of a big basket dinner, and a visit from the parents, probably the only day they would ever come to the school. All took part in games. The teacher furnished ice-cream, a treat for the children in those days. A book, or some other prize, was given by the teacher for perfect attendance throughout the year.

A TWILIGHT SHORTCUT

Lyle W. Robbins

It was Friday and five o'clock on that extremely cold February afternoon in the 1930's. I had just completed a week substituting in a country grade school in the northwest corner of Schuyler County, Illinois, for a teacher recovering from the flu. A heavy snow had been on the ground for three weeks, and I had been walking the four miles from home. This evening I thought it would be quicker if I cut through the deep woods, known as the Crain Woods, rather than take the road west to the road leading south that separated Schuyler County from Adams County on the west.

The sky was overcast and darkness was approaching. I had finished sweeping the floor in the little one-room school of a dozen pupils. I checked the stove, locked the door and, in the approaching darkness, set out across the dark woods for home. The snow was deep, without a path, and the roadway would have been easier walking. I carried a small flashlight in my overcoat pocket. Already I was having misgivings about taking the shortcut.

I had planned to get through the Crain Woods within a half hour. I reasoned I had that much time before pitch darkness would set in. By then I would have safely reached the roadway where I could easily walk the last two miles. As long as I walked in a southwesterly direction I would surely reach the road before complete darkness overtook me.

I knew how the countryside appeared when I entered the woods. I could visualize how it would look when I again came upon the road leading home.

What I had not reckoned with was how things might appear, or for that matter not appear at all, when I reached the middle of the woods and found myself engulfed in almost complete darkness. Why couldn't I set the clock back just 15 minutes? That's all the time I needed—just 15 minutes.

I knew I would soon have to cross a big creek. There would be little water in it, and what there was would be frozen and covered with snow. The creek should be about half way into those woods. But I came upon no creek. Was I still going southwest?

I stopped and sat on a log. The snow was deep. Which was southwest? Any direction could be southwest. Which southwest was the right southwest? I was lost! Oh well, people had been lost before. Maybe I wouldn't get home as soon, but what difference would that make? I was just a young unmarried kid with no wife waiting for me. So, what of it if I was lost?

The piercing howl of a timber wolf sent a chill over me, causing me to become suddenly alert. Another timber wolf nearer by answered, and then another, seemingly closer than the first two. I stood erect. I took the flashlight from my coat

pocket and switched it on. Muscles all over my body became tense. I felt like running. But where does a lost person run?

I let out a terrific yell—a yell that would frighten even one of their own kind—or so I thought. But apparently it made little impression upon them, for they immediately resumed that blood curdling howling, this time as a chorus. And they seemed nearer.

With the heavy snow that had been on the ground for the past three weeks, I was sure they were hungry. I had a pocket knife in my coat pocket. It had a large blade. I opened the knife, held it firmly in my right hand and the lighted flashlight in my left, and waited . . . and waited . . . and waited.

The howling continued. How long before they made their kill? Was all this howling a ritual to be performed before the beginning of the feast?

I thought about a lot of things. It would have been nice to have gotten married and raised a family. Maybe I could have studied law or medicine. Maybe I would have been a little kinder to some of the folks I had known.

I remembered reading a story about a fellow who was overcome by a pack of wolves. He had a Winchester repeating rifle and had killed several of the wolves before he had to reload and the inevitable happened. How I wished for that Winchester. With no more than three to attack I might stand a chance with the Winchester. Would the flashlight keep them away? Perhaps—until the batteries wore out. Perhaps I could climb a tree. But it was bitterly cold and, without movement, I would surely freeze in a tree. A tree would mean certain death if I stayed there. Furthermore, the wolves would have just that much more time to locate me. Any coward could freeze to death in a tree. I decided my chances were better on the ground with the wolves.

I would have to make the best of a very bad situation. Maybe I could cut up one of the hungry rascals before the other two finished me off. Any choice seemed better than freezing to death in a tree.

Then it occurred to me that if I had a big club I could possibly keep all those hungry critters away from me. Now, to find the club. Still holding the open knife, and a flashlight, I started running, running in the direction opposite of the howling nearest me. Suddenly I came upon the creek. Near the bank, with the aid of the flashlight, I found a dead sapling about three inches in diameter and nearly four feet in length, with a hard wood growth about the size of a Mason quart jar at its base. This would indeed be an excellent weapon. Just one look at this monstrosity of nature should be enought to discourage any wolf. The wolves continued to howl. I crossed the creek, knife in one hand and the cave man's club in the other. I followed the creek upstream to the bridge on the road which I should have taken in the first place. Now it was only a two and one-half mile walk home on the familiar road separating the counties of Schuyler and Adams.

The wolves stopped their howling, and I stepped lively toward home. I closed the knife and put it in my pocket but still clutched my new found weapon, I thanked the Lord for deliverance and assured him that I would get married and raise a family—maybe even go to medical school or law school.

I arrived home safely and put the cave man's club in the tool shed. I decided not to say anything to my folks about my adventure. I didn't think anyone would believe the story anyway. But one day my father and my younger brother found that formidable weapon in the tool shed and asked me if I knew anything about it. I then related the incident to them exactly as it had happened. They insisted that what I had heard were hoot owls and that hoot owls never harmed anyone. For a long time they kept the club to show folks how I was able to protect myself from those fierce hoot owls. Nevertheless, the following summer an occasional large timber wolf was observed in the area of the Crain Woods by local people.

I have never argued with my folks about the facts of this incident. Although I know I did, in fact, have a near

encounter with wolves, I will never be able to live down the shame of that unjust accusation of being attacked by hoot owls.

FUR TRADING IN WESTERN ILLINOIS

Florence Braun

This once shiny home that stands just behind two perfectly shaped maple trees is only a shadow of its former self. These beautiful trees are like two old friends that have stood guard by the fence and on each side of the gate, watching over the ones who came and went with loving care for so many years. The limbs stretch out to shade the yard and the house where once so much activity took place. These trees are still alive, and I wonder what they must think of the now still, quiet home.

We thought we would go inside the house to see if we could find anything there to remind us of Grandfather Roberts' former home that we had visited so often. After looking in each room it almost seemed that ghosts were coming and going. Mostly going, as the doors and windows were all open now.

The people who last lived here left without taking anything along, and so it is all in a state of disarray, besides the deterioration of the house. On the floor lies old family photographs among the dirt and trash, to remind us of the former people who lived here. Many years before this, Dr. Turner had this home in St. Mary's, and the building which still stands back of this old house was east of the house and was his office.

As time passed, my Grandfather Roberts moved here in 1919 to live in this small village in the house where Dr. Turner had formerly lived. He moved the doctor's office back of the house to use for storage and had a cellar underneath. He started in the fur buying business and had a long building that was well ventillated and equipped with a workshop where he spent hours and days cleaning, stretching, and repairing the animal skins.

Each animal, no matter what size, had a board that was made to fit perfectly and stretch each animal fur. As a child I was just fascinated by all the sizes and shapes of the skins of the many animals. The most wanted animals in those days were wild mink, sometimes worth $25.00, also, he skinned red fox, raccoons, muskrats, skunks, opossums, and sometimes even rabbits with the white tails, and an occasional house cat. One of the prettiest furs was the red fox that ladies wore over silk and satin dresses.

One day, when I came into my Grandfather's house, he had paid $22.50 for a very special red fox skin, and my grandmother was trying to help him sew a small rip in this expensive fur. She worked with a fine thread trying to hide the small tear in the very delicate fur. Quite a few arguments went on before the fur was finished and ready to dry on the special board.

I can still see the skins hanging in this building in neat rows to the top. How I dreamed of someday being a lady and wearing a coat made of these small skins! As I grew older, I didn't care for this anymore, as by then there were lots of fun furs.

My grandfather did not drive a car so he drove a horse cart, calling on anyone who he thought might have furs to sell. This proved to be too slow so he would get some one to drive his Model T quite often, especially my youngest brother, Virden. They would drive for several days, returning with a large amount of furs. He would send large shipments to the eastern market, and others were sold to other buyers or shipped to St. Louis.

At one time, he bought an exceptionally nice red fox, and it was sold to one of the local ladies as a furpiece for $22.00. During a good year, when prices were high, he bought several thousand dollars worth of furs. By the early thirties, the women's fashions had changed, and fur was no longer in style so the market dropped to almost nothing.

The Roberts family lived here for many years and enjoyed life in the small town, with a garden, fruit trees, and even chickens. Many happy family gatherings took place here, and activities often took place at the church. In 1929, at the age of seventy, my grandfather was immersed in baptism at the church, and he attended regularly until his death.

If this old house, that has lost all its former beauty, could talk, it would tell of the many struggles and sad occasions of the people who lived here and also of the happy times that were spent here. It served its purpose well.

PLOWING IN 1913

Ollie Alexander

Our neighbor, Andy, who lived on a farm adjoining my father's farm to the north, bought a large thirty-horsepower steam engine with a large grain separator, intending to thrash grain for the neighbors. He also bought a seven-bottom plow to pull with his engine. This engine looked more like a railroad locomotive than a machine to thrash grain with.

My father had me plow a twenty-two-acre field with a gang plow and four horses, which took a swath of twenty-four inches. At the same time, Andy started plowing a thirty-acre field adjoining the field I was plowing. He started in the center of his field and plowed in a circle. It took three men to run his plow: one to lift the plow, one to run the engine, and one to haul coal and water. Most of the time he was waiting on coal and water, and all the time I was plowing three or four acres a day with my horses. My dad told me it looked like I was going to have my field plowed before Andy did his—and I did! Andy finished the corners of his field with a walking plow and a team of big gray horses. It was the largest team of horses I had ever seen. People said they were used to pull brewery wagons in Quincy before he bought them.

In the summer of 1914, Andy took a contract to plow in the Lima Lake bottoms north of Quincy. He drove his steam engine and plow from La Prairie to the bottoms, a distance of about forty miles, only to find that he had to take off all but three plows because of the willow brush and the gumbo soil which pulled so hard. He didn't have much luck there either.!

He finally came back to La Prairie where he pulled silo cutters, thrashed grain, and sawed wood. The bridges in those days weren't built very strong, and his engine was so heavy that he broke many of them down. The township road commissioners didn't welcome him. One day he broke through the bridge across Cedar Creek. The coal tender behind the engine caught on the bridge, and nothing but the back wheels went through the bridge. It was about twenty feet to the bottom of the creek bed. He spent all winter blocking up under it with railroad ties and fixing it so he could finish crossing.

Finally, he loaded his engine and separator on two railroad cars and shipped them to Fergus Falls, Minnesota, in the Red River Valley district, where he thrashed for two seasons. We heard he drove it off the levee. He was fond of his bottle and sometimes he would drink too much, and so we wondered if that had happened to him.

In western Illinois, before we had barbed wire and woven wire fencing, the farmers set out hedge plants to divide the fields and define the boundaries of their farms. The hedge plants were small and required special care, such as hoeing and watering, for a few years until they had a good start to survive. Some hedge rows were kept mowed and trimmed, especially along the roads, and though beautiful, they required a lot of work. Others were let grow for several years into trees and were later cut for fence posts. Some of these posts would last forty or fifty years and some even longer. The fence rows provided good protection for birds, quail, rabbits, etc. Hedge trees had a good root system, and I've seen roots twenty to thirty feet long. Crops didn't grow within that twenty or thirty feet on either side of full grown

hedge rows because the hedge took so much moisture from the soil.

After two years Andy came back and lived with his brother and bought a small steam engine. This time he got into the business of pulling hedge. He brought himself a block and tackle—or block and "tickle," as he called it, for he was hard of hearing and pronunced a lot of words queer. He would fasten one end to a large tree or something solid and hitch the other end to his steam engine, and in this way, he pulled a lot of hedge in this part of the country. Finally, large bulldozers were used to do the job, and they were so much faster than Andy's steam engine, which was about worn out anway. Andy finally went to Alton, Illinois and was married at the age of 60. I suppose he passed away by now and been forgotten by all but the old timers.

UNDERGROUND COAL MINING IN SOUTHERN MCDONOUGH COUNTY

John C. Willey

I graduated from Industry High School in 1932, which was, of course, during the Great Depression. After hoboing in the West and serving a session with the CCC in California, I was again, in 1936, home with Dad and Ma in Bethel Township, McDonough County, Illinois. I had no job, but Dad had, on his farm, bank coal mines, down in what they called "The Coal Holler" (and which had been mined since before I was born). I decided to try my skill at being a "coal digger."

These mines were tunnels back under a hill. Anyone who started had to "drive" his own entry. The entry was a seven-foot-wide face of coal which was about thirty-two inches deep. This coal was to be removed along with about four inches of fireclay underneath. Car tracks made of one-by-four boards were laid end to end from the outside of the coal car, with a drainage ditch being dug between. Board strips were nailed along the sides of the tracks to keep the cars from running off on one side or the other.

After the entry had been dug out for about twenty-six feet, one began digging at right angles to the entry-way in a span of about seven feet wide to begin a "room". A turn-table about five feet square of solid boards was put in the entry-way. This was for turning the coal car in and out of the room.

The room was carried in for about eight feet, with the right rib being kept straight. The left rib was for widening the room. Every "fall" of coal taken out widened the room until it became about twelve to fourteen feet wide. In the widened part wooden props (poles) were set about four feet apart to help hold up the roof. These props were of split oak with a one-by-four wooden cap on the top of each to make it easier to drive them under the roof.

The extra space now available was used for the "gob" pile. This was the fireclay, rock, and slack (the fine, powdery coal) which always came down with the coal.

To get a "fall" a pick was used. This was a tool about twelve to fourteen inches on either side of the "eye" and made of steel. The steel tapered to a point on each end. It was sharpened by beating with a ball-peen hammer after being heated red hot in the shanty stove.

To begin work, one took this clay pick and sat down before the coalface. Placing one shoulder on one knee one began digging at the clay underneath the coal. To get all the coal from under the right-hand corner, one had to learn to mine left-handed. Then, one took a heavier pick and knocked down about eight inches of the coal across the coal-face along the bottom. Now, by mining out the fireclay a second time across, the depth would be about pick handle length.

Next, each corner of the coal-face was cut back to match the depth of the clay mined out from underneath. On the one side the coal-cut was made straight, while the other angled in so that the coal would break out. The pick used for this had a short handle and short points.

This same pick was used to dig wedge holes about two feet apart in the coal where it lay against the soapstone roof. Then iron wedges were driven into these holes with a short-handled sledge, being careful to exert the same pressure all along the face of coal. This caused all the coal to come down at the same time.

There would be about forty to sixty bushels of coal in each fall (eighty pounds to the bushel). It was loaded into the coal car using a short-handled fork which allowed the slak to sift out. A miner could push out about ten bushels (800 pounds) to the car-load. He would stand behind and, bending over the car, push it along the wooden track to the outside, where it was dumped in a pile and left to await a burner. If a buyer came while the miner was inside, he would walk down the entry a ways and pound on the track with a hammer. The sound carried quite well.

Platform scales were kept at the mine so that the buyer could weigh his wagon or truck. The coal was sold for ten cents per bushel, with local people buying it for their homes and other haulers taking it to the city to resell for a profit for themselves.

The rooms were driven back until one of two things happened: the roof caved in, or the air went bad. Sometimes an air-shaft could be dug down from the outside of the hill to the entry-way. Curtains, if hung there, might force air circulation back into the mine interior.

There were also two things which might really close a mine: the roof going bad, or the coal seam dipping down too low for the water to be ditched out. In this last instance sumps might be dug so that the water could either run or be pumped out. This was not very practical, so miners usually just went farther "down the Holler" to open a new mine.

After about thirty-five feet back into a room, there would be no way to circulate the air. Then, if there was a room next to yours which was also driven back this far, the two of you would "pull the pillar." This meant beginning at the far end and bringing down the coal-wall between the two rooms. This was considered "easy" coal, as there were no corners to cut and the constant pressure of the roof caused the coal to fall as quickly as the clay was mined from under it. However, one needed good ears to hear the creaking and groaning of the coal, or it would "get you."

Special clothing was a necessity. I wore short rubber boots and denim pants. Squares of old rubber inner tubes were sewn on the knees and the seat to protect from the roughness and the dampness. Since it was not cold in the mine, only an undershirt, or no shirt, was needed. It was only in the shanty on a zero morning when the pants had frozen stiff that it was really bad! Then, there was usually a fire in the shanty stove. Everyone also wore a cap with a carbide lamp mounted above the bill, as there was no other light in the mine.

Besides the hard work there were always dreaded dangers in mining coal. Always, the roof might come in; a roof of sandstone was considered safest, but often times it was soapstone, which was always wet and full of seams. A loose stone could often be detected by sounding with a sledge hammer.

I remember one instance when a general ring came over the neighborhood party telephone line. A neighbor lady who had expected her husband for lunch had run to the mine when he did not arrive. She found him pinned under a rock. I, among others, drove there quickly when she gave the alarm. He was pinned face down with his knees spread. The rock was about twelve feet long and two feet thick, so we had to "mine" under him to lower his body before pulling him out. He would have been killed had the rock not come to rest on his pile of mined coal.

In another instance a man we knew was killed when he went back for a last car of coal which was under a loose rock. Another time, a young man was taken into the mine by his brother for his first time, and he was killed by a falling rock.

One time I was wheeling coal for a co-worker, who was pulling a pillar. We could hear the rock behind us tearing and

pinging as it settled. One evening, he said we should take out our tools. Next morning we found that indeed the roof had "come in."

Even tools could be a problem. One time I accidentally struck the top of my foot with the point of the pick. I just pulled it out and went ahead working. By morning my foot was sore and swollen. It was several days before I could walk on it. Some said the points were poisonous.

Another saying among miners was that one could not drink alcohol while working in the mines. The oxygen used by the body in burning up the alcohol left the miner short so he could see very poorly.

CHICKEN CANNING IN AUGUSTA

Leota Lawton

Oren Dennis served his country during World War I. Returning to his parent's home in Augusta, Illinois, he began to help his father with the poultry and egg business. He also helped farmers to cull out their chickens. He and Marion Lawless were soon married and they settled in a small home in Augusta. Not too long afterwards he took over his father's business.

His friends in the Chicago area then began asking him for dressed chickens. He and Marion would dress them. Then he would pack them in ice, put them in wooden boxes, and have them sent on the afternoon passenger train. They would be delivered the next day. More requests would come in—even from their Augusta friends.

Oren then started a hatchery and hired Roy Alexander and John Fosdyck to help with running it. Business was growing so fast that he hired Ethel Phillips, Grace Moore, and Mary Elbe to help dress the chickens and help in other ways. He never advertised his products in a newspaper. It was done from mouth to mouth; his customers did the advertising for him.

In the Depression year of 1932 he hit on the idea of canning chickens, but he didn't know how to start it. One morning when he was culling chickens for me, I told him that I would be happy to do it. So at the appointed time, I packed my pressure cooker, pint cans, lids, and sealer, and drove from my home near Plymouth down to his lovely home in Augusta. Marion, Oren, and I had a good time canning twelve cans of chicken that day. Several of these were given to friends to see how they liked them.

Oren then ordered the necessary equipment, and the next year they canned 108 cans, giving them to other friends and grocers nearby. Positive results!

The next problem was to build a cannery and to equip it with large pressure cookers, vats, and cans, and then to hire more help. While this was being done, Marion and Oren's sister, Ruth Worrell of Bowen with two other ladies, canned 12,000 cans of boned chicken in the basement kitchen, using two kerosene stoves and five small pressure cookers. This took them six months.

Oren's brother Ross did most of the dressing of seventy chickens every afternoon. Roy Alexander was the first traveling salesman for the family. He would pack 100 cases with twelve cans in each and drive to grocery stores and eating places and ask them to try out the Dennis Chicken Products. He kept doing this until he had covered most of the state. This was good advertising.

Then customers began asking for canned turkey. So Oren started a turkey farm two and a half miles east of Augusta. Between 6,000 and 8,000 were raised the first year. A night shift of workers was started, and twenty-three women were hired, many driving long distances. Things were growing. And the U.S. Department of Agriculture was daily inspecting everything.

Oren and his group had expanded so much that they incorporated and elected Paul as President and William Goodrich as Vice President. Later Eugene Cooper took his place. Paul then began to advertise their products in

newspapers, and many large orders began coming in. Most of the products were sent to foreign countries to feed the needy.

There were several brokers dealing with the company. One was Paul Beane, who lived near Boston, Mass. He and his wife came to Augusta to look over the equipment and became acquainted with me. Finding out that I was going to Boston soon, they invited me to visit them in their home. This I did and was taken down to Plymouth, Massachusetts, to see the old Mayflower and other historical things. It was a most enjoyable visit.

The Dennis Chicken Products Company was finally shipping out two car loads of their products every two or three days. This continued until they sold out to Modern Foods, Inc. of Winter Haven, Florida. A large number of people in this area had been employed by the Dennis company, and they were sorry to see the plant close.

WORKING WITH HORSES

Homer A. Canfield

Like all the men in my day, I worked with horses. I worked for seventy-five cents or a dollar a day on farms around Rushville. I'd get up, do chores, feed the horses and the hogs, and then go in for breakfast. After eating, I'd hitch the teams that we would need for the day's work. Sometimes it would be four or five, or maybe only two, depending on the work to be done. Maybe we'd plow with two in the morning and hitch four to a harrow in the afternoon and work the field down. There weren't any hoes like there are today. If you'd have seen one of them things back then, you'd thought the world was coming to an end.

My first horse was a worker, but not a racer. About 1918 I bought a dark colored horse from a friend of mine. The horse was almost black and his name was Skip. He was a good road horse, not a draft horse.

Sometimes two drivers would meet and challenge each other to a race. It was just a friendly challenge to see who had the best horse. On weekends, we'd go over to the little town of Ray. It was just a little place that had a tile factory, but south of town there was a big hill and then a flat stretch of land. We'd race each other on that flat stretch.

Then, Rushville was pretty busy country town of about two thousand people. I met my future wife, Nola Wainman, at a carnival in Rushville. I still had my horse, Skip, and a buggy when we met. That was in 1920. I took her for a ride on the Merry-Go-Round and then walked home with her and her parents.

I used to take my buggy and horse to pick her up on dates. One afternoon, it was in the spring, I came into town to get Nola. I stopped the buggy along LaFayette Street to let the horse get a drink of water. The tank of water was near the blacksmith shop, and when I had stepped out of the buggy, somebody in the shop started up one of those gasoline motors.

It made an awful racket and scared Skip. He jumped and ran away with my buggy. He took off through the church yard, and he hit some of the stones and skinned up some of the big maple trees. He broke my buggy to pieces before he stopped.

It happened about as fast as you could snap your fingers. All I could do was stand there and watch where he was going and think how I would catch him. He name was Skip, and he really did that time!

I had to put him in the livery barn for the night. My buggy was all broken up, so I stayed in town that night. It cost two bits to stay at the boarding house. The new buggy cost twenty-five dollars—a lot of money, but it is less than you'd pay for one tire now.

III Family Life

FAMILY LIFE

The American family has undergone profound changes in the twentieth century, changes that have resulted from economic and social developments affecting fathers, mothers, children, and grand-parents. The shortening of the average work day and work week earlier in the century provided men with more time to spend with their families, and that, in turn, increased the direct impact of fathers on their children's lives. More recently, the need for a second source of family income and the improvement of job opportunities for women has led millions of mothers into the nation's work force, thereby greatly reducing the time many of them spend with their family and calling for significant adjustments from husbands and children. With the consolidation of country schools after World War II, and increased farm mechanization, more rural children could participate in professionally supervised extracurricular activities. Youngsters were no longer so dependent upon the family alone for entertainment. And with the increased mobility and economic independence of young couples, senior citizens have ceased to be closely involved with the lives of their children and grandchildren. Nursing homes are booming.

Without question, the western Illinois family of decades ago, especially the rural family, was more of an interdependent economic unit than its present-day counterpart. While the father toiled long days in the field, the mother was busy with essential, time-consuming, home-based activities: cooking, washing, sewing, canning, making soap, tending the garden, etc. For most women, there was simply no possibility of pursuing goals that lay outside the direct interests of the family. And so, quite naturally, caring for her family and molding the lives of her children became virtually every woman's chief challenge and accomplishment. And children—often a half dozen or more—did assigned chores as soon as they were old enough: feeding the livestock, churning butter, gathering eggs, sawing wood for the fireplace or stove, and so on. For many youngsters, the amount of respect they received varied directly with the contribution they made to the survival of the family. Likewise, the respect of children for their parents came naturally, for father and mother were the main workers, upon whom the rest of the family was utterly dependent. And "first-hand knowledge of the work ethic" was not just part of the experience of rural children, as Edith Allison indicates in "Family Survival in the Good Old Days," a memoir of her childhood. There was often work for all but the most feeble grandparents, too—giving them the essential feeling of self-worth that comes with making a contribution.

Likewise, in this predominantly rural and small-town region, in a day before country clubs and bridge groups, entertainment was usually family oriented. Community events—picnics, box suppers, pie socials, parades, etc.—were intended for families, and at home, story-telling was not uncommon and celebrations often included family singing. Pianos and organs were commonplace in the homes of those who could afford them. Children learned traditional games that could be played by brothers and sisters of almost any age—including tag, hide and seek, fox and geese, and andy over. Passive entertainment, too, was more often than not a group experience, for when cabinet radios became popular, families gathered round them in the evening to hear Eddie Cantor, Amos and Andy, or Fibber McGee and Molly. Even when parents and children were doing different things, they were often together, especially in the long winter evenings when they shared the warmth of the cast-iron stove in a home that lacked central heating.

All of this produced a great sense of closeness, not only between siblings but between one generation and another. Edythe H. Johnson's "My Family and the Swedish Baptist Church" and Lucille H. Irvin's "Winter Evenings in the Twenties" are especially effective memiors because they convey that quality and the joy which came with it. Because grandparents were often present, recalling family members who had already passed away, children felt a sense of continuity, of belonging to something larger than the present moment. And as the closing reminiscences in this part of the collection—"Grandma" by Katherine Boden, and "I Remember Grandma" by Marion Lister Zejmowicz—so clearly reveal, grandparents often made an indelible

impression on their grandchildren, although that was sometimes not fully realized until many years later. Perhaps the current interest in genealogy is an attempt to gain a sense of continuity that would have come naturally in a three-generation family unit.

The memoirs in this section of *Tales from Two Rivers I* reveal how deeply the struggles and pleasures of family life molded the lives of young people in the very different world of decades ago, for these authors—these senior citizens—they were children then.

LONG AGO ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI

Evangeline Dickhoener Norton

We were seven members of a second generation German-Swiss family. Dad came to this country at the age of ten and became the second oldest of nine children whose parents left Germany to escape wars. They came directly to Quincy. Our mother left Bachenbulac, Switzerland at the age of eight and, boarding the steamship Labrador with her mother, brother John, and sister Elise, entrained to St. Louis. Here they were met by our grandfather Conrad Heusser, who took them to Moberly, Missouri and, finally, to Quincy.

Dad and Mom met here and married, and the five of us spent our childhood here. Our parents spoke and wrote excellent English and German. Unlike our recent immigrants in the Southwest, their parents insisted they use the language of their new country. Mother, the oldest, was placed in the first grade because of the language barrier, but she learned rapidly. It seems ludicrous that the teacher of today should learn the foreign language instead of the child. No wonder the conformity of a religion as well as the retention of the native language sets our new immigrants apart. My sister and I were deprived of learning German at high school because it was forbidden. The war with Germany had intervened, and Mr. Langhanke, the German professor and father of the actress Mary Astor, was dismissed. I recall a professor at Macomb Normal Teachers College chiding me because I didn't learn German when I had such a good opportunity.

Living in the city with a few conveniences didn't seem to bother us. The cistern on the back porch, outdoor toilets, indoor potties, and wooden tubs which doubled for bath and laundry, were facts of our young lives. Then, too, there were those awful straw mattresses and the straw under the nailed-down bedroom carpet which often drifted out, to the chagrin of our Mom.

Our kitchen was lit up by one of those eerie gas lights. Do you remember those fragile mantles which engulfed the flame? It could withstand excessive heat, but it couldn't be touched, and I accidentally proved this by bringing a football into the house, which was strictly forbidden. Alone in the kitchen, I kicked a bull's eye at that mantle and globe, much to my sorrow.

In winter getting ready for school was a struggle. Sitting on the floor before the stove, we began our attack. The legs of our long underwear had to be lapped over and made smooth so the stocking could be drawn over. If one was lucky enough to find both shoes at once, there ensued a battle to get them on, and then to find a button hook to ensnare the long row of shoe buttons. The boys had laces.

Vanity begins early in a girl's life, as evidenced by the fact I still remember a beautiful red plush coat my parents bought for me from the Sears catalogue. I felt great the day I walked into Dewey School as a first grader. Though there were street cars, Mom had little time to shop up town and the catalogue was revered by us youngsters.

Reading was easy and I learned quickly. My teacher, Josephine Herleman, used the phonic method. I can close my eyes and still see the chart she used. On the sheet there were the telephone lines that illustrated the "l" sound. I was never able to identify with that sound as I walked along country roads and listened to the hum of rural lines. The cows in their pasture mooed their "m" sound and a snake hissed for the "s".

When the family spent a year with our paternal grandparents, our youngest sister Dolores, too young to attend school, spent much time "talking" to our eighty-six year old grandpa who spoke only German. He derived so much pleasure from her company. I regret the rest of us didn't take time to communicate with him some way. He was a powerful man and had been a member of the Kaiser's elite guard.

In winter the front room was cold until company came. Then the low-flung wood stove was lit, sending out heat in concentric circles close-about it. Nothing was as fragrant as the scent of pine and oranges while the room slowly warmed up for five expectant youngsters waiting for the door to open. There isn't any sight that equals the Christmas tree resplendent in its shining glory with candles aglow on Christmas morning. That two beautiful china dolls were gifts

from our aunt, that the sled called "Dreadnaught" had to be handed to Dad from the Parcel Post man outside the window, that Mom and Dad had decorated the tree: these were secrets divulged later. Mom always insisted we sing "Holy Night" ("Stille Nacht") and other Christmas songs in German. That was her way of keeping our heritage. That was my favorite part of our Christmas ritual.

In summer I Spy, Jump Rope, Steps, Hop Scotch, Run Sheep Run, Tag, and Pussy Wants a Corner enlightened our lives. We also spent hours cutting and pasting to show Red Riding Hood meeting the wolf in the woods inside a show box with a peep hole. Tying a string to the shoe box, we proceeded down the side walk with our Pinny Pinny Poppy Show, hoping for customers with a pin.

Our brother Eugene loved the outdoors. One day while fishing he saw a shike poke wading about. He dived at it, grabbing its long legs. Sliding dangerously toward the marsh he managed to hold on to the bird's legs until it made gashes on his face. He had to give up, but he earned the admiration of his companions for being clever and quick enough to even get near to so elusive a bird.

Dad often went around the sloughs in Missouri and Illinois near the river to hunt turtles. One time he went with Uncle Henry and cousin Carl. Dad had a steel rod about three and a half feet long to probe the edges of the water where turtle tracks were traced in the mud. He caught several large animals who showed great tenacity.

Arriving home with his gunny sack of turtles, Dad put them on the back porch. In a short time there was a great squawking. Some chickens had walked across the sack and one unfortunate hen was caught by a turtle. With an audience of five frightened kids, Dad got a pair of pliers, and after great effort, released the shocked chicken. Somehow I felt so sorry for the turtle, but the turtle soup with its accompaniment of turtle eggs was a compensating treat.

It was a special day, indeed, when we took the ferry from the foot of Broadway and paddled across to Sherman Park in Missouri. The huge paddle wheels fascinated us. In the park we moved quickly from one kind of equipment to another. The swings were our favorites. Dad always got in some fishing.

On one outing I was assigned to watch the young fry to see that they stayed away from the water. At first, I thought it was impossible to watch so many, for the smallest were the worst offenders. They have a duck-like affinity for water. Finally, in desperation I announced, "Now watch the great actor!" Then, taking hold of a branch overhanging the slough, I grabbed with both hands in preparation for a healthy swing. The branch broke and I went down to the water, too scared to utter a sound. Dad and his friend came running and pulled me out. I thought my arms would leave their sockets. I spent the rest of the day sitting on a tree stump drying out and feeling like the most abused person in the world. The kids? They finally stayed quite inland, too scared to follow my act.

Since our dad passed away while we were all in school, we had to contrive ways to substitute for the things we wanted. In earlier days everyone had a library table, but as we began to feel social pressures, we felt we had to have a coffee table for it was the latest fashion. So Henry solved the problem by cutting off a portion of the legs of the library table. We loved it. Henry brought it down from the attic this year to be used as a base for his Christmas tree. That conjures up wonderful memories. His beautiful pink marble top coffee table can compete only feebly with the veneration we share for the old short-legged library table.

I have made four ship crossings over the Pacific to the Hawaiian Islands, where I lived for a time during the Second World War, and I have made two ship crossings over the Atlantic on Dutch liners to Europe, but today I derive much consolation from crossing the bridge to Missouri and watching the eternal flow of that great river which drew my parents to this part of the world from so far away.

FAMILY SURVIVAL IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Edith Alva Allison

Water Town was an older part of East Moline that had as its occupants many colored families who had been

recruited from the South with promises of work. My father, James Rush, was among those black men who settled in Water Town. In regard to the community's name, Jim often told his children that he had fished in water that had stood high on the ground in the area where houses stood now.

John Deere, that grand old company that still commands respect in this area, stood in all its majesty, spewing black smoke from its furnaces. Jim worked in the cupalo, hot steel spewing splashes of melted fire on him. He loved the work. And he had a reputation as one hell of an iron pourer. A day in the shop gave him a feeling of power, power for this black man who was the child of slaves.

All the houses looked alike, with a different color perhaps or a turn here and there. Very tall, two rooms upstairs and two rooms down. And a running water toilet in the basement. How the children did love that toilet! The big round stove that sat in the living room gave heat for the house, and the upstairs was always toasty warm. The kitchen stove kept water hot in a side pocket and a hot pot of soup simmered on top of the woodburning stove. After work, Papa took the boys out in the truck to go get more wood. It was only ten dollars a load, all you could carry. House rent was $15.00 a month, and our large garden provided plentifully all year round. In the winter a large hole was dug in the ground for storage: butter, cabbage, collards, potatoes, rutabagas, green beans, all the vegetables that would keep. I can almost smell the aroma that came from collard greens cooking all over the neighborhood, with salt pork, corn bread and apple pie.

The apples we children had picked from the orchard on Hampton. We all took our little gunny sacks and filled them or put them in a wagon, a homemade wagon that the wheel kept coming off. But we made it home, helping each other, some eight or nine children.

Those were the good old days, indeed, for we were not yet aware of all that went on in the world. We were helping our family to survive. Most of us had no time to get into trouble, for our folks were wise in giving us first-hand knowledge of the work ethic.

MY FAMILY AND THE SWEDISH BAPTIST CHURCH

Edythe H. Johnson

My father, Niels Christiansen, came from Denmark when he was just a young man. He had been orphaned when he was ten years old. He went to live with his grandparents for a time, worked on a ship, and eventually came to America. He went to night school to learn to read and write the English language.

My mother was Hilma Rydgren before she married my father. Four of her brothers and sisters came to this country to work before they went back to Sweden for the parents and youngest sister. Mama worked as a maid for two dollars a week until she met and married my father. They spent most of their married life on a farm seven miles south of Monmouth, Illinois.

I went to church in Monmouth. My folks were charter members of the little church called the Swedish Baptist Church. It was organized in 1888. As little children, my mother and father took us to Sunday School and church. Once in awhile, when the weather was real bad, I would walk to church with my father. That was seven miles! Because they were real good church members, they didn't like to miss their meetings. They were wonderful people, wonderful Christian people. I'm so thankful for the heritage I have.

The chapel was on North E Street in Monmouth. It was just a frame building, but it is still standing. It is a dwelling now. Later on, about 1925, they built a real nice building on North Sunny Lane. It was a good place, with new residents in a new part of town.

At first I imagine there were about ten families that were either Swedish or Danish that got together. They had a struggle to get back and forth to the meetings, as they all had such big families, but they remained true. When I first went to church and in the early years of the Swedish Baptist Church, the services were in the Swedish language. They finally had to change to English because so many couldn't

speak or understand Swedish, but they started as a Swedish speaking church. My parents spoke some Swedish in the home and I learned some; I've always wished that I had learned more.

Father at one time taught a Sunday School class, but Mother was too busy with the babies. She had eleven. They lost a boy at fifteen and a fifteen-month-old baby, so they had their sorrows. But they always took their sorrows to the Lord in prayer and received comfort.

There was music in our home. We had a little organ that you pumped with your feet. My mother especially loved some of the old hymns. Sometimes in the evening, she would say, "Now girls, if you will go and play the organ and sing, I will do the dishes." And that suited us just fine, and we'd sing while she did the dishes.

Some of her favorites were "Rock of Ages," "I Have a Friend," and "A City Four-Square." I learned to sing "I Have a Friend" in both Swedish and English. The lyrics are:

> I have a friend who loveth me,
> He gave His life on Calvary.
> My sins upon the cross He bore,
> And I am saved forevermore.
> Alleluya! He's my friend,
> He's with me to my journey's end.
> He walks beside me all the day
> And gives to me a crown some day.

I remember there was a very good Sunday School teacher when I was ten or twelve years old. Her name was Mrs. Beda Landon Asplound. Her husband was the Reverend E. A. Asplound. The minister that married me was E. H. Oleson. (I married Arvid Johnson in 1916.)

They had a baptistry in that first little church. My older brothers and sisters and I were baptized there. My younger sisters and brothers were baptized at the chapel on South 1st. I was thirteen or fourteen when I was baptized, and two or three others were baptized that same day. Reverend Peterson baptized me. Sometimes we would have special meetings, and maybe there would be several who would go forward and dedicate their lives to Christ.

The highlight of the Sunday School year was the 4th of July picnic. We went to Cedar Creek and had home-made ice cream. The children always took part in a Christmas program, and at one time there was a ladies' quartet that performed special musical numbers. The choir usually sang at Easter services.

In the winter, we went to church in a bobsled. Papa would put straw in the bottom of the bobsled and my mother would heat bricks to put at our feet. Then they'd put all kinds of blankets and covers over us. One time, we were going to the Christmas program and my father was driving the horses to the bobsled. I got so cold on the way to the Church that my parents thought I had frozen my feet but I had to speak a piece, so I *had* to be alright! They weren't frozen and I was able to give my part.

Later on, my father brought a new double buggy, and we'd go to Church in it. It had a front seat and a back seat just like an automobile. We thought when he got that new double buggy that we were really somebody riding in it. My parents didn't send us to Church; they went with us. That was the nice thing. The times we walked the seven miles were when it was just too bad to get there any other way. We went regularly and didn't like to miss. All these years our Church has had prayer meeting on Wednesday night. It is now called the Immanuel Baptist Church, and they still have the Wednesday prayer meetings. I think they have been blessed for it.

The Church was an influence in our daily life, too. I can remember when we were little children playing outside in the evening, we would hear the door open. Mama would call to us, "Come in! Papa is going to read to us from the Bible." We wouldn't want to quit playing, but in we'd go and he would read to us. Afterwards, we would have prayer together, with Mother or Father offering a prayer for the family.

CHRISTMAS LONG AGO

Esther Hollender

Christmas at our house during the 1920's actually began on the day after Thanksgiving. While Mama was putting leftover turkey on the table, her thoughts were of the plans she was making for the Christmas baking.

Although she was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, Mama readily accepted the German customs of my father's family. Among these traditions was the baking of German Christmas cookies—Springerle, Lebkuchen, and Pfefferneuse. Oh, the pungent aroma that came from Mama's kitchen on the day after Thanksgiving when she began mixing the Lebkuchen (or honey cakes). The delightful smell of honey, spices, citron and grated orange peel was almost too much for us children to resist.

Lebkuchen is characterized by its almond on top of each cookie, and our job was to place that almond carefully in the center. After the cookies were baked, Mama would brush them lightly with a sugar glaze, making them sparkle like a Christmas star.

A few days later we would make Springerle—the most unusual of all German cookies, because it resembles a little white pillow in shape with an embossed cameo-like design on top. This design was made by a springerle board, which has been handed down in our family for several generations. The designs of fruit, flowers, and animals were handcarved in Germany by my great grandfather.

In those days we did not have electric mixers, so the eggs and sugar had to be beaten by hand for one solid hour. This was Daddy's job, because his arm was the strongest. We little ones would gather around the chair as he sat holding the big mixing bowl, stirring with a rhythmic beat as he sang German folk songs to us. We watched as the eggs and sugar were transformed into a mountain of foamy, whipped creamlike batter. Then the delicious smell of anise filled the air as the drops of extract were put in. After the cookies were rolled, pressed, and cut into squares, they were left covered over night in pans on the kitchen table.

In the morning the old black wood stove was heated to just the right temperature, and as the cookies baked they puffed up on top like mounds of snow. We children were allowed to taste only one or two cookies apiece that morning as they came out of the oven, fresh and warm. The rest were stored away in cannisters to "mellow" for the holidays. It seemed that they became softer and better with age, and made welcome gifts for our friends and neighbors.

Although the Pfefferneuse had already been made, they did not interest me because I found out the word meant "pepper nuts," and I was not fond of pepper. They do resemble walnuts in their size and shape.

The excitement of Christmas would build up each day, until we were nearly bursting with excitement. Perhaps the reason why the cooking meant so much to us children was the fact that in the 1920's there was no television to watch, and our battery radio, which was handmade by our uncle, could only be heard by one person at a time on the set of ear phones. So there was no entertainment as fascinating for us as the Christmas baking—especially making the sugar cookies, which were saved until last. Bells, Santas, stars and snowmen, all sparkling with colored icing, were threaded with strings to be hung on the tree.

On Christmas Eve we carried on another family tradition—oyster stew for supper. Although we never cared for oysters at any other time, they held special glamour on Christmas Eve. And, of course, the meal was completed with a heaping plate of Mama's cookies.

Before our stockings were hung on that magical night, we would gather around the living room coal stove, with its reflection on the warm fire inside glowing through the panes of isinglass, and we would hear the story of the Christ child. Each of my three older brothers and I had prepared a poem to

recite. One that I remember was very fitting for those days:

See Johnny carry in the woods?
My, but Johnny's being good.
What makes Johnny seem so spry?
It's only Christmas drawing nigh.

After the stories and poems came the best part of all—the carols! Daddy, in his deep bass voice, sang "Stille Nacht" and "Oh, Tannenbaum" while we children tried to keep up with the words in German, and Mama, weary as she was from Christmas preparations, played the piano and sang in her sweet alto voice.

Climbing into bed, we were filled with contentment and excitement over the big day to come—believing that St. Nicholaus would enter while we were asleep—bringing not only gifts but the Christmas tree as well.

In the morning we rushed into the living room to find our toys—and to unload our stockings, filled with nuts, candy and an orange at the bottom.

And, oh the tree! Our first glimpse of it—standing there in all its shining glory. There were no electric Christmas tree lights, so Daddy would carefully light the little spiral candles—clipped onto the tree in holders that came from Germany. (I often wonder how we escaped having a fire.

On the tree there was a little cornucopia for each of us, and it held a special surprise. One year I received a tiny doll in a peanut shell; her eyes actually opened and shut. Another year, during the lean years, there was a small bottle of perfume wrapped in green crepe paper wrapping that came from a bar of Palmolive soap.

Children in those times—at least in our family—received only a few toys at Christmas, but we never tired of playing games and bundling up to go out in the snow. While we tried out the new sled, Mama would prepare Christmas dinner. Sometimes she baked a goose which we had bought "on foot." I hated to see the goose killed for two reasons: it was sad to part with a pet, and I knew that the horrible goose grease would be saved to mix with turpentine and rubbed on our chests the next time we had a cold. But the taste of that bird would make up for the losses.

Christmas night we were so exhausted we were ready to go to bed early—filled with mixed emotions over the thrill of the day, and of it's passing. As long as I can remember we were each given a dose of Syrup of Pepsin on Christmas night to "clear our systems" of the rich food we had eaten. And so ended the Christmases long ago.

Does tradition play any part in our modern lives today? Any one who enters our house at Christmas will find that it lives on in our family. On Christmas Eve we will be sitting at our candle-lit table eating oyster stew, and yes, there will be a heaping plate of German cookies which we started making the day after Thanksgiving.

After dinner, the children, grandchildren, grandmas and grandpas will be gathering near the brightly lit tree and singing Christmas carols—both in English and in German—and we'll pray that the Christ child will enter. But, as I play the piano for the singing, it will be difficult for me to see the notes because my eyes will become misty with the remembrance of those Christmases of long ago.

WINTER EVENINGS IN THE TWENTIES

Lucille H. Irvin

The "Roaring Twenties" may have been just that for some people, but as I recall the winter evenings of my childhood, they were a quiet, peaceful time after the evening chores were finished. Evening chores in those days meant that, at the barn, all the horses, cows, and pigs were watered, fed, and bedded down for the night. Everything done by hand, without the benefit of electricity. The chickens had been fed and watered, and all the eggs gathered, sometimes from such strange places as the hayloft or under a shed as well as from the henhouse. Evening preparations at the house

meant that the lamps had to be filled with kerosene and the lamp chimneys cleaned, ready to light as soon as it was dark. Enough wood to fill the woodbox had to be brought in and the coal bucket filled and brought in, as well as enough water to last the night. These tasks were shared by the family.

When supper was over and the dishes washed, dried, and put away, we gathered in the dining room (the family room, as it is called today) because the base burner was there. This was a stove that used hard coal (anthracite) which burned with a beautiful blue-orange flame or glow, visible on three sides of the stove through a group or series of small isinglass windows. You were warmed just by watching the everchanging patterns of the flames as the coals burned to give a comfortable constant heat. The evening was spent around the dining room table, with the coal oil lamp in the center of the table so everyone had enough light to read the newspaper, magazine, or book of his choice. I don't remember a daily paper until later years. The country paper and the telephone were the sources of our news, but we had several farm and women's magazines. The *Prairie Farmer* was a necessary part of every farm household, and I looked forward each week to the cartoon of "Spud and Slim." However, Mother's magazines were my favorites because they had at least one page for children. The *McCalls* always had the page of "Dolly Dimple" paper dolls to cut out and dress, but the *Delineator* had a page to be torn out and made into a children's magazine of four pages, filled with stories, pictures, and puzzles. There were no children's magazines or cartoon books in those days.

Of course, before I was old enough to read, both Mother and Dad read to me on winter evenings, and I heard stories over and over until I had them memorized. As I grew and was in school, there was home-work to do and school library books to read. Dad and I spent lots of time around that dining room table working on the multiplication tables, which he insisted I must learn and I was sure that I never could.

We also had exciting evenings when we went to visit some of our neighbors. The car had been drained (before the days of Prestone) and put away for the winter because the muddy roads in those days were not conductive to winter driving and side-curtains didn't keep out the cold. You didn't hitch up the horses that had worked during the day just to go to a neighbor's house a mile or so away. You walked. After bundling up in our layers of warm winter clothes, we trudged off in the snow down the road, climbed the fences, and went across the field. Sometimes we carried a lantern, but usually not, because our eyes soon adjusted to the darkness. It was exciting and so beautiful—the hum of the telephone wires in the cold, the crunch of the snow beneath your feet, and the stars so very bright overhead. You felt that you could almost reach up and touch them. If the moon was shining, everything took on an entirely new look, with the light and shadows changing familiar things into a strange new world.

The neighbors always met us at the door with a happy, warm welcome, insisting that we bring our boots in to warm behind the stove. After exchanging news and pleasantries of the day the menfolks usually settled down in the kitchen to play Pitch, while the women visited, exchanging recipes and gossip—not necessarily in that order. As I remember, the walk home was never as much fun because it was bedtime, and we were tired and sleepy. The snow seemed a bit deeper.

Winter evenings were similar in other households. Sometimes my parents left me with my grandparents, who lived in town. They also sat around the dining room table, but instead of the coal oil lamp, they had one ceiling fixture in the middle of the room. (As a rather interesting side note along this line, my grandmother's light bill never ran over the minimum one dollar a month. Can you imagine that in this day and age? You must realize that she had only one light fixture in the ceiling of each room, no outlets in any room, and an electric iron was the only appliance that she owned, so she enjoyed very few of the advantages of electricity compared to modern day use.)

My grandfather died when I was just seven years old so

I don't remember him too well, but I do recall him peeling apples for us. Grandmother saw to it that a dozen or so apples were in a certain small pan, along with a sharp knife, and were on the dining room table each night. (These were homegrown apples from the farm orchard, which were by the crateful in the cellar.) Grandpa would take the apple from the pan and very carefully start peeling round and round the apple so the peeling came off in one long, thin strand. Then your apple was ready to eat, and you had best eat every bite of it. Grandpa continued to peel apples for everyone round the table until we had all we wanted.

These were the days before radio, and with that new invention came a whole new world, but that is another story for another time.

GAMES MY FAMILY PLAYED YEARS AGO

Nellie F. Roe

My memories take me back to when I was a child growing up in the twenties. I was the middle child in a family of seven children. My father died when I was eight years old so we got a head-start on the Depression by several years. Picture, if you will, a row of identical four-room houses where grass and shrubbery had long ago given up trying to grow. The only privacy to be had was to retire to the "Out-house" in back, and even that didn't always work since it was a "two-holer." An occasional Model T or Maxwell "chugged" along the dusty road in front, trains "whistled" or "puffed" along the railroad tracks in back, and a town "dump" was close by with a wealth of unsanitary (we didnt know it then) play equipment.

Some of the games we played stand out in my memory, and I'll attempt to describe a few that we enjoyed most. Many were original but all had at least two things in common: they cost nothing and were played just for fun. You stopped when you got tired or it got dark, whichever came first.

Street Cars

This game encouraged any latent artistic abilities. You "rounded up" an old shoe box and scraps of colored tissue paper. After cutting out squares around the sides and ends of the box for "windows," you pasted the tissue paper over them on the inside of the box. Then a stub of candle about an inch high was anchored firmly in candle wax in the center of the box and a string tied to one end. The center of the lid that would fit over the candle was then cut out. When it got dusk, you lit the candle, put the lid on, and pulled it up and down the sidewalk. The more street cars there were, the more fun it was. The light shining through the tissue paper was a pretty sight—or so we thought.

Walkers

One of the major toy companies had a plastic version of this toy, but I'm sure half the fun was in making them and the "clatter" they created. You started with two sturdy empty tin cans the same size, turned them over and punched two holes on the top edges opposite each other. We used a hammer and a spike nail to make the holes. You then found a heavy wire, cut it the right length, and inserted the two ends through the holes, leaving a loop of wire on top long enough to be easily grasped with your hands when you stood on the cans. After adjusting to fit, you twisted the two ends of the wire together so they would not pull through the holes and pushed them up into the can. Then you stood on the cans, pulled up on the wire handles and took off. We became very proficient as to going up and down steps and even doing a little "jig" now and then.

Colors

This is one game where the one who was "it" had the most fun. He thought of a certain color and stood in front of a

row of players with a cup of water that had a teaspoon in it "poised" for action. One by one, the players guessed the color of his water—with mixed emotions. If they guessed the color he was thinking of, they got a teaspoonful of water in their face, but then they got to be "it". This game would gather momemtum, as there was always some "joker" who had trouble judging a teaspoonful, and there was not any way of proving "it" didn't change his color until he reached the right person. Recommended for hot weather and old clothes!

"Nosey" Poker

I have always suspected this game was the brainchild of a "diabolical" older brother since he always seemed to win. It had nothing to do with poker. It was played like ordinary "Rummy," with one notable exception. The one who won had the privilege of taking as many cards as the other players had left and flipping them across their noses the same number of times. I always seemed to get caught with a fistful. Strange—big noses seem to run my family!

Ah, the bittersweet memories of the games we played! There were many of them, but I grow weary just thinking of all that expended energy and the skinned knees and stubbed toes that were part of my childhood. Would I want those days back for my grandchildren?

VIEWING HALLEY'S COMET IN 1910

Edna Williams

"Now," said Mother, as she seated her five small children around the square and battered dining-room table, "I want all of you to listen with both ears. I am going to tell you just once more about the comet we are going to see tonight."

So she repeated slowly and carefully all the information she had been able to gather about Halley's comet. I feel sure that for weeks she had combed every newspaper and encyclopedia she could lay her hands on. She was not given to doing things half-way, and if she had made up her mind that her children were going to see the comet, then they should know all she could find about it.

Mother must have been very adept in passing this information on to us. In language we could understand, she told us much of what to expect. She said that many people had a terrible fear of Halley's comet. They felt it was a warning of great trouble coming to visit the earth. Some felt it would hit the world and destroy it. Others thought it would use up all the oxygen from the air, while there were those who said a great sickness would visit the earth. There were even those, she told us, who gathered food and water and barricaded themselves in caves, thinking they would thus escape the terrible things the comet would surely bring.

It was not until I was grown that I realized how carefully she must have told us all this. As far as I know, none us felt fear, only anticipation and excitement that was almost unbearable.

So after she had gone over everything slowly and carefully, she said, "Now off to bed with you and go right to sleep. Late in the night, I will wake you and take you to the orchard with me and we will all see Halley's comet. I think you will like to watch it moving through the sky."

And I remember so well Grandmother saying, "Now, Mary, aren't you being a mite foolish? Those children will all be so sleepy that come morning they won't remember a thing that they watched."

I was greatly worried. Would Mother listen to Grandmother and leave us to sleep the night through? I need not have fretted. Mother was a very determined lady so late that night she herded five sleepy, stumbling offspring to the orchard and stationed us on a slope to watch. And this was one time that Grandmother was wrong—so very wrong, because seventy years later, I can still see that gorgeous creature of magic blazing its way across the sky, trailing behind it an unbelieveably long and beautiful tail. From now

back through all the years, I recall a feeling of awe. I was much too young to comprehend all I was seeing.

That was in 1910. I wonder if I will still be around to see Halley's comet when it appears in 1986. I wonder if an old, old woman, likely by then leaning on two stout canes, will slowly make her way to the same orchard slope to take the place of the five-year old girl who stood there in such wonderment and witnessed a miracle fresh from the hand of God.

THE DAY WE BURIED THE DOUGH

Mildred M. Nelson

It was the summer of 1932. We were still in the Depression years and money was a scarce item. People who had money did not trust the banks, and so they either hid their "dough" around their homes or they buried it in some secret place. Although we were a poor family, my sister and I buried some"dough" in a secret place one day too.

I was the oldest of a family of eight children and quite strong for a thirteen-year-old girl. That was probably why quite often it was my job to make the bread for the family. It took strong arms to knead the large batches of bread dough. I could also throw a forty-eight-pound sack of flour over my shoulder and walk the three or four blocks from the Pittenger Grocery Store in Tennessee, Illinois, through the town park to our house. The bag of flour cost about $1.10 in 1932. That was just about what my father earned in a ten-or twelve-hour day.

We usually baked bread two or three times a week and so we used a lot of flour. This flour came in white cotton bags, and my Mother certainly put these sacks to use. She made aprons, pillow cases, handerchiefs, dish towels, and even underwear from them.

To make our bread, we used what we called an Oklahoma Starter. This was a yeast mixture which was divided into two parts. One part was put aside for the next time bread was made, and the other part was used for the bread that was being made that day. Water, salt, sugar, flour, and other ingredients were added. The dough was kneaded to the right consistency, placed in a greased crock or pan, covered with a dish towel and put in a warm place to rise. Then the dough was worked down, formed into loaves and allowed to raise again. If the dough did not raise enough to be baked by meal time, small pieces of dough could be pinched off, stretched, and fried in hot fat until brown. This was a delicious substitute for bread.

On this particular summer day there was going to be a girl's softball game over on the railroad grounds. My eleven-year-old sister, Irene, was to do the dinner dishes, and I was to mix and knead the bread dough. Then we could be on our way to this big ball game. My Mother had fixed the yeast mixture with the right amount of water and other ingredients and left the pan on the kitchen table. She took some of our younger brothers and sisters and went outside to do some garden work. While I was scrubbing my hands and cleaning my fingernails in preparation to mix the bread, my sister began clearing the dinner dishes from the table. Without my knowing about it, she accidently dumped the left-over water from all the water glasses and vinegar from the wilted lettuce that we had for dinner into the yeast mixture pan.

I had nothing but the ball game on my mind. I paid no attention to the large amount of liquid with the floating pieces of lettuce in the pan. I just started throwing in flour and more flour. Finally I had the dough stiff enough to start kneading it. It seemed like I just had to keep adding more and more flour. Occasionally, I did remove a piece of lettuce from the dough, but I guess I just thought a little lettuce won't hurt anyone. Soon I had a huge pile of dough. I wondered why in the world my Mother had to have such a large batch of bread made on this particular day when we wanted to hurry up and get to that ball game!

About this time my Mother came in from the garden.

She took one look at the pile of dough and almost went into hysterics. She became even more upset when she spied the pieces of lettuce protruding from the mass of dough. What in the world had we done to get such a pile of dough and where did the pieces of lettuce come from? My sister finally admitted that perhaps she had put the "slobbers" from the water glasses and the vinegar from the wilted lettuce in the wrong pan!

We begged Mother not to tell our Father. We knew that he had to work very hard to provide for his large family and we had wasted a lot of flour. She finally agreed to keep our secret, but we would not be going to the ball game and we would have to dispose of all that dough.

There was an old floorless slaughter house on our property which was not in use anymore. We decided that would be the ideal place to hide the evidence. We dug a deep hole, dumped in the pile of dough, and covered it with the black soil from inside the building. We felt much better about the whole thing just to get that dough out of sight.

The next morning when we entered the old building, we could not believe our eyes! The hot summer night had caused the dough to raise and it looked liked a big pile of vanilla ice cream with chocolate topping. Well, there remained only one thing to do. We had to get rid of that evidence again. With boards we pushed the dough back down in the hole. Again we covered it with soil but this time we also placed boards and bricks on top.

My Mother did keep our secret, and it was many years before our Father finally found out about "the day we buried the dough."

THE BLOWN-UP BANK

Virgie Mead

I was about a year old when my family moved back to Illinois. They lived on a farm about a mile west of Carman which was owned by my grandfather, William H. Marsden. I spent all of my childhood on this farm. The house we lived in had been originally built as a hotel by my great-grandfather, Thomas Marsden. He came from England and was one of the pioneer settlers of Shokokan, as the community west of Carman on the Mississippi River was known. Shokokan had been quite an active river landing in my great-grandfather's day. Steamboats stopped there and travelers stayed over at his hotel. When they built the dam at Keokuk, it shot the water around to Burlington, and the big boats couldn't land at Shokokan any more.

When my grandfather retired from farming, my parents took over the farm and we lived in the old hotel. It was a wonderful house for us children to grow up in. There were six bedrooms upstairs and two down. My sister and I shared one of the upstairs rooms and my brother slept across the hall. My parents' room was downstairs. We were glad that the house was so large and we could have all the kids in the country when we had a school party.

Also on the farm was the old office building for the lumber business that my great-grandfather had owned. It was a few hundred feet west of the house, along the lane to the barns and livestock area. There was a big sign across the front that said "Office." The one-room building was weathered and no longer used as an office, so it became my playhouse. Of course, the other children played too, but it was mostly my playhouse.

In the office was a large bank, or safe that great-grandfather used for his lumber business. It was a box type safe and was always locked. No one in our family ever knew the combination. We did not know what was inside, but none of the family ever tried to open it and find out.

I used the safe for a table in my playhouse. I had my dishes and little kettles, like anyone would have, setting on it. There were shelves on some of the walls, and that old office just made a wonderful playhouse.

One night in the late 1890's when I was about six or

seven, there was a terrible storm. My sister slept through the storm, but I was always afraid of them, so when I heard this large boom of thunder, I jumped out of bed and ran downstairs to my parents. They soothed me and convinced me the storm was about over and sent me back to bed.

The next day when I went back to my playhouse at the old office, I opened the door and discovered papers scattered all over the floor. The front of the safe was jagged and torn and my little dishes were all around the room. It was a mess! Someone had blown up the bank, and that was the loud "thunder" I heard during the night.

I ran to tell my parents what I'd seen. I think my exact words were, "The bank fell apart!" Pretty soon it was news all over the neighborhood. Of course, that was a sight, and everyone wanted to see the blown-up bank.

Years and years ago, they had a very likable sheriff, Bob McDill, but whether he was sheriff at that time, I just can't say. I don't even know if they took fingerprints or anything, but I do know they never apprehended anyone. Apparently someone thought there was money in the safe and used nitroglycerin to open it. It was too heavy to readily move it out of the building, so they just blew it apart. If they found any money, they got away with it. There were only papers scattered around when I found it. We never had any inkling as to who did it.

The whole neighborhood was excited about the bank being blown-up and they came from all over to see it. Eventually things calmed down and we cleaned the office. I tried to rearrange my little broken dishes, kettles and things that I had. I continued to use the wrecked safe for a table and the office for my playhouse until I outgrew such things, but even now, the picture of that blown-up bank is as vivid as it was when I was seven years old.

DELIGHTFUL SMELLS OF YEARS AGO

Iva I. Peters

Many things can bring back a memory. Quite often a melody can bring back a flood of memories long forgotten. Recently, I heard a poem that I learned as a child and surprised myself by still being able to recite most of it, even though it had not entered my mind in years. Likewise, a memory can bring back many things, and for me this is particularly true in the sense of smell. So many of the smells that stand out in my memory are no longer available. Some were seasonal, and some were year round. My earliest memory of awareness of an everyday smell was the fresh aroma of home-made lye soap with which my mother washed and boiled our bed clothes. How marvelous to be tucked into a bed freshly dressed with fresh laundered sheets and cases which had dried on an outdoor line in God's sunshine and breezes. Even as a child, I recall the sense of well-being that came with a bath and fresh smelling clothes.

Most of the smells, however, which bring back memories are of a seasonal nature. Springtime brought such delightful smells after the closed-in heavy smells of winter. My mother was a great harvester of "greens," and in early spring we had an abundance of dandelions, dock, mustard and lambs quarter. These were cooked together for hours with a little water and bacon grease, and were presumably good for one's blood which had "thickened" through the winter. Likewise, the tea from the sassafras root gathered from the woods. Both sassafras and greens produced an aroma when cooking that was almost intoxicating to one who loved them as I did. Quite a different springtime smell was that of the wild flowers on the hillsides north of our house in west Schuyler County. Fragrances from the violets, sweet williams, and, of course, the "pansy hill." Quite often, we would step on and crush a plant we called the "penny royal," which gave off an aroma exactly like a doublemint gum factory. My favorite spring smell close by our house was a

huge lilac bush which I loved. Also, there was an old fashioned yellow rose that was a delight to sniff but too thorny and unfriendly to pick or arrange in a bouquet. My parents always had a small fruit orchard, including peach, apple, pears, and cherry trees. This orchard was a fair land of bloom amid a mantle of perfume around early May. It was in this area my brother and I did most of our playing. All these springtime smells delighted my senses, and I can still recall dreading that it would be a whole year before they came again.

Summer soon followed and brought a new array of smells. One that I loved best was a field of clover hay in full bloom—a rare sight today. Riding in a car at night without even seeing it, one always knew when a clover field was in bloom with the wonderful fragrance heavy in the night air. And strangely, it was no less wonderful after it was cured and in the barn. The fresh smell drowned out all the unpleasant odors associated with the old barns. In any season, there is a nostalgia in old barns, especially where horses were kept. There was an aroma peculiar to horses and the leather harness hanging from the hooks. Even the grain stored in the small bins in the barn contributed to the feeling of well-being. Early into summer we began harvesting from the strawberry bed and the fruit trees. Later on, we gathered gallons of wild berries from the woods which are now almost extinct. What can surpass these fragrances, either raw or while cooking? Chemistry has not yet perfected the additives that we have become so used to, that make preserving them easier but somehow robs them of the genuine smell and taste of the fruit. The same is true of the freshly harvested vegetables. The smell of new peas or beans cooking is quite enough, but to have the bonus of eating them is almost too much! Those who have never cooked or eaten these fresh fruits and vegetables have missed one of life's delights. Another summer smell and taste that is almost forgotten is sauerkraut made in a huge stone jar. My sisters and I took turns "stamping" the fresh cut cabbage with a wooden instrument. Layered with salt, and put away in a dark cool place with weights on top, it became "cured" after several weeks. In due time it became kraut—crisp, white, and tangy, with a smell that makes my mouth water as I think about it.

Autumn also brought its scents, although perhaps fewer than the other seasons. The smell of burning leaves and the nostalgic smell of wood smoke, helping to take the chill off of the first frosty mornings. These are smells we may still enjoy today, although automatic heat and government standards have made them more rare, and in some areas even illegal. My most vivid memory of an autumn smell was the extraordinary privilege of living near a sorghum mill. The sap from the cane was extracted and boiled in a series of vats, causing the high clouds of steam to drift about the area. After many boilings, it was finally thick, dark, delicious sorghum. Any crisp fall morning, all the air around our home was permeated with that tantalizing fragrance, although the mill was at least one half mile from our home. It is a pleasant memory, held only by a minority privileged to live near a sorghum mill. The country school house was also nearby, and the mill was the favorite stopping place for the students, who loved to chew on the cane or help themselves to the foam that had been skimmed off the boiling syrup.

Also, en route to school was a tiny country store. It was very old and the floor was made of very wide boards, wavy with age. It was the social center of the neighborhood, where farmers came and sat on nail kegs around a huge coal burning stove as they swapped the news of the day. This place, too, was unique in its smells. It was a day when everything was not canned or pre-packaged, and so consequently the store was filled with many and varied aromas. There were spices, apples, kraut, rope, binder twine and leather halter, all kinds of assorted merchandise packed into one small area. Many of the foods were in barrels, while cured meats and haunches of dried beef were sometimes suspended from the ceiling. Bananas also hung from the ceiling, from what seemed to be a branch of the tree. The country store is gone, as are the nail

kegs and the pot bellied stove, and the smell of the exposed food in a less germ conscious age are only a memory.

The smells of autumn finally gave way to winter, when I came to appreciate the honest aromas from my mother's kitchen. Several times a week when I came home from school the smell of baking bread greeted me. What is more tantalizing than that? Nothing, unless it was accompanied by smells that surrounded butchering days. Outside in the back yard my father would be rendering lard in a large iron kettle. Clouds of steam filled the yard. Inside mother would be preparing home stuffed sausage to can. She did this in large bread pans in the oven, later sealing in gallon containers. Cooling on the table would be eight loaves of that tempting bread made with Oklahoma Starter and Town Crier flour. All the mothers I knew in those days were divided into two camps: those who baked with Town Crier and those who baked with Mother's Best. She would cut us a slice off one of those loaves, and we would wrap it about one of those hot plump sausages. This was the ultimate in an after-school snack, and nothing has smelled or tasted so wonderful since.

The winter smell that lingers with me most vividly, however, is the smell of oranges. This occurred, of course, only on Christmas, because parents of eight growing children did not indulge in such luxuries except at Christmas. Even today, the smell of an orange reminds me of those long ago Christmas mornings, when the aroma that filled the room was almost as wonderful as the gifts that were hidden in the branches of the cedar tree cut in our woods.

DADDY JENKINS

Ethel Jenkins Wetterling

My father, Lewis B. Jenkins, was a cabinet maker in Terre Haute, Henderson County, Illinois. He was born in 1840 in New Jersey and moved to Illinois when he was seventeen. He and his parents and brothers came to Burlington, Iowa by railroad and to Terre Haute by ox cart. They are all buried in the Terre Haute Cemetery. Daddy came from a family of wagon makers, and it was through this that he learned his trade.

He was known by everyone as "Daddy Jenkins." Partly it was because he lived to be such an old man and lived in that little town such a long time, and partly it was because he had ten daughters. My twin sister, Edith, and I were the youngest. My older sisters were handy with the household chores and could quilt and sew, but I liked to go with my father.

Daddy served in the Civil War. He didn't like to talk about it much, but on his birthday, we would get five or six of the other veterans who lived within driving distance to come and visit with him. After the War, he returned to Illinois and married Melinda Josephine Hubbard, who came from Indiana.

It is hard to believe it now, but Terre Haute once had two stores, a post office, two doctors, a barber shop, a milliner, a blacksmith shop, a harness shop, and two churches. At one time, five of my sisters sang in the church choir.

Daddy owned the blacksmith shop building and had his cabinet shop on the second floor. It was a big two-story building with a good many windows. The boards were weathered and not painted, but he kept everything neat and clean inside. There was a large door on one end of his shop with a wooden ramp that reached the ground. When he finished making a wheel for a wagon or a carriage, he would lower it down the ramp to the ground and the blacksmith would take it and put the iron on the rim. A Mr. Peasley was the blacksmith for a time. In later years Daddy didn't work on wagon wheels and such, and the blacksmith shop was in the other end of town.

When he first started his business, Daddy made coffins. People from all over the country would come to his shop to get a coffin when there was a death in the family. They didn't take bodies to funeral homes in those days. Daddy had white lining and braid for a baby's coffin and black for an adult's.

In later years, he was more of a cabinet maker and made things like desks, stools, plate racks, and what-not shelves. He was really famous for his hope chests. He made cedar chests by the dozen. They were quite the rage and they went all over. He

would go to Burlington for his lumber and bring it back to the shop to work on it. As he got older and not able to work quite so hard, he had a little shop built in the back yard at our house. The old shop was about a block from our home.

He would get up early and go to work. He didn't seem to have one favorite thing to work on, but just enjoyed all his work. Sometimes a customer would give him an idea as to how he wanted a desk or chest and Daddy would work it up. He did his work by hand; he even had a hand lathe.

Daddy didn't spank us children, but you *knew* when he wanted something done. He was not a big man. He had blue eyes and a short beard. He whistled as he worked and people would stop to visit with him in his shop.

As I said, he kept his shop very neat and clean. He would let us get a little hammer or something, but we had to put it back in the same place. Daddy would fill a bushel basket with wood shavings and chips and pack in downstairs from his shop. My twin sister Edith and I would carry it to the house for our mother to use as kindling.

I am very proud of my father; he was a good man. He lived to be 102 years old.

P. J. FLEMMING—MY POP

Mary W. Heitzig

The fire engine clanged around the corner on two wheels. Suddenly the engine slowed and the bell stopped ringing as the fire chief shouted, "Come on P. J. Your house is on fire!" P.J., undisturbed, replied, "Go ahead, boys, you can do more than I can. I'll be there after while." It was Saturday night, and Pop, always calm, had more important business. Of course, by the time he arrived home, the fire out; everything was quiet, as everybody was exhausted from the hysteria of the previous hours. Even though Pop had to sleep in a different room—his room was burned out—he did go to bed, and he was the only one in the family who slept that night. He had neither questioned nor sympathized, but had quietly surveyed the damage, found another room, said his prayers, and gone to bed.

Pop had the same composed personality with citizens of the community that he had at home with his wife and children. He could calm a frustrated bank cashier or a bankrupt farmer as easily as he could an upset child. On many occasions, he personally "staked" a young farmer or business man at the edge of despondency or bankruptcy if he felt that the man had character. His only request was that the recipient should repay when possible or forget it as he would a gift. Those emergency loans and/or gifts were never recorded, but they were made known many years later by grateful mourners at his funeral.

Pop was a city farmer and a country banker. Although he lived in Jersey, a small town, he was more "country" than banker in appearance and temperament. On one occasion when it was necessary for him to see the president of a large metropolitan bank, an unwary office girl almost lost her position when she announced to her employer that a "hayseed" from Jersey had been trying to see him for two hours.

P. J.'s only expensive item of clothing was shoes, but he was never seen wearing new shoes. He always had a brother-in-law or a country cousin wear them until they were shabby enough to be comfortable. His blue serge suits always had the glow of long wear on the seat and sleeves. We spent many hours at the ironing board steaming his shiny suits with vinegar. I have understood in more recent years that his idea was to give the impression of, or literally to be, a "shining example" of conservatism. This conservatism was shown, not only in his attire, but in everything he possessed and everything he executed.

During the post-World War I years and years of the Depression, he had the most solid bank in the state, according to the examiners' reports. The surplus and undivided assets were enormous. He had seen the market crash coming and was prepared for it. At the time of the bank

moratorium in 1929, his bank was one of the few that survived. This was attributed, partly, if not altogether, to P. J.'s reputation of conservatism and reliability. His sincere manner in dealing with the common "dirt" farmer was the same as that he employed with a representative of Federal Reserve or Chase National Bank.

He was always prompt. He was always at the bank exactly thirty minutes before the doors were to be opened, and he left exactly thirty minutes after the doors were closed. Occasionally, he stopped along the street to exchange civilities or possibly to make a livestock transaction.

After banking hours, he always drove the country to make a survey of crops and to check soil fertility; he often came home with three or four handkerchief full of dirt into which he put a few grains of seed. He kept these soil samples carefully labeled and watered on top of the warming oven in the kitchen stove. That spot was reserved for the agricultural laboratory.

The laboratory never bothered anyone until he once tried adding natural fertilizer. At that point, Pop, who was always the "king of his castle," was nevertheless ordered to find new quarters for this farm laboratory or limit the additives.

With farms consisting of over one thousand acres of land, he had a large-scale farming operation that he considered as outside activity. He had no farm manager—only hired hands. This required daily contact and good labor-management relations. One of Pop's platitudes was, "A good man is worth a little more." His attitude toward his farm hands was always firm but kind and considerate.

In the summer when the days were long, he always went to the country in the evening to, this time taking the whole family or all those who were too little to do anything else. We were allowed to get out and play while he checked the crops or livestock. Some evenings we had to stay in the car in the middle of a cattle or pig-pen, with manure smell making our eyes water. The stench was even worse when Pop returned to the car, but no one ever remarked about it, as it was considered vulgar to discuss odors.

On Saturday nights we didn't go to the country, as the farmer's came to town to "catch up" on the week's news and business while the wives did their week's shopping. More livestock and money changed hands on those Saturday nights than during the whole week. Our small-town Main Street was a veritable Wall Street without ticker tapes or white collars. Pop was always there, ready to buy pigs, cows, horses, or hay that anybody offered as a bargain. He also carried on banking business there on the street, arranging for loans or deposits to be made the following week.

He was always noted for picking up bargains when others thought the stock (live or otherwise) was worthless, when the seller was over-stocked or was short of feed or money. Even my mother was one of his alleged "bargains." She had been a country school teacher when he found her on a hillside, bargain-hunting tour (according to him).

In the evening just before bedtime, he did his book-work in the midst of family bedlam, as one of us practiced piano while others worked on school homework. We deliberately saved our piano practice and studying until Pop was at home, as he obviously respected us for any integrity we could manage to show.

It was necessary to confine all conversation to serious discussion. Meal-time conversation always consisted of a symposium on the day's intellectual accomplishments, even though none of us was intellectually inclined. Discussion of comics and gossip were taboo. One evening at dinner, Bill, a younger brother, was excited about the action of a comic-strip character, Elmer Tuggle. In his enthusiasm, he asked the opinion of Ted, another brother, as to whether Elmer would survive his current predicament. "Elmer?" said Pop. "Is Elmer one of your classmates or a character in your reading lesson?" Nobody dared laugh, but the remark started a chain reaction of suppressed giggles.

Excessive laughter was always condemned as being immature and inexcusable, just as fighting, arguing, and all other obstreperous childish pastimes were. Pop always wanted us to be quiet and serious in action and purpose. As we all lacked the desired characteristics, we learned deceptive methods by the time we started school. Most of our "pencil and paper" money usually went for candy. At regular intervals we had our "thrift" lecture, as we continued on the "dole" system in spite of our periodic pleas for regular allowances. However, his words of wisdom went either over our heads or under the table in form of shin-kick subterfuge.

Education for his children seemed to be one of Pop's highest ideals. (We didn't know until many years later how hard Mom pushed him toward that ideal.) It would be more romantic to assume that he had gone to school only two or three years, but we did learn through much probing that he had gone through the eighth grade. However, he never mentioned, bemoaned, or regretted his lack of education. Neither did he brag that he had gone farther in school than some of his contemporaries.

Although Pop never showed an obvious discontent in reviewing his own life and struggles, I can remember moods which definitely showed discontent and unrest which were too subtle for his children's perception. Still running true to form, he showed no obvious elation over occasions such as the graduation days of his children. He never missed a graduation of any of his children whether it was from grade school or law school.

All seven of us went to college as a matter of course. There was a limited choice of schools. Sectarian colleges were preferred if they were not co-educational. My oldest brother, Joe set the pattern. Pop had never approved travel as education. He looked upon travel as a luxury and an extravagance. Therefore, Joe picked schools in the farthest regions of the country. Again the application of the old "pencil and paper" scheme of our childhood provided us with spending money.

As a part of this thrift program, humility and modesty were characteristics which he required from his family. Any pride of possession or affluence was considered sinful. Application blanks always included "Father's Occupation," which we filled in as "farmer," never "banker," for fear someone might think we were "assuming airs."

Pop definitely frowned on arrogance or ostentation. Our home was in a good enough neighborhood, but my mother always longed for a better house in the "right" neighborhood. There was one large house which she particularly coveted. Pop took her to see it one day after the lawyer who had owned it had declared bankruptcy. P. J. showed her a dozen drawbacks and convinced her that the house was an extravagant monstrosity. Being a real estate salesman among other things, his salesmanship was as good in reverse as it was in the normal channels.

Pop's conservatism carried him into fear of infirmity. He had always been ashamed of illness as a form of weakness. He must have felt that he had to hold his family and his bank together with his own two hands.

It seems ironic that his frailty had to appear gradually in the form of a tremor in his hands. He tried for months to cover his syndrome of Parkinson's disease. The once-solid man's body was becoming literally shaky. He refused to go to the bank to let others see his weakness. He refused to go to a hospital where strange eyes could see the great man crumbling. His body turned to stone as he went through a process of slow deterioration. The man who had always been self-sufficient, humble, and entire had to be attended to every minute of the day. He had disposed of his farms and much of his other assets to his heirs years before, and he felt by this time that his family and his bank would continue in the conservative pattern he had set.

DR. PROVINE OF BLANDINSVILLE—MY FATHER

Eleanor P. Gingerich

I am a native of McDonough County, having spent my first six years in Blandinsville where my father was a country doctor. However, since he died when I was quite small, my memories of him come only from stories told to me by my mother, who was the school nurse and truant officer for the Macomb Public Schools for many years, and my uncle, my father's brother, Loring H. Provine. The following is an account written from observations made by my uncle.

My father, Dr. George S. Provine, was a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois in Chicago, and he was a practicing physician in McDonough County early in the 1900's. During his senior year in medical school, he was undecided as to the type of practice he wanted. He favored general practice, but the offers from hospitals and large doctor's offices with good starting salaries were very tempting. Starting one's own practice was a slow and the income small, but after he finally decided general practice was what he preferred, a small community which offered a challenge was his wish. After visiting and considering several locations, he decided upon the small town of Tennessee, Illinois. It was a fine agricultural community with a need for a doctor.

The opportunity came in a few years to move into a larger practice at Blandinsville, and even though reluctant, my father decided to make the move. This was a fine farming community where the roads were good in summer, but good farm land makes poor roads in winter so that making calls in winter was something to consider. During good weather he used his automobile, one of the first in the county, but as the rains came and the roads became bad, he depended upon his horse and buggy. There came a time when this was impossible so he used a two-wheeled cart instead of the four-wheeled buggy, but the roads became almost impassable, even for this, and so he rode horseback along the fences instead of using the roads. The winter practice was rugged since he could not tell how long it would take to reach his patient or how long he would be there. He was always considerate of his horse, and when he arrrived at the patient's house, day or night, he made sure the horse was under shelter and well taken care of during his visit.

During the early years of his practice, the means of communication was the rural telephone, which consisted of party lines, with each family having its own signal or number of rings of the telephone bell. When any subscriber rang anyone else, all would answer, but when the doctor's number rang, he could hear the click of every receiver as the neighbors listened in, so at times he would have to be quite firm and say, "Will you please all hang up? The message to me is so faint because you are all on the line that I cannot get the message."

In his days the doctor's office was also the apothecary shop of the town as there were no drug stores. The doctors carried a supply of pills and powders for usual ailments in their bags with them since prescriptions were useless because of the lack of drug stores. At times, in serious cases, he had his bandages and dressings sterilized by putting them in a hot oven of the stove at home for a given length of time, and then he handled them with a pair of tongs such as were found around the kitchen to handle hot things in order that they would not be touched before using.

My father lived his profession as a family doctor, being on call night and day the year round. In 1919 one call that he made in midwinter was his last, for he made it when he was ill with appendicitis. His appendix ruptured, peritonitis set in, and nothing could be done to help him, even though Dr. Holmes of Macomb, came to examine him. Since roads from Blandinsville to Macomb were in very bad shape, he could not be moved there for surgery. At one point, both Dr. Holmes and my father felt he was somewhat better, but such was not the case, and he passed away in February of 1919 at the age of 36.

GRANDMA

Katherine Boden

Every evening after supper my two older brothers went to my uncle's house where my grandmother lived. In the tower room off her bedroom she sat on her platform rocker with four grandchildren on the floor around her and read a chapter from *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* I could hardly wait till I was old enough to join them, but that was not to be. Grandma had a stroke and then her reading days were over.

I missed more than Topsy and Eva (characters in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*). Grandma was a fine Sunday School teacher, and the women she taught, forty years after her death, still called their class by her name.

She was imperiously regal. She could even say, "That ain't nice, Bobby!" and still seem queenly. Her bedroom had a fascination for me with the bed which folded up to the wall in the daytime. Her little apartment on the second floor was a sort of place of magic, another world. But she was not an indulgent grandmother. It was she who discovered the boys playing cards in the basement coal room on Sunday and put a stop to it. Their parents were probably overlooking it.

It was always a treat when she came to visit us for a few days, though we lived only a block apart, and I was sad when she wanted to go back home. She used to tell stories about President McKinley, who had been in her class at school. One time when the teacher called on him to recite, she heard him say under his breath, "Damn!" That was when they were about twelve years old. When he was killed, she cried, the folks told us.

From time to time she had the local seamstress come to make her several dresses. One was always black silk; another was purple. All of them swept the floor. In a picture I have she is wearing a black hat, a towering basket.

She was hesitant to marry her husband because he had red hair, and she couldn't bear the thought of any of her children having red hair. Not one of her two sons or nine grandchildren did. She became a widow fairly young, and there were other suitors, but her sons forbade her to remarry. She must have been more indulgent to them than to my generation. At her husband's death she moved to Champaign, Illinois, bought a large house, and rented rooms to college students while her sons went to school.

There is an old decanter in the family which Grandma described as her mother-in-law's camphor bottle. Her younger sister denied this, saying "Huh! It was her whiskey bottle." Maybe it was.

When I realize how little I can tell about this marvelous person, I regret that I didn't ask her questions about her earlier life and visit her more often. When I was a school teacher I used to urge my high school students to have long interviews with their grandparents before all those precious memories were lost forever.

I REMEMBER GRANDMA

Marion Lister Zejmowicz

Grandpa was aging. His injured leg made walking difficult. So, after World War I, he and Grandma moved to a little six-acre site overlooking Plum River Valley in northern Carroll County, Illinois. There they chose to live out their lives—within ten miles of all their seven children and seven grandchildren.

It was a quaint, white frame house—1880-ish with a small front porch for afternoon and evening "sittin." The downstairs consisted of a large kitchen and parlor. We rarely sat in the parlor because the kitchen was so pleasant. It was neither fancy nor formal, but, oh, the happy times we spent in that room! It had a pine table and cupboards, bentwood hickory chairs and a big, shiny, black cook stove on which Grandma always seemed to have plump chicken and golden noodles simmering—just in case "Das Kinder" came home. And, come we did—almost every Sunday! I can remember the

almost white pine floors, scrubbed white by Grandma with her homemade lye soap. In the surrounding yard were trees to climb, flowers to enjoy, vegetables and fruits to pick, for Grandma, along with being economical, truly loved nature.

We had not been there very long before Grandma would find some pink and white peppermints tucked away in the cupboard—the kind with the three XXX's etched on top. Also, she could always find—or we did—some bittersweet chocolate chunks which disappeared in no time at all. And there were cookies—big, round, sugar cookies with a raisin in the center of each.

Grandma was really a striking woman—tall and slender, even as the years crept up on her. She was pin neat, with her gray hair pulled back severely, carefully plaited into a single braid and pinned high upon her head. We always wondered how she kept it so clean because we never saw her wash it. But every morning she took it down, brushed it thoroughly, and proceeded to braid and pin. She dressed meticulously but plainly, in somber calico prints and clean aprons, and on Sunday, for church, she was lovely in a white blouse, navy or black serge skirt and a fashionable dark straw hat—usually with gay flowers and ribbon trim. A new hat for Easter was a must!

Grandma learned English from her children. In the early years of their marriage Grandpa and Grandma spoke only German. The children never spoke English until they attended school. Grandma always loved books and had been a good student. Her father had been a loving parent, a gentle man who took time to instill the love of books and music and nature.

Since she never had formal American schooling Grandma studied right along with her children—learning to read, write and spell as they did. She did very well with the language. True, she never lost her German accent, but, that was part of her charm. Sometimes she made mistakes, and sometimes she used German when English failed her. She wrote beautifully—her penmanship, formed in her homeland—was beautiful. If she couldn't spell a word, she found a dictionary or a newspaper—or she asked.

Grandma loved to sing. Her grandfather had played the violin well, and there were always music and singing in her home and heart. I can still hear her lovely voice singing "O Tannenbaum" or "Die Lorelei" as we sat around the piano on a cold winter evening. I was reluctant to play the piano for those "German songs." Pride in heritage is a more modern feeling. I'm sure it must have hurt Grandma quite a bit the way the younger generation acted. It secretly delighted Grandma when I later signed up for a course in German.

About twice each summer Grandpa and Grandma would come for a day's visit. They would arrive in the morning, driving a buggy drawn by the chestnut-colored "Doll," stay a few hours with us, and then drive the ten miles of dirt roads back to their home. I may have been only five or six years old, but I knew that when Grandma and Grandpa came there would be candy in her purse, and a bag of cookies in the basket along with a freshly dressed chicken—drawn that very day—big brown eggs, and other farm delicacies.

When grandma didn't want us to understand, she would talk in German to Mom and our aunts. One time Grandma had to pay off brother Frank because he picked up a German word spoken to our mother that was not really fit for a dignified German-American lady to have said. It must have had a musical sound for it stuck in the brain of a seven-year-old brother; he kept repeating it for weeks. In desperation, she gave him a dime not to say it ever again! He never did—not until he became a smart alec adult!

One of Grandma's favorite descriptions for someone who exaggerated or told tales was, "Ach—he's just a Munchausen." Once she found a picture illustrating one of Baron Munchausen's stories. It showed a rider atop half a horse—the rear half being left on the other side of a wicket gate. The horse was drinking at a public trough and the water was pouring out the rear—a huge stream flooding the pavement.

Our father adored Grandmother Keller. His own mother had died before he married, and so she stepped right into his heart. Grandma felt the same way about him. He could do no wrong. Since his name was "Lister" she associated him with Joseph Lister, the discoverer of the importance of antiseptics in surgery. She was sure our dad was his relative, and so she was Listerine Antiseptics most ardent user. She used Listerine for everything—mouth wash, cuts, bruises, hair dressing—you name it!

Dad and Grandma were both kind and gentle and shared a great love of trees and flowers. Her philosophy was that a person should plant at least one tree every year. There is a Damson Plum, still bearing fruit, in the old retirement home yard—planted by Grandma.

Our mother died in 1949. Grandma, herself, was 84, but it broke her heart that the ring of children was broken by the death of her youngest. She was not strong enough to attend the services, but she went to her garden and, in the quiet of her sadness, carefully gathered all of her beautiful, blood-red carnations—a whole armful. My father placed them on the casket. No greater love had any mother. Afterwards my father and Grandma silently clasped each other, their tears streaming together.

Time never erased the difficult years spent in Germany. Grandma steadfastly refused to eat "Cream of Wheat," explaining "That was all I had in the old country." She recalled the terrible voyage on the ocean crossing. Grandma used to tell us of the storm—how the ship's captain was ready to chop the mast of the sailing vessel when suddenly the violet storm subsided. When, in the middle 1930's, she received appealing letters of propaganda from the Hitler government urging her "to visit your Vaterland" and she could have well afforded the trip, she was greatly insulted. She was an American! All the rest was behind her.

Grandma died in 1950. Slips of her carefully tended red carnations flourish in all of our gardens today and remind us of our wonderful 100% American grandmother.

IV *School Days, School Days*

SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS

In America, the one-room school has a direct association with the historical development of what is now called the Middle West. Specifically, it had its origins in law, the great Ordinance of 1785, which prescribed procedures by which the land in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan was to be surveyed and sold. An added part of that Ordinance also provided that one section in each township be set aside for a public school.

A hundred years later, the country or rural school was a flourishing aspect of American education in almost every state, though it might be added that, at the time, its zenith of influence had already been reached. As cities grew, as farming areas were denuded of people, as farms continued to grow in size, and as the population shifted from one area to another, the country school began its long and slow demise. The final coup was the commencement of the great national road building program in the 1920's and 1930's, all of which made it possible for the transportation of students from farming areas to so-called community grade and high schools.

All of the following articles touch upon the country or rural school in some way. One may quickly note that they are written with great affection for a time in American society when life could be a great deal more simple. For this reason and others, one must approach such nostalgic commentaries with some caution. The country school is a fact of history; that point is not arguable. Yet, one must remember Mark Twain's acerbic comment about the romanticized Indians in James Fenimore Cooper's novels: he claimed that such people never existed. One may apply the same yardstick to country schools as described by the following commentators.

There are reasons for this, of course. Memory is selective. The uglier tones are muted and the more attractive ones are amplified. To most of the individuals who write here about the educational experiences of their youth, the country school of ancient days is viewed through a thin patina of childhood wonder and pleasure. They describe wintry mornings when icicles hung from eaves in the stalactite clusters, and how rime-covered windows were laced with evocative but impermanent etchings.

There were little things which were part of the knowable and unknowable aspects of youth. A gentle lady writes of watching a tumble bug cross the road during a childhood walk to school. She did not know why the insect behaved that way, but in retrospect, she assumed that it had something to do with the cycle of life.

Others write of hearty breakfasts heralded by odors wafting up from the country kitchen: pancakes smothered in molasses and surrounded by home made sausage, always served sufficient dollops of mother love. In apparent bemusement, some writers touch upon social practices of the day. There were outhouses for the boys, outhouses for the girls, but nostalgic reflection describes that, in those early days, one did not make scatalogical reference to them.

Such pictures are memories of only one side of the past. Hardships then are made into object lessons today. "It was all for the best," is a common assumption. The rigors of the old days built character, it is argued. Yet, the truth is that some facets of those country school days were difficult indeed. Those rudely built structures were terribly cold in winter and insufferable in summer. Heat, which came from a hard working stove in the center of the floor, seldom found its way to the back of the room. Smells of asafetida, balm, lotions, and commercial salves emanated from socks wrapped around the necks of ill children. Buildings were never insulated, of course; few schools had anything in the way of libraries. By every material standard by which comfort and opportunity can be measured, the country school of eighty years ago was immeasurably deficient to the worst inner city school of today.

Why, then, the disparity in results? How did children, after only eight grades of instruction in country schools,

learn to read and write with a relatively high degree of proficiency?

The answers to such questions are multifaceted in nature. A great deal of the education derived by country school students of decades ago was achieved out of such simple instincts as pride and ambition. A great deal more emerged from other characteristics of the system. One of the following writers sums up her days in rural school by saying, "I never tired of books." That implies something of a different nature than one occasionally sees today. What she is saying, of course, is that she went to school to learn—not necessarily to be taught. There is a subtle shade of difference between the desire to know and the wish to be taught. One is active; the other is passive. One calls for the exercise of mind and imagination; it means bringing *Tom Sawyer* or *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* into the mind's eye by means of words. The other is best illustrated by the plaintive and almost insufferable title of a recent college editorial, a plea to college instructors to "Inspire Us."

The first approach calls for quantity of sacrifice to begin with—getting up on cold mornings, long walks through deep snow, and sack lunches containing the inevitable and sometimes odorous hard boiled egg. The other approach, more a part of our own times, calls for a short walk to a bus stop and warm meals served at a school cafeteria. In an attenuated sense, one may argue that our elders thought it a privilege to attend school, while their grandchildren assume education to be a painlessly achieved right.

What also runs through these pieces is a sense of belonging. The school was a community center. Parents participated in various social activities connected with it. There was a sense of union, of place, and of being. One woman writes of the contentment of her youthful summer nights. Each star was a "tiny hole in the heavens." "When one blinked," she continued, "I'd think that an angel just happened to stop over the hole. Sometimes I wonder if the little ones of today really enjoy any quiet moments like that, or the sights and sounds of various seasons."

Is it possible that they don't?

WARM MEMORIES OF RURAL SCHOOLS IN WESTERN ILLINOIS

Burdette Graham

Home base for me during rural school days was Wetzel School. This school was three and one half miles south of Adair. I called it home base because that is where I went to school, and many things happening at other schools became known to us through students or teachers of our home school. I attended school there from 1915 to 1922 and, to get out, spent many days with the teacher (on Saturdays and during the early part of the summer) reviewing the county test which we took in the study hall of the laboratory school at Western. I passed the test, so I could enroll at Adair Community High School in the fall of 1922, but I passed the old grade school at least two times each school day on my way to high school.

A few years after I left grade school, one of the tough boys told the rest he would show them how tough he really was so he drew back and drove his fist into the wall beside the main door. To his and everyone's surprise his fist and whole arm went through the wall and outside. Actually all he went through was paint and plaster, as this area was just below the great bell tower, and some leakage had drawn the termites who had eaten all the wood from under the plaster and paint. The next fall almost the entire east end of the school house was replaced by the summer work crew and carpenters. One of the jobs of the rural teacher was to make a list of everything needing repair and give it to the school board.

Another job of the teacher was janitor. He or she had to arrive at school at least one hour before the students and get the fire in the stove going so students could sit and study at nine o'clock. Some of the boys helped bring in coal and cobs and carry out the ashes. The coal and cob house was a favorite place to take the lunch boxes at noon, and there some unusual stories were told, mostly by the older boys, some sixteen or seventeen years of age.

Boiled eggs were a common part of the contents of dinner pails, and usually these were broken by holding in the open hand and striking the egg on the forehead. Some of the older boys wanted to give the little boys a try at egg breaking, and the little boys became quite good at it, until someone brought a rotten egg—I suppose by mistake, but I doubt this too because it was not boiled—and when the egg breaker hit his head with it, he became plastered with rotten egg. A clean up job was in order, but no one could get the smell away, so the whole school just had to grin and bear it. I think everyone after that day had to break his own eggs.

We also had another fine place out of the wind to eat lunch. A large stone was out of the foundation of the New Salem Christian Church, which was just across the road, east from the school. Only about thirty inches of headroom were there, but we could all relax as we stretched out and talked and ate.

Little kids soon learned to think and not just try everything the older one suggested. I licked the frosty pump handle and could not get loose, just because some older kid told me to. I also looked up a coat sleeve to see stars in the middle of the day, only to get a pail of water dumped in my face down the coat sleeve. This kind of experience might not have happened if I had been in a room full of kids the same age, but the applied type of democracy in the old rural school gave me the opportunity to observe, experience, and develop social attitudes and confidence.

The old outdoor toilet was not apart from our learning experiences either, as everyone took turns in being excused, one at a time. One little chap returned one very cold day, crying and cold, saying he had dropped his sweater down the hole.

I began by saying Wetzel School was home base for me. The other schools I knew well were Nevada, two miles south, where our neighbor girl, Mildred Dean, went to school; Lick Skillet, two miles north on the road to Adair, which I passed and talked about each time we rode by on the trip to Adair; Pennington Point, two miles west of Lick Skillet, where we

went to play basketball on an outdoor court; Mud Acre, because I thought the name was funny, called that because it really was built in a valley that got quite muddy from time to time; and Sixteen, because my mother taught there, when she was sixteen years old, having been at Western Normal when only part of the first floor of Sherman Hall was finished. I almost forgot to mention Frog Pond. It was farther away, being three miles northwest of Adair, but known to me because my dad had gone to school there when he first came to New Salem Township, in the eighteen-nineties when Frog Pond really was that, because of the frogs which lived under the floor. That whole area was very wet, until tile was laid to carry the water from the fields to ditches which were many miles away.

The schools did a good job of education, I believe, as I know of no student who went to any of these schools, who became a criminal, or pauper, or in any way dependent on anyone, and I feel that all the students turned out to be good leaders, sucessful farmers, or business men and community workers. It just was not the style to do anything else.

Let me describe some more of the happenings at these schools, which really makes them seem like the "Good Old Days." Nevada seemed to be the place where most of the night events took place. A stage was built at the back of this school on a raised platform, with a curtain to pull across and small dressing rooms at each side. In one play, I remember, Jay Trotter, now Dr. Trotter in Carthage, was playing the part of an old man, with cane and beard. As he was entering the stage, someone off stage tried to help him onto the stage by poking him in the ribs. He jumped to the middle of the stage and let out a war whoop that would have scared an Indian, and almost ran over other characters on the stage. Well, of course, this was the hit of the evening, with the audience about falling out of their seats.

The same night was a cold one, and all the Model T Fords had to have special help to get them running. The procedure was to jack up one rear wheel and put the thing in high gear, so the magneto gave a hot spark and the weight of the wheel helped keep things moving until a few cylinders took hold and kept the outfit going. This night for some reason, Clinton Dean's car would not start and the water in the radiator froze. The radiator was taken off and into the school stove several times to thaw out before both car and radiator were working at the same time and the trip home accomplished. When home was reached, the radiator and engine had to be drained of water, because anti-freeze such as we now have was not available.

Another night event at Nevada turned out lucky for me. Some of the neighbor boys went to prove that spooks did things on Halloween night. They took the pump out of the well and bent it around the flag pole. The school directors found out who was playing spook and rounded up the bunch, but left me out because I was at home with an infected knee burn from the basketball court. This was one time an injury paid off as the rest had to buy a new pump and admit that they did the dirty work.

The biggest event at Nevada was the debate put on by the Debate Society. I remember some of the debaters, such as Martin McFadden, Clinton Dean, George Dean, and Henry Beckwith. A subject was picked for debate several months ahead so all would have time to gather information. One which was needed to argue various sides of the question. Teams were picked and being for the pro-position, called the affirmative, and the other opposed, called the negative.

The debate night at Nevada, usually after harvest and Christmas, was their first meeting in combat and always brought out a good crowd. The affirmative team would have the first speaker state the question and present arguments for, after which the first speaker for the negative would present all the arguments against, and then, and I never knew why, the other negative speaker would appear and argue some more. Then the other affirmative speaker would present all the closing arguments. I do not remember anything about who judged the debate, but I do remember

that the arguments continued in the community for a long time after this night.

Getting to school was quite a problem, as we lived one and one-half miles from school. Most of the time we walked, but sometimes in extreme weather we were taken by horse and buggy, or if the snow was deep our hired man would take us in his sleigh. One morning when the snow was quite deep and a thick crust covered it, he was taking us to school when one runner of the sleigh broke through the crust and over we went into the snow drift, and we did break the crust and got very wet and cold. A few minutes around the big stove at school and we dried out.

I think the most interesting times in the country were along the road to school, as there were several big hedges grown full of all kinds of bushes, such as gooseberry and plum, and every spring these had many kinds of birds, such as brown thrashers, blackbirds, mourning doves, woodpeckers, and many others, and all seemed to be singing at the same time, to establish their territory, I guess.

Sometimes to save time and footwear we would cut across the fields for home and save about one-half mile. This is where we located all the skunk dens, and learned to know the meadow birds, such as meadowlark, killdeer, and many others.

Last days of school were always great for several reasons. First, we found out whether we passed or not. Secondly, we liked the idea of freedom from tests and studies, but mostly we loved the picnic and ball game that was the main event, when the parents came and tried to show us who could play ball the best. The parents usually won, but the big picnic feed which was brought in by the parents made everything else seem fine. We all wished the teacher a nice summer, and she took all our pictures up in front of the school house, and we all said goodbye until next September. Really, school was a lot of fun and, though we didn't know it, very valuable also.

THE GOLDEN RULE DAYS: A GIRL'S VIEW

Esther Sypherd

The air was clear and cold and our feet made crisp crunching sounds on the snow as we trudged along on our way to school. We had to walk one and one-half miles to the little red-brick school-house on the hill. This winter there was so much snow that the roads were drifted shut in many places. Farmers had opened their fences to allow the horse-drawn sleds to travel across the fields where the snow was not so deep. We walked across the fields too, following the sled tracks, making our walk somewhat longer.

We were well-insulated against the cold, starting with a suit of long underwear. Then came the long woolen stockings our mother had knit. These had to be pulled carefully over the underwear so as not to leave unsightly bulges. On top of this went warm petticoats, a dress, a sweater, and high-top button shoes. Then the outer layer was applied—boots, a coat, and hand-knit mittens and cap. I can still remember the glorious sense of freedom when we could shed some of these garments when the weather warmed up in the spring.

We were fortified from within by a substantial breakfast. Oranges were a special treat reserved for Christmas or when we were ill. Our fruit was home-canned berries grown on our farm, or dried apples cooked with prunes. There was plenty of milk from our own cows and eggs from our flock of hens. Then, there would be pancakes or fried mush topped with molasses made from the cane grown on our farm, and sausage made from our own hogs and smoked in the smokehouse there.

Our lunch pail was packed with sandwiches for the noon lunch. Our mother had baked the bread and churned the butter that the sandwiches were made from. The filling was dried beef cured and and smoked on our farm. Home-baked cookies and an apple from the basement completed the menu. Also in the pail was a small folding drinking cup that would

be filled with water from the bucket of water the teacher had filled that morning at the pump outside the door.

As we walked along, neighbor children would join us, and when we reached the top of the last hill we could see the school with smoke curling from the chimney. Then we knew that the teacher, who was also the janitor, had a good fire going in the big heating stove, and we walked a little faster toward the welcome warmth.

As we trooped noisily into the room, stamping the snow from our boots, we were greeted by friends who had arrived earlier and were huddled around the stove trying to get some feeling back into icy fingers and toes. We put our lunch pails on a shelf behind the door and hung our coats and caps on hooks along the wall. Then, with much tugging and grunting, the boots came off and were placed near the stove to warm up before we had to venture out into the cold again. Our bookbags were emptied, and the contents stowed in our desks that stood in prim rows fastened securely to the floor. The small desks for beginners were on a raised platform. The "big kids" occupied the seats at the back of the room, and the middle-sized seats in the center were the domain of the middle grades. Each desk had an open shelf under the desk top where books and writing materials had to be arranged carefully so that nothing would fall out. The large geography book was the hardest to fit in, but a very useful book to use as a screen when we did something we wanted to hide from the teacher's sharp eyes. There was a groove to hold pencils across the front of the desk, and at one corner an ink well. During a cold week-end with no heat in the building the ink would freeze and bulge up out of the well.

By the time nine o'clock came, the poor teacher felt as if she had already done a day's work. She had come early to get the room warm; she had brought a pail of water in from the pump outside to quench our thirst throughout the day; she had seen that the aisles were swept clean and that the snow was cleared from the platform outside the door. As her pupils arrived, she helped the smaller ones struggle out of their heavy coats and boots. She would have little chance to relax during the day, as she taught all the subject for each grade from one through eight. All this for seventy dollars a month for eight months from September to May! Usually the teacher was someone who lived in the area so she could avoid having to pay room and board.

When the teacher rang the small hand bell on her desk, everything became reasonably quiet as we took our assigned seats. If we had something to say we raised our hand and waited for the teacher's permission. Whispering was against the rules, punishable by having to stay in our seat fifteen minutes during recess. We communicated with written notes slyly passed back and forth when the teacher's back was turned.

The program for the day usually started with a fifteen minute period called "Opening Exercises." During this time we might recite poems we had memorized or the teacher might read from some good book. Depending on the teacher, we might have Bible reading and the Lord's Prayer, although there was no ruling against it. If we were lucky enough to have a teacher who could play the squeaky, old reed organ we would sing old favorites such as "Old Black Joe," "Juanita," "Sweet and Low," "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," and, of course, "America."

When classes started, the first graders were called to the front of the room first to continue the laborious task of learning their numbers and letters. As the day progressed, each grade had its turn to go to the front of the room to divulge what they had learned about the subject being studied that period. Besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, we were taught language, physiology, geography, history, spelling and penmanship. There was little chance of having individual help with lessons, so we got what we could on our own and from listening as older children recited their lessons.

The recess periods of fifteen minutes in mid-morning and mid-afternoon passed very quickly. After the necessary visits to the small houses at the end of two paths, one for girls

and one for boys, there was barely time to get a game started before the bell rang. At noon we ate our lunches at our desks, then hurried out to the playground. In winter we built snow forts and had the most glorious snow-ball fights. Or, after a new-fallen snow we would make a large circle in the snow to play Fox and Geese. Sometimes the children would bring their sleds and go sliding down a hill next to the playground. The noon hour passed very quickly. Even when the weather was too bad for us to play out of doors, we enjoyed indoor games such as Fruit Basket Upset and Hide the Thimble, or blackboard games like Tic-Tac-Toe. When the weather got warm in the spring, we looked forward to playing baseball and strenuous running games. Our favorites were Prisoner's Goal, Pom-Pom-Pullaway, Hide and Seek, and Handy-over. When the inevitable bell called us back to the tedious task of becoming educated, we were breathless and rosy-cheeked. With very little playground supervision, surprisingly few fights erupted. Those that did were settled quickly among ourselves.

A knock at the school-room door was always a welcome interruption in the daily routine. It might be one of our parents with a message for us, or it might the county superintendent of schools on his annual visit. He would ask the teacher a few questions to find out if she was following his prescribed curriculum, tell us a few stories, and be on his way to the next school.

The whole experience of going to a one-room country school taught me much more than the Three R's. It taught me respect for the rights of others, self-reliance, and the value of cooperation. There were fringe benefits too—many happy memories.

The OAK DALE SCHOOL IN GREENE COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Neita Schutz

The Oak Dale one-room country school was built on my father's farm in Walkerville Township, Greene County, Illinois. Children attended from six years of age all through the eight grades. All were farm people, and the boys often stayed at home to work with the harvest in the fall and with the planting in the spring. Some lived three miles or more away, close to the Illinois River, and since walking was the only transportation, they could attend only in good weather in the fall and spring. Therefore, it was not unusual to have fifteen or sixteen-year-olds doing second grade work since they attended school only a few weeks during the year. There was only one teacher and sometimes forty or more pupils.

After passing the eighth grade examination, very few went on to high school as this involved a ten-mile drive by buggy or horseback. Occasionally, a well-to-do family would pay room and board in town for their child to attend high school. I was one of those who did not get to continue my education beyond the eighth grade. I merely stayed at home, helping my mother with the canning, sewing, etc.

Often the teacher of the nearby one-room school lived miles away but boarded during the week with some of the families in the community. In bad weather, especially after a big rain and the creeks were "up," the teacher might not arrive by starting time (9 a.m.) on Monday morning. I remember one teacher called me early one Monday morning asking if I would go down and teach until he could get there. I had just finished the eighth grade the year before, and all the pupils knew me, but I decided to try it anyway. After our opening song, the classes began. As I was walking up an aisle, something hit my back. It was a bunch of dried cockleburrs and they stuck to my clothing. I asked the pupils: "Who threw this?" Of course, no one knew and the room became deadly quiet. One boy especially, who was

usually "Peck's Bad Boy," was very busy with his book and had an innocent look on his face. I merely laughed the matter off and went on with the classes until the teacher arrived at about 11 a.m. He paid me 50¢ for substituting for him, and took his place at the desk. Years later the "Peck's Bad Boy" admitted to me that he was the one who threw the burrs.

The old Oak Dale School was closed years ago when consolidation of districts went into effect. It has now been torn down, and the land has returned to the farm that was my father's, but it now belongs to my nephew.

COUNTRY SCHOOL DAYS

Pierre Marshall

When I went to the country school, 1910-1918, our enrollment was small—from four to about ten. The year there were four, one boy was out a long time with a serious illness, or there would have been five. We played simple games because there were not enough for the opposing teams that many games required. We played ball a lot, but of the "move-up" kind, with players moving up, as we played, from fielder to pitcher, to catcher, to batter, and back to the field when "out."

There weren't usually basemen, but if the ball was thrown between the runner and the base he was running to, he was "out." "Women's Lib" was practiced, as girls and boys both played in order to have enough. The bat was homemade from a straight stick, and the ball was twine string wound to proper size, then sewed through and through so it wouldn't ravel and unwind.

"Last One on the Cinderpile" was just as it sounds. There was a flattened mound of cinders in the schoolyard, and when we dashed for it the last one there was "it," until he "tagged" one of the daring souls who were running around the yard trying to evade being tagged. Very active, but it required no brains or skill.

"Andy Over" was on a similar level, but with more chance of exercising a bit of strategy. We divided into two groups, one on each side of the schoolhouse. A ball was thrown over the comb of the roof. If it was not caught on the other side, it was thrown back over. When it was caught the whole group ran around the ends of the building to the other side, with the group on the other side doing the same, meeting each other as they changed sides. Whoever had the ball "tagged" one or more of the other group as they met, if he could, and the tagged one then had to go with the side that tagged him, and so on, until all were on one side, or the school bell rang us inside.

There was a hill on the road past the school. It was close by, so it was real handy for sliding down when there was snow, which made the hill so slick the farmers' teams could hardly get up it. There was also a grass pasture with a pond in it next to the schoolyard, and there were gopher dens in the hill by the pond. We sometimes had a great time carrying water from the pond and pouring it in their holes. It brought them out all right.

There wasn't a well on the school ground, so we carried a three-gallon bucket of water from our house or the neighbors, each about an eighth of a mile from the school. The bucket sat on a bench at the back of the room, with a washpan and soap, and one towel on a hook. There was a drinking cup, but some of us had our own little metal telescoping cups. Needless to say, there wasn't too much washing done. We washed our hands, but probably not our faces very often. Before school started in the fall the yard was mowed and the schoolhouse cleaned, by the neighbors. The teacher was the janitor, but we boys did carry in coal from the nearby coalhouse—part of the time, anyway. There were two other small buildings at far corners of the yard, with a path to each. One, especially, seemed to have a number of initials and other carvings on and in it.

The heating plant was a good-sized, tall round stove in the middle of the room. There was no jacket around it, so it

was direct heat. On real cold mornings we had to hover near it in some unused seats, but after the room once got warm it did pretty well. The ceiling was high, of course, about twelve feet. All of our shirts and the girls' dresses were made at home. We wore black, ribbed, cotton stockings. There was a place in Racine, Wisconsin that sold replacement feet for such stockings, and Mother sometimes sent for them. The worn out stocking feet were cut off and the "Racine Feet" sewed on. We wore high schoes, not low ones, and I suppose the seam was out of sight below the shoe tops.

There was a pedal pump organ, bought some years before by having programs and box suppers. The girls weren't always happy about some fellows who bought their boxes either. If the teacher lived in Vermont, she walked the mile and a quarter to and from school each day. If they were from other areas, they boarded and roomed with one or another of the neighbors. One teacher lived with her parents on a farm two or three miles away. She drove a horse and buggy to school when it was muddy. She was a good teacher, but was not always prompt. One rather cold morning we kids were all there and waiting to get in the house, but no teacher came to unlock. At nine o'clock my older brother, an eighth grader and the biggest boy there, found a screen he could open and a window sash he could raise, and we all got inside that way. The teacher came after a few minutes and sternly demanded to know: "Who did this?" My brother rather calmy said, "I did." I don't remember that any more came of it, and I don't really see how it could have.

Nearly everyone took their dinners, in a tin bucket or a cardboard box with a wire bail. There were no thermos bottles then, so it was all cold or, at least, not hot. We often spoke in later years of how much variety our mother managed to get into those dinner buckets, day after day, and all prepared "from scratch." There weren't ready-prepared foods then, or we in the country didn't have them if there were. We didn't always have ice at home either. Why we didn't all die of food poisioning with no government regulations to guard us is a mystery to me.

There was usually a picnic on the last day of school. Incidentally, our school year was only seven months long. We were always out in early or mid-April, and had usually covered the work required for the year. Most of the other country schools did have eight months. Sometimes the picnic was at school, but on at least three occasions I was asked to find a place for it, I always went to the woods, where I'd find a shady, level spot beside the crick. Once it must have been nearly a mile from school, and we had to walk, as it wasn't near a road. Most of the mothers usually went, and they must have been truly dedicated to walk to the place I picked. Of course, there were baskets and all other picnic assessories to carry, to.

REMINISCENCES OF YOUTH AND SCHOOL

Ruth Johnson

School got more interesting as I grew older. When school began in the fall, it was nice to get a new pencil box, color crayons, and a tablet. Slates were used for much of the working out of arithmetic problems and for spelling practice. The usual recitation bench stood across the front of the room, facing the black-board. The coal burner stove stood in the center, and the older wooden desks were well initialed. This shelf also held our dinner pails. We had a fair amount of library books, and I think I read them all. During recess we played baseball, anteover, run sheep run, and statue.

Our teachers on the whole were dedicated and good. Always there would be Bible reading and prayer to begin the day. Some teachers would read a part of a book each day. I felt I lived in the pages of *Little Women* and *Little Men* by Louisa Alcott. Group singing was a big part of school for me. I remember such songs as "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Old Black Joe," and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

Those old cold and cough remedies were really something! Denver Mud(ugh) was white and gooey. It was smeared on our chests, then covered with a layer of cotton, and then a woolen cloth. After a few days it was loose enough to come off. There was also Musterole for our chests or throats. Before going to bed we drank hot lemonade, or hot toddy. Papa used to apply turpentine to sores and cuts. In those days doctors were good about house calls.

Long-johns were a part of winter. These would stretch out of shape, so we would make a fold in the ankle part, then slide our long black stockings over that. Everyone wore black laced shoes. Children wore leggings, which are now called snow-suits.

In the summer evenings I'd love to watch the stars. I thought that each star was a tiny hole in the heavens. When one blinked, I'd think that an angel just happened to step over the hole. Sometimes I wonder if the little ones of today really enjoy any quiet moments like that, or the sights and sounds of the various seasons.

WE ALL REMEMBER

Nina Senders
Bertha Ensworth
Edna Codling
Zalea Elliott
Osee Anderson
Faye Douglas

The old, one-room country school has vanished, but the memories of our school days remain. All eight grades were in the same white, one-room building. The school was situated on a two-acre lot with a flagpole in the front.

Beyond a small entry was the one large room. This was our classroom, lunchroom, library, coatroom and playroom. There were several rows of desks, ranging from small one for first-graders to the big double desks for the eighth grade. These were the status symbols! The desks were scarred with initials and scratches, which made it difficult to write without punching holes in the paper. The Yucatan gum and parafin under the desks resembled mud daubers nests. The blackboard ran the full length of the front wall. The alphabet letters were tacked above it. There were several world maps which were on roller shades and a big thick dictionary which was on the table in the corner.

A large, old, oak teachers' desk was in the front of the room. Along one side of the wall was a big bookcase with books and encyclopedias, and above them were the classic portraits of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln staring sternly at us.

There were two long recitation benches at the front of the schoolroom, almost reaching across the room. Each class took its turn going to the recitation seats when the teacher called.

Reading classes were first in the morning, followed by arithmetic, history, grammar, geography, spelling and writing. Spelling and writing were the last subjects of the day. The hours of the school were from nine a.m. to four p.m., because when it got dark and gloomy we had no lights. For socials the families brought lamps from home to light the room.

A big cast iron stove was in the middle of the room. A coal bucket sat in front of the stove. The teacher arrived early and started the fire. On cold mornings the room might be slightly warm, but after walking two or three miles to school you were cold! When you got there you stood near the stove for a while to get warm. You stood facing the stove for a short time then turned your back and held your hands behind you. After you began to get warm you took off your coat. You wiggled, squirmed, and pulled at your overshoes until you got them off. You tried to find a place to put them under the stove. Then you looked for a nail to hang your wet coat. When the coal bucket was empty, the older boys took it to the coal

shed to fill it. Sometimes it was a struggle for two boys to carry the bucket of coal. Another job for the boys was to pump a bucket of water to drink, and of course, all of us drank from the same dipper.

Remembering those country school days, we now realize that the strongest feature were the socials and annual programs held at the school. The fact that our school was a community center became evident when we put on our annual program. The teacher assigned parts to everyone. As the program date drew nearer, we spent lots of time practicing.

A few days before the program we would hang curtains, which separated the audience from the stage and dressing room. Then the teacher would announce which one of the older kids had been chosen to pull the curtains. The curtain-pulling job had to be done by a very conscientious person because of the different problems that arose. Curtain pulling was sometimes the only way to get some of the smaller kids off the stage.

After the program, the mothers put out sandwiches, pie, and coffee. Then everyone went home, sad that the program was over for another year.

GRADUATION DAY IN 1918: THE RAG IN THE CORNER

Erma Elliott Swearingen

The special event that I remember in connection with the Mt. Sterling Opera House was graduation time, 1918. The old high school had no auditorium to accommodate large groups. Therefore, the opera house was used. As a member of the class of 1918, I was privileged or commissioned to present the class gift to the school. We were in the midst of World War I. The gift was a service flag made by a women's organization. A star was placed on it for every man and the one woman in the service who had attended Mt. Sterling High School. As I said in my presentation speech, "The name of each one in the service is attached to a star in the flag, so that, not only at the present time but in the years to come, the students of Mt. Sterling High School may never forget the part that the students from Mt. Sterling High had in this war." Still quoting: "These young people have given up, for the present at least, their educations, their ambitions, their homes, and we do not know how soon some of them will give up their lives for their country." Patriotism was high. We hadn't been involved in a war for almost twenty years—since the Spanish-American War.

The service flag that was presented in good faith, and which was accepted by a member of the junior class in the same spirit of patriotism, was not kept nor respected. A few years ago, a local student said, upon my inquiry about the service flag, "Is that what it is? I had wondered what that old rag in the corner of the gym meant." That is what the *American* flag has become in some instances—an old rag. What has become of our patriotism?

MY TEACHER TRAINING AT WESTERN ILLINOIS NORMAL SCHOOL

Beula Selters

Cora Hamilton, the principal, said, "The Training School was organized for the practical application of principles of pedagogy and psychology studied in the classroom." Miss Hamilton wanted the subject matter to be taught in a given amount of time, with lesson plans handed in two weeks ahead of time. They showed objectives, materials used, procedure, and evaluation. Every Monday evening was critics' night, when critics and practice teachers met for suggestions and criticism. Here trials and tribulations, joys, sorrows, and funny incidents were discussed.

Considerable emphasis was placed upon practical living

experiences. Children were encouraged to learn by doing. A part of Nature Study was making of gardens. Children could be seen going over the hill with rakes and hoes to a garden near Murray Street. A great variety of vegetables were raised and sold to townspeople. Then, at Christmas time, cooperation and friendship between the grades was stressed. The third and fourth grades made boxes of candy for the first and second grades. The fifth and sixth grades made dolls for the third and fourth grade girls, and animals for the boys. Upper grades made various types of presents for each other, such as book ends, waste baskets, candlesticks, and fancy work. The last afternoon before Christmas vacation was a gala affair, where all presents were exchanged in the gym.

In 1921, there were eight grades on the first floor of Sherman Hall. The principal's office was west of the front entrance, and the gym was north and down several steps. Each critic teacher had charge of her own room.

My first experience in teaching was in the spring of 1922, with Miss Mary Bennett as my critic. I was assigned to teach fourth grade history. What did I know about history? There were so many professors' bright children in that grade: Dorothy Waggoner, James Currens, and John Thompson. "Perhaps they knew more than I do," I agonized.

And the discipline! There was George, who talked all the time and whom the children called "Quackey." Miss Bennett advised me to be firm and perhaps surprise him sometimes. One day when we were studying, George spoke up, "Its so quiet in here, I can't think!" Then another time, I was writing on the blackboard and heard him talking. I thought "Now I'll scare that boy." So, I whirled around and shouted, "George, I want that stopping talked!" Of course, everyone laughed and so did I. But at last I got off on the right foot.

A LETTER TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

Elizabeth Kiddoo

Dear Karen, Chris, Doug and Angela:

I want to share some memories with you. The past comes crowding in around me with demands for equal time, but this letter can only give you a brief glimpse of my childhood.

You will probably never have the privilege of going to a country school. I say privilege because I learned many more things than our textbooks taught in the eight years that I attended.

We always walked the mile each way. (What other way was there?) That included hot fall days on dusty roads and bitter cold ones when the wind left my legs stinging. No slacks for Grandma. Girls wore dresses. Then there were days that were heavenly, days when we dallied looking for the first spring flower, or stopped to watch tumble-bugs crossing the road.

Do you know what a tumble bug is? I haven't seen one in years, but when we farmed with horses, they were plentiful. These bugs laid their eggs in small balls of horse manure. (The balls were about the size of a large marble.) Then, two of them, a papa and a mama, I suppose, would roll it with them. They took it along at a good clip, and it was great sport to bar their way with our foot.

School included the magic times of recess and lunch hour, and we managed to make our leisure time a whopping success. The girls loved to play house. After we'd done our stint of Red Rover, Handy Andy, and baseball, we could usually persuade the boys to join us. But, after standing around looking foolish, they would wander off to play mumblety-peg. We'd won our point so we would let them go.

Our "house" was a corner of the playground. In these days of toy stoves, furniture and utensils, you would think our play things very primitive. We imagined a lot and made do with strange things. Once, we got into trouble doing that.

Do you know what burdock looks like? How the burrs stick and cling as you walk by them in the fall? Well, we discovered these burrs could be matted together into marvelous pans and cups. We spent one whole noon hour on a warm September day creating our masterpieces. The trouble began when the bell called us in—all sticky and perspiring. It seems these sneaky burrs shed their spines at the slighest provocation. And we had provoked them. They paid us back by giving us a classic case of itch. Our kindly teacher rubbed our skin with cold cream. But she probably had the *squirmiest* bunch of kids in history that afternoon.

Miss Miller had never heard of correlating studies to make them more interesting. She just taught us the things she knew and loved. She not only gave us book learning, but also taught us to appreciate what we took for granted.

She brought in the lovely mildweed worm. We watched it slowly encase itself in an iridescent chrysalis—only to emerge days later as a Monarch butterfly. Our teacher had magic!

She also taught us to love poetry. The first goldenrod in the fall always reminds me of her and the poem we recited, "To a Goldenrod."

Lovingly,

Grandma

LEARNING RIGHT FROM WRONG

Viola A. Stout

Country school was like a family affair. The older ones helped the little ones. All eight grades were taught; sometimes the fifth and sixth grades, and the seventh and eighth grades, were alternated, the fifth and seventh taught on year, and the sixth and eighth the next. Younger ones learned some from hearing the older ones recite. Strange to say, we learned to spell, read, and write. We learned the discipline of taking time to do things well. Perhaps this is because the teacher was always saying, "Spell correctly, read correctly, write correctly."

What winter fun we had! Instead of morning and afternoon recess, we used barely five minutes each for going to the little house out back, giving us 20 extra minutes at noon. We all, big and little, went to the hill nearby for coasting, for some of the boys brought sleds. The teacher rang two bells. At the warning bell we were expected to start back, but sometimes we were not quite there when the last bell rang. Then the clothes were spread to dry before time to go home.

Physical education was not a compulsory subject; hence, it was not avoided by anyone. Most of the teachers played the piano, and children sang every day, just for pleasure.

I especially remember an apple tree near a fence on the way to school. Such delicious fruit! Somehow we knew that the farmer did not object to our taking some, as long as the apples were not wasted and the fence not broken.

This is not to imply that we always got along together. There were many quarrels and some fist fights on the way home. But we just about had to work together, with few prejudices. Perhaps this was partially because, although our parents were not all church goers, practically all of them believed in the Ten Commandments. Actions were either right or they were wrong. When a child was punished by the teacher for wrongdoing, parents did not rush to school to blame the teacher. In fact, they were sometimes doubly punished. If a child in a fit of anger took and damaged a book belonging to another child, the teacher took him to apologize, and father had him work for the money for another book. This was not considered unfair by the other students.

REMINISCENCES FRANKLY GIVEN

Nell Dace Turner

To all women who think the old days were better I dedicate this script, with the reminder that way back then, a man who was without pride, fear, or conscience could leave his wife if he had the means to escape into the wild west or get aboard a tramp steamer. But a woman that married and lived to rue it, endured it if it killed her, and it frequently did. Among the many pearls of wisdom I have heard from men, the one that made a renegade of me was that "a woman didn't need an education to suckle a baby."

We had a landlord who looked more like Santa Claus than any man I have seen since, and I still think he was the biggest cheat between these two rivers. They say this world has been hanging in space for a mind boggling length of time. In such a stretch of time there must have been human blood spilled on most of it because humans wanted to control a piece of the earth enough to risk death for it. He did.

But there were other people. One Mabel Croxton, now Mabel Crandall, cut up an old dress and made one for me so I could go to Sunday School. Then there was my grandfather, whose farm looked like a garden of Gods because he loved it so. Naked trees grew misty with the new born buds in spring. Orchards followed with an extravaganza of bloom. Strawberry rows, nurse cropped with Ladino clover with its delicate pink bloom, a riot of color and breath taking fragrance growing out of black soil and mold and decay. Raspberry rows in bloom looked like a church aisle decorated for a wedding. Fruit and nuts in the fall because he'd no more allow a nut tree to be cut than he would a fruit tree. Good people.

There was asparagus, one cutting of which would buy a week's supply of groceries. We still see some of it along road fences but nothing like the old days because we fertilized it with chicken manure, and the chickens are gone, too. I don't believe chemical fertilizers are anything more than stimulants, which along with herbicides will lay our land waste long before nuclear weapons will.

This old fashioned farm was my Bible and compass thru a distraught childhood and the money panic of 1907, when Chicago packers were sending spoiled meat to the soldiers of the Spanish-American War. Teddy Roosevelt was telling them that he'd slap them in jail if he ever got the power. They told him they'd worry about that when he got the power. You know what happened in 1907 when Teddy pulled the trigger that got us pure food laws. My Grandmother assured me that I could have everything from lots of apples to a parlor organ if I'd go to school and study hard. So go to school I did, thru storms that can now stall the school busses, and I have a parlor organ with twenty-two speakers.

At the end of grade school I went to the courthouse in Rushville to write my final examination, and there in the judge's seat was our county superintendent. He fulfilled his official duty by riding from school to school with a shotgun under his buggy seat, stopping at most of the barns to shoot pigeons. That was when I learned to love pigeons and learned of the noble sacrifices they can make to protect their young, but the ultra dignified superintendent threw me so that day, that when I picked up the questions, I was in such a panic I couldn't have answered a single one of them. I even lost the quarter Mother had given me to buy a hot meal in a restaurant. She said it would help me to think better. This was the last straw, and I fell to sobbing so that other writers gathered round to comfort me. I soon found that they didn't like the superintendent any better than I did, and they guessed that it was he that threw me. That made me feel less alone, and when they told me the papers would be graded in Springfield, that helped too. One of them found my quarter on the floor, and by then I had the wit to look and see how the superintendent had taken this. He had fallen asleep, his mouth was hanging open, and from that day to this I've been pretty careful about going to sleep in public for fear of looking as silly as he did then.

I picked up the questions and found there were ten of them, and it said to answer any eight. Still shaky, I answered all of them.

The superintendent left at noon, which improved the air, so I stayed and wrote straight thru, not a bit hungry or tired, and was able to buy enough beefsteak with my quarter for the whole family.

I waited three agonizing weeks for the return of the papers. I was cleaning out the cistern when Dad called me to come up. He and mother were all smiles. I had won a Lindley Scholarship, and that was how I landed at Western. There I bathed a billion dishes at Grote Hall, then called Monroe Hall, to pay my board.

I suppose all State Universities are wonderful, but if I were totally unbiased, I still think I'd love Western the most. While other colleges were making punk preachers out of crackerjack mechanics, Western was ferreting out natural talents and giving elective courses.

I still wonder who or by what process they pick their teachers, for it is certainly uncanny how they never miss.

Oscar Champion made bookkeeping like an absorbing game. His course alone would have enabled anyone who undertook it to make a living.

Caroline Grote lectured us about losing our minds over a boy for no better reason than that he had curly hair, but she didn't make us feel like simpletons when we did. She thought we'd get over it, but unfortunately some of us never did.

Martha Hinkle was one we all wanted to be like. She made the poor students working their way through feel that they had something the wealthy ones hadn't, we really did, but how were we to know that then?

From those days to these when I pass a Red Cross sign with the words "The Greatest Mother on Earth, " I think of Cora Hamilton. It was like she taught students to swim when she knew they had a deep dark river to cross. According to her theory, it was a rare child that hadn't a talent of some kind, and if it could be found, that child would exceed a normal one in that particular thing. I have heard that one of her pupils invented a plough part while working in a Canton factory.

I can't remember the name of my history teacher, but she made history seem as thrilling as a "Who-done-it" and as unforgetable as a first love.

A fat jolly geography teacher, whose name also escapes me, made geography class seem like a world tour. I still think most people could take such a tour without seeing and hearing the things he talked about. If he caught us dozing or not paying attention, he'd say: "Now there goes all my sweetness wasted on the desert air."

Apropos of Miss Hamilton's theory that there are few without talent, a thoroughly disoriented old lady taught me how to unravel yarn and I made a little extra money there mending faculty pants, which points up to the fact that the profession that tops the list in molding our future is among the poorest paid, for here were landmark teachers still having to wear patched pants.

DEJA VU

Marion Y. Baker

Not too many years after I left, all the little country schools were ruthlessly converted to grain storage, homes for the imaginative or the improvident, or were allowed to sadly rot away. The lucky ones were bulldozed or moved, and their little plots of ground were absorbed by the surrounding fields. Their contribution to education had come to an end; they and their outbuildings had disappeared. I wonder what ever happened to our well? Soon all that was left were the frail memories of those of us who had spent important hours within their walls. Even those memories faded unless jogged by circumstance.

Some years ago my memory received a jog. With my

family well grown, I returned to the class room, this time in a city university. Heady "new" ideas were daily fare within our graduate classes. Challenging assignments included consideration of these new ideas. Suddenly multi-level class rooms, individualized progress, and independent study gained new meaning. Somewhere there was a feeling, "I've been here before." Some way I knew many of the strengths and weaknesses of these new ideas. Sometime back in my childhood, I had experienced the prototype of the most recent educational cure-all: the open classroom. With a rush, the picture emerged—clear and unadorned. There was the child who was allowed to keep all her text books in the neat piles on top of her desk, not in it. Only her most important papers were housed inside the desk. At her own pace, she adjusted to the normal use of a school desk, and no trauma marred the cheerful turning of the days.

Most of the time during those years I was the only member of my grade, and so I could advance as rapidly as my ability and the teacher's time would permit. When not busy with required assignments, I was free to indulge in a wide spectrum of mind-stretching activities. There was the terrific experience of listening to the older students' lessons. There was the exploration of the non-educational contents of "the bookcase." There was almost unlimited time to draw, to cut, to paste, and to dream. The only limitations were "no noise" and "regular work done."

Mother fretted the year one fairly inexperienced teacher had me go through the same reader three times, while one of my class-mates was stumbling through it once. What my mother didn't realize was that, with my required fifteen minutes of oral reading out of the way, I had free reign to shudder, first at the pictures and later at the text of a ferocious tome on Africa. There were also two or three volumes of the "Boy Allies" series, a sort of Horatio Alger treatment of World War I. These and a wide variety of other books marked my early "independent studies" program.

I would be most remiss if I failed to salute the "enrichment program" which our dedicated teachers provided. Extra hours and energy were spent teaching us "the Charleston," organizing field days with other country schools, and encouraging us to reach out to the world beyond. I am sure the actual amount of knowledge we accumulated was limited, but we were respected, encouraged, and rewarded at a time when each of these was supremely important. So it was that I never found my one room school experience a hindrance. In fact, as I stand and listen to the wind in the dry cornfield of September, I deeply wish all children could have such a liberating experience. There is no doubt I came from a family where education was prized beyond most things. But my one room school took the healthy curiosity nurtured by my family and encouraged it sturdy growth.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Burton O. Goodwin

As time went on, we grew up and wore long pants, sharpened our pocket knives to the point where we could get the "fuzz" off that was beginning to appear on our faces, and we were ready to step out and like the girls. In school the notes would be written and passed down the aisles, and the whispering and giggling started until our teacher, Mabel Persinger, who was probably eighteen or nineteen years old, would punish those caught whispering by making them write the word "whisper," or some other word, 100 times on the blackboard. That way we learned how to spell as the rest of the school laughed. The worst punishment she gave was to draw a ring on the blackboard about 3 inches above our nose, and she would make us hold our noses in this ring for 10 minutes. To do this we had to stand on our tiptoes to reach the ring, and our legs would hurt and it was very tiresome, so

we would drop our heels to the floor. Immediately she gave us a "whack" with her little whip, and we returned to the "tiptoe" position again.

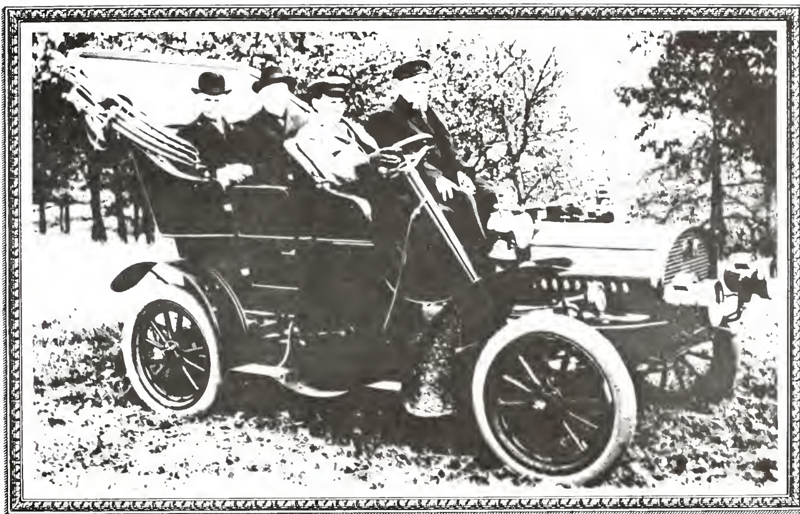
LONG TOWN

Nelda B. Cain

When I taught school I always enjoyed playing Long Town at recess time with my pupils. Everyone enjoyed this game. I've wondered how it got its name. We began by having two players choose up sides. One of these would toss the bat to the other, who'd catch it by the handle with one hand. Then each of these two in his turn would place his hand above the other's hand proceeding toward the top. Whoever reached the top first with enough grasp that he was able to toss the bat ten feet behind him, had first choice of the players, and they took turns choosing till all players were chosen. First graders were the last to be chosen, but all were allowed to play. This game has two bases. The first one was near the batter's box, and the second was about fifty yards away. This last distance depended on the space available. The bat was a home-made one of a heavy board three or four inches wide, whittled smooth especially at the handle. The ball was also home-made of an old sock, which was unravelled and wound into a ball. This was stitched over and over to hold the yarn in place. The children made these balls at home and were very proud to make a new one when the old one became worn and frazzled. This happened quite frequently, no matter how well it was made.

Since Team A got first choice of players, it was the rule that Team B was to get the bats first and Team A was to take the field. Now there are three ways the fielding team can get the bats. First, it can catch a base runner off the base and hit him with the ball. (You can see how it was necessary to have a soft ball.) Secondly, you can catch a fly (a batted ball). Thirdly, if the last batter on the side that is batting strikes but misses and the catcher catches it, he is out and there are no more batters. In all three of these cases, the fielding team must scramble onto a base without getting hit and if they accomplished this, they have the bats. (I should mention that a fly can be called caught if it's caught in the air or on its first bounce.)

Now it's time for the first batter to be up, usually it's a first grader. The best batters are saved for the last. He strikes and misses. The catcher catches it so the first grader must get on first base. He's allowed to walk to first base in this case. The next batter hits a fly which enables both the batter and the first grader, both, to get to second base safely. Now they are hoping that the next batter will get a hit that will get them safely home where they can await their next time at bat. So it goes, with the bats changing sides real often. I wonder if anyone ever plays Long Town anymore? It is a lot more fun than softball.



V Tin Lizzies, Etc.

TIN LIZZIES AND OTHER FORMS OF TRANSPORT

In terms of its total social, economic, political and historical implications, the automobile had been more important than almost any other twentieth-century innovation. It removed romance and courtship from the parlor, the front porch swing and the gazebo, and it placed it in the perilous confines of the front (or back) seat of the family Buick. The entire quick food business, now the biggest industry in America, owes its growth to the ability of people to transport themselves by automobile. Shopping centers have replaced town squares. City families which had been Democratic in their political affiliation now form the basis of the new American surban conservatism. Some economists and historians will even argue that the rise and the decline of the automobile may well parallel the rise and fall of the American hegemony.

All of this began a long time ago, and although all of the following pieces do not concern themselves with the auto, most do. In some ways, and rather fortunately to, the automobile in its earliest form was not entirely devoid of personality. Farmers who had been used to horses with varying dispositions—animals who balked at trains or noises or ruts in the road—quickly found a deja vu in the automobile. Few of those early Overlands, Stars, Oldsmobiles, or Model T Fords were devoid of some individual quirk. To play upon a punnish aspect of the beast, they were "a cranky" lot. That is to say, until the innovation of the self-starter, the engine had to be turned over by hand and crank until spark and gasoline combined to set the engine going all by itself.

There were times when the struggles between machines and men were titanic ones. In winter, engines which were cold and sticky with turgid oil were cranked and cranked and cranked. Once started, the radiator of the car had to be quickly filled with water—antifreeze not being commonly available then. Even with the engine purring along in frigid weather, there was no quarantee that, through some freak of wind and nature, the radiator would not freeze as solid as the water in the barnyard trough. This calamity would, unless corrected, bring down further problems upon the back of the hitherto proud automobile owner.

Americans of some sixty or seventy years ago were an adventurous lot. The characteristic was in some ways a remnant of the frontier period. There was almost nothing in the way of a road system, and whatever routes existed were merely mud roads marked by painted slashes upon telephone or power poles. Traveling fifty miles from home was a major expedition. One of our contributors detailed a trip from her western Illinois residence to a small town in western Missouri in 1920. What a risk that was! Several hundred miles were to be covered on mud roads, with undependable tires and engine, without roadside restaurants or motels, and almost nothing in the way of necessary comforts. Yet she writes: "I can still recall our excitement at the prospect of making our first trip in our secondhand Model T Ford."

But this was the 1920's and a decade of the kind of individualism which helped to transform America into the industrial giant which it came to be. Lindbergh, as is noted by one of our writers, was flying the mail route from St. Louis to Chicago; in a few years he would fly his little Ryan monoplane all the way from New York to Paris. Other Americans were inventing, discovering and, in some cases, just taking risks for the sheer pleasure of doing so. Isoroko Yamamoto, a later architect of early Japanese naval successes in World War II, noted this trait in the American character. He wrote: "It is a mistake to regard the Americans as luxury-loving and weak. I can tell you Americans are full of the spirit of justice, fight and adventure. Also their thinking is very advanced and scientific. Lindbergh's solo crossing of the Atlantic is a sort of valiant act which is normal for them."

During the mid-1920's, both state and federal roads were laid down throughout Illinois—narrow ribbons of

concrete or brick when viewed from a distance, yet still wide enough to allow two cars to pass abreast. But many of the old ways remained, reluctant to go with the passage of time and change. Even in 1930, while the Great Depression raged, one could see the standing remains of livery stables in the smaller and more remote towns. Many farmers still depended upon horses—the "Saries" and "Maudes" of writer Beulah Bellow's youth. Other travelers, as one may see, still travelled on the Illinois or Mississippi rivers by steamboat. Almost all of these writers do not bemoan the passing of the horse or boat age, however. Progress in their eyes has been the elimination of the horse as a mode of transport and the eventual building of more comfortable automobiles as well as the roads upon which to drive them.

Almost every philosopher, trained or homespun, recognizes that a life is but an instant in the long history of the universe. Yet, for the senior citizens of the 1980's, the changes within that instant have been momentous and startling. When Charles Edgar Duryea was maturing into adulthood in the 1880's, the automobile was but a dream of the visionary mind. Fortunately for himself and for the nation, Duryea was well-favored with that sort of mental equipment. When he attended a two-year course in a seminary at LaHarpe, Illinois, he chose to write a graduation thesis entitled "Rapid Transit Other Than on Rails." Not only did he predict the automobile—a self-fulfilling prophecy in his case—but he also prophesied that individuals would be flying from the United States to Europe in from six to twelve hours.

Most of the senior citizens who write here have lived long enough to have gone from the horse transport to the space age. None of it has been easy, though it is a common error of the young to suppose that it was so. Progress never really is easy. One of our writers describes a harrowing ride with her mother across a flooding stream in a Model T Ford. Once having reached safety on the other side, the mother, with a sigh of relief, cried: "Whee kids, we made it." Each of the senior citizens who write below could very properly make the same thankful statement.

LIVING WITH A MODEL T

Bob Hulsen

Five kids clapped their hands, Mom brushed the seat cushions in admiration, and Dad grinned when we got a Model T. Little did we know about the nature of this mechanical addition to our family and the adventures it was to provide. The car had a personality. It could purr like a kitten and kick like a mule! Getting along with it required coordination of hands, feet, ears and eyes far more precise than required by any horse. Almost everyone called the Model T their "Tin Lizzie" or "Flivver."

The Model T had three floor pedals: the clutch, on the left, reverse, in the middle, and brake, on the right. Attached to the steering column were two levers: the spark, on the left, and the gas (accelerator today), on the right. The driver was required to regulate and relate the gas to the spark. Retarded spark and accelerated gas would give the car coughing fits and a terrible stuttering. Too much spark and not enough gas would allow the engine to idle, and it would die. Speeders in those days bragged about "holding its ears all the way down." This meant advancing both gas and spark as far as possible for maximum speed. (Good Lizzies would do about 40 miles per hour at top speed, and that was flying!)

Starting the engine was tricky and often dangerous. Cars were fitted with a crank which protruded from beneath the radiator. There were two ways to crank a Ford: spin the engine or the quarter pull. Cars in good shape or warm could usually be started with a quarter turn upward pull. Cold engines, or those with minor illness, required spinning. This meant engaging the crank and turning the engine as fast as possible. The first step was always to set the gas and spark levers. If the spark was advanced, the car would kick the crank backward. Just as a person on crutches today commonly signifies a skiing accident, in those days a broken arm was often an indication of too much spark and the thumb over the crank. Safety-conscious drivers learned to crank by not using the opposing thumb. The car also needed choking while being cranked. This was accomplished by means of a wire protruding from the side of the radiator. A finger through the loop in the wire held the choke out with the left hand while the motor was cranked with the right hand. Care was taken to be sure the crank was engaged because the spin was started by pushing down on the crank. Mom lost a tooth during her first lesson in starting the car when the crank slipped out on the downward push and she bit the radiator cap.

No sane person ever attempted to start his car on a winter morning without a teakettle of boiling water and a jack. The procedure was to jack up a rear wheel so it would turn while the car was cranked. Next was the pouring of boiling water over the manifold and carburetor to warm things up and get Lizzie in the notion of running. People were frequently run over by ungrateful cars when the engine started and the car slipped off the jack.

Tin Lizzies had two speeds, low and high. Pushing the clutch pedal all the way to the floor put the car in low gear. Holding the clutch pedal half way down kept the vehicle in neutral and releasing the clutch pedal altogether shifted to high gear. When standing, the car was running, the driving sequence went like this:

1. Push clutch halfway to floor.
2. Release emergency brake.
3. Give her some gas (accelerate).
4. Push clutch to floor—more gas.
5. When rolling good—
   (a) Retard gas lever (decelerate).
   (b) Take foot off clutch
   (c) Give her more gas and set speed desired.

To stop the car, you had to shut off the gas, push the clutch half way to the floor (left foot) and push the brake pedal all the way to floor (right foot). Hazards: If the clutch

was more than half way down, the car would continue to move in low gear. (A lady in our town, was trying to stop for a rail crossing, eventually hit and pushed over flagman's shanty—and him in it!) If the clutch was less half way down, the car would remain in high gear, and would hop, buck, and die. In going up hills, if the car refused to climb in low, chances were the transmission bands were worn. In this event, an option was to turn the car around, hold the clutch pedal half way down, press the reverse pedal all the way to the floor, give it some gas, and back up the hill.

Maintenance of the Model T was not difficult, and most families handled it unless the car had a serious affliction, like burned out bearings or broken connecting rods. Grinding valves, removing carbon, and changing brake bands were Saturday morning jobs about once a month. Bands were a composition material which lined horseshoe-shaped steel strips, and they could be purchased at almost any business establishment, except saloons. A hazard was the possibility of dropping the bolts down into the transmission. That was a calamity! What started as a 2-hour job could last a week while we tried to invent ways to fish the bolts from the bowels of Old Lizzie. Anyone with a Ford Wrench (a thinner version of the Monkey Wrench), a pair of pliers, a screwdriver, a spark plug wrench, a couple of spring levers (with which to change tires), and a tire pump could maintain a Model T in reasonable operating condition.

The air-conditioning system was simple. We took off the side curtains. They were made of a canvas-like material with isingglass for windows. The glass was usually very murky and cracked; it broke easily and had a short life. The curtains were fastened by snaps or turn buttons, most of which got damaged early in the life of the car. The coldest hands I ever remember were from holding the side curtains to keep them from flapping. It was no mystery why horses bolted when they met that strange creature rushing along flopping its wings because the occupants couldn't tie down the curtains.

A trip of 50 miles was a major undertaking. Those were the days of high pressure tires. They were about three inches in diameter, and we put from 50 to 90 pounds of air in them. They didn't last many miles and frequently blew out with a terrible bang! Everyone took plenty of spares. I can remember old Liz looking like she had a roll of lifesavers strapped to her back. We had blowouts and flats ever few miles, but we carried repair kits of cement and patches of old inner tubes.

The gas tank was under the front seat. To check the fuel supply, everybody got out, the cushion was removed, and the level of gas was measured with a wooden stick carried under the seat. Checking the oil was accomplished by crawling under the car and opening a petcock. There were two on the transmission case. Service stations and wealthier people had a three-foot rod with a U-shaped tip on one end with which to open the cocks to check the oil without crawling beneath the car.

The only antifreeze was alcohol (the de-natured variety). Occasionally, since those were Prohibition days, thirsty souls tried a little of this radiator water to ease the tension. Papers periodically carried sad stories of the loss of eyesight and even death caused by drinking antifreeze.

A common disease among older Fords was a loosening and wearing of the front wheel brushings and spindles. Sometimes while cruising along at a fair rate of speed the car would go into an uncontrollable "shimmy." The front wheels would wobble fiercely, and the vibration was so violent even the strongest men could not hold the steering wheel steady. There was only one remedy. It was to stop the car and start over again. It would run straight for awhile until it hit two rocks or bumps in the road at a certain angle that would throw old Liz into the "shimmy." It was impossible to make a favorable impression on anyone if you had a car that would unexpectedly give its impersonation of the St. Vitus Dance.

Frequently, passengers would complain until the driver stopped and instituted a search for an offending horse hair

that had worked its way through the cushion and was causing discomfort. This was a chronic ailment of older or misused flivvers.

It was a mighty long step from a horse and buggy to a "flivver." Model T's would operate over roads no modern car would tackle. They weren't much for looks or comfort, but they produced millions of home grown mechanics and made an automobile a necessity.

IN OUR MERRY OLDSMOBILES: HOW IT WAS

Hattie S. Smith

"Come away with me Lucile, in my merry Oldsmobile" was a popular song in the early days of the automobile.

Very few young men were so fortunate as to have a father who owned a car, and not many of those were trusted to drive it. I was in my teens when my father purchased our first car, and I was one of the first women in our neighborhood to learn to drive. My father farmed for many years with horses and the machinery which was used with them, but he couldn't seem to learn how to operate a car. Unlike a horse the car would not stay in the road while father looked at the crops and livestock of his neighbors as he passed by so I was given the job of being his driver.

You didn't just climb into the car and take off, if you were going more than a mile or two. First, you inspected the gasoline supply, which you did by inserting a stick which was marked to indicate gallons into the tank located under the front seat. If more was needed, you got it from a steel barrel by inserting a short length of rubber hose into the opening on the side and then with your thumb held firmly over the end you quickly drew the hose part way out and into a can with a spout. If this did not start the gasoline flowing you had to suck on the hose until the flow started. You were lucky if you didn't get a mouthfull of the stuff. Then you poured what you could into the car's tank, which was not easy.

There were oil cups to tighten and a few places to oil with a can with a long spout. Be sure to put water in the radiator—it always leaked. Inspect the tires—at least one was sure to need some air which was supplied by hand operated pump and much hard work. Make sure you have a supply of tire patches, for you might need one before you got back home.

One of the greatest hazards of driving was meeting or passing horse-drawn vehicles, for the horses didn't like those noisy wagons. They were likely to take to the ditch or stand on their hind legs and paw the air while the driver tried to control them—and no doubt said some harsh words about cars and the folks who drove them.

One man said it was easier to get his horse past a car than it was to get his wife past it, as she insisted on getting out of the carriage and standing by the fence until the approaching car had passed by.

You might wonder about the coats called dusters, and the veils over our hats, which we wore when we dressed in our best clothes, but if you ever traveled a country road in summer when the dust was inches deep and billowing into the sky like a fog, you would know why.

One hot summer day I was taking some of the family to town when I heard a hissing sound and then a bumping and I knew a tire was flat. Changing a tire wasn't a simple matter of taking off a wheel and putting on another, as there was no spare. First, you raised the wheel off the ground by a thing called a jack, loosened a few bolts, and removed the tire and the metal rim on which it was mounted. Pry off the tire and remove the tube, pump a little air into it so you could find the leak and then apply a patch. Put it all back together and pump if full of air again. Nice exercise on a hot day. Off we go again, but soon there was that hissing sound again. As I looked for a level place to park, my young cousin in the back seat began to laugh and admitted that he had made the noise.

An old lady friend of my mothers had remarked that she couldn't come to visit us anymore because it was hard for her

to climb into the carriage, so mother told her that I would come get her in our car, which I did one sunny day. I got her seated by me and started off at a slow pace, as I didn't want to frighten her. After a few minutes, she said: "Ah, let it go, I ain't scared." So I speeded up to probably a 30 mile hour pace, which was considered fast enough, while Mrs. K. held on to her sun-bonnet with both hands and got a thrill out of her first car ride.

You didn't go anywhere when the roads were muddy and, if you were caught out on the road in a storm, it was best to stop for a while because it was no small job to unroll the side curtains from where they were held in the top of the car and get them buttoned in place. You had even more trouble if the top was folded down the way we liked it in the summer.

In winter, cars were put in storage, as there was no anti-freeze and the radiator soon froze. The roads were usually too rough to drive on anyway.

Then about 1920 someone thought of spraying crude oil on the roads to hold down the dust and also to shed water so the roads didn't get so muddy. This worked very well, except the sticky stuff splashed up on the cars, stuck to our shoes, and ruined clothes.

Yes, those were the "good old days." Well, you can have them, I much prefer the present roads and convenient cars, and I am thankful that I am still able to use both of them.

THE RUNAWAY

Eunice Stone DeShane

This particular event happened more than sixty years ago, but I can still recall it as if it were yesterday. Runaways were quite common then because horses were traded, bought, sold, and raised from colts, and they were quite valuable. Some were born mean, and no amount of work or training with them would change them. Some had long family histories recorded in the stud book. Others were just horses. Some were kept in the family 'til they died, others were "trading stock", to be traded or sold to any unwary buyer. It was just such a horse that my father acquired at a horse sale one summer's day. He came leading her home tied to the saddle horn of an older horse that had belonged to my grandfather. This horse was named Sam, and anyone could do anything with him. My father drove him "single, double, either side of the pole."

When my father came down the lane, I could see that this horse he had bought was "something different." She was a beautiful sorrel color with white feet and a white stripe down her nose. My father said everyone bid on her, and we paid a big price for her. My mother was worried because she seemed so "high strung"; that is, she would throw her head up and look all round. At the sale no one seemed to know where she had come from or who her owner was—which was unusual. But my father thought she was beautiful, and of course, she was.

He couldn't wait to hitch her up with Sam. We called her Bonnie, which was an appropriate name. He drove them all around and told my mother that this team was matched well by size and seemed to share the load, what ever it was. They pulled evenly together.

My father had a livestock feed and grain business, where he sold hay and ground feed—salt-block and barrel—and molasses. He would have to haul feed home from the depot down in Moline. Usually farmers would go right down to the depot and load up from the railroad car which would stand on the siding until the feed or hay was all sold from it.

One day not long after he had bought Bonnie, he told us that he was going to go to the depot to get a load of feed so that he could empty the car, and not pay storage on it.

I remember I wanted to go with him, and he said that I would have to wait until next time because he had to stop at

Gottsch harness shop to have Bonnie's bridle repaired. She had caught it in the barn and had torn off the throat latch.

I was really upset, because even though I was only four years old, my father used to let me drive the team or Sam on the road cart, when he went down town. I really thought I was big! We would pick up the mail at the post office on third avenue between 18th and 19th Street.

Anyway, on this certain day he told me I had to stay home. Boy was I upset! I wanted to drive the new horse. I can remember my mother telling my father to be careful. It would be the first time my dad took Bonnie downtown. He had gone to the post office and was going to the harness shop for the repairs. He took off Bonnie's bridle and tied a rope from a halter to the harness on "Sam". He went inside with the bridle and was on his way out to stand by the horses when a train whistle sounded a couple of blocks away.

Before he got outside to the horses, they were rounding the corner and heading back toward home. The train whistle had frightened Bonnie, and even though Sam was not afraid, Bonnie was pulling him along. The tongue came out of the neck yoke and was going from side to side on the street. My father could not get to them; he could only stand and watch. The crossing guard had seen the horses coming toward the railroad tracks, and he came running down the street to see if he could stop them. He thought I was in the wagon! I usually sat down, and so he couldn't see me anyway. When he found out I wasn't in there, he told my father that he was so relieved! Anyway, the wagon broke loose from the horses, but they came to where some rail cars were on the siding. Sam set his feet and stopped, but Bonnie kept on down the track. She jumped between two railroad boxcars and stripped off her harness. My father finally caught both horses and went along picking up the pieces of harness and the wagon.

He had to leave every bit of harness, except the collars, with Mr. Gottsch to repair. He borrowed a couple of halters and led those two horses home. He had to wait about a week for the harness to be sewed. It was just like new when he drove down and picked it up with Sam on cart. I can still see my father leading the horses to the barn with only their collars on. My mother was so upset! She said: "What if Eunice had been with you? She may have been killed!" I guess I wasn't supposed to have gone with him that day.

We didn't have Bonnie much longer. She died of the "colic." To her dying day whenever she heard even a far-a-way train whistle she was ready to run. No one ever found out why. It must have been a terrible fear. We all speculated on it. She could have been in a train wreck. Horses were shipped by rail sometimes. We would only guess the reason, and we would forever wonder about it.

STEAMBOATING ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Esther Halemuyer

I was born and grew up on a small place just west of the small town of Brussels. I was the only child my Dad and Mother had, who were living with my Great Aunt. She spoke nothing but German. My husband, my daughter, and I are still living at the same place, in the south end of Calhoun County, which is almost surrounded by the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, except where Calhoun joins Pike County at the north end.

During the early years of my life, we had a large garden, and some apple trees, and we milked several cows and made and sold butter. We had quite a few chickens, hogs for butchering, and several horses to use for buggy and wagon pulling.

Since Calhoun never had any railroads, those were the days when everything was shipped to St. Louis by steamboats. There were landing places along both rivers, where the farmers took their livestock and grain to be taken to the markets in that city.

Some of the names of the landing places along our two

rivers where the boats stopped to load the produce had names like Hastings, Buches, Royal, Martins, Poppeltons, Blooms, Ours, Calhoun, plus a lot more.

My dad would hitch the horses to our buggy and take two wooden cases of eggs to a landing on boat days. Each egg case contained thirty dozen eggs.

When apples were ripe, they were picked and put in wooden barrels (which held two and one-half bushels of apples), and loaded on a wooden wagon, and then horses were hitched to the wagon. Livestock was also loaded in wagons and shipped the same way. Wheat was put in sacks, which were filled with about 150 pounds of grain.

All the stores in this area got their supplies by boats coming from St. Louis. Coffee, flour, and sugar were shipped in 100-pound bags. Crackers came in large wooden boxes. Even ice cream came by boats. The ice cream was put in metal cans, and those cans were put in heavy wooden containers, which had ice packed around the metal cans.

Also, in those days, my dad would take my mother and myself by horse and buggy to one of the landings to get the boat to go to St. Louis, to our dentist. And because I had to wear glasses since the age of 11 years, we would go to our eye doctor.

The boats were built in two stories. The lower deck was where livestock was put in small pens, and chickens were shipped in wooden coops. Grain was stored; also apple barrels were put down here. At that time Calhoun was known as the apple county. There was also a place for the hard working deck hands to stay, who slept between landings.

The upstairs had small state rooms on both sides of the boat, which were the sleeping rooms for the passengers. The large center was used for serving home cooked meals for the passengers. On the very top was the pilot house. It was where the pilot operated the boat, which used a wood-burning engine.

It would usually take us about ten to twelve hours to make the trip to St. Louis. However, one time we were 24 hours making this trip, as there was so much produce from Calhoun to get loaded.

When we got to the St. Louis landing dock, we would go up the hill and get a trolley car and stay at our cousin's home for about a week or ten days. Then, when ready to come back home, we would go to the boat dock and get on a boat that was going to Calhoun.

Most of these childhood trips were a great pleasure to me, and I have always remembered them with pleasure.

THE PONY CART

Martha Crabb

After dinner Charlotte and MarGinny helped Mamma with the dishes and then went to the barn lot and out to their own tool-house under the hedge row and near the big farm gate. It was not really a tool-house but they loved it anyway. They had collected old rusty nails, pieces of iron from wagons and machinery, bolts, nuts, screws, and broken tools. Perhaps there were some tools not so broken, and papa would not have approved had he known about it. All of these things they had carefully sorted out, and with great precision they had all of their treasure laid out on the hog house roof. It was a wonderful place—up high where there was privacy, and since it was under the old hedge trees, there was a green ceiling which swept down over the entire tool house. It was even nicer when the July and August sun sent shafts of hot sunshine through holes in the hedge tree ceiling, and the whole place smelled of warm pine mixed with a faint trace of tar.

They played there most of the sunny afternoon. After they got the cows, Mamma called them to get cleaned up and set the table. All of this they did excitedly and quickly because they knew that, after supper, Midget would be hitched to the new pony cart.

After supper the whole family went to the barn lot to hitch Midget to the cart. He behaved so well that papa decided the girls could take him out on the road. Midget trotted along the dusty road, and his little white face and blue eyes never gave a hint that he intended to do anything except to pull that cart.

It was a glorious evening, with the bright round sun going to bed in the cloudless western sky. The bats were beginning to dart into the barn lot to start their nightly dipping and turning for flying insects.

The girls had gone as far as the pasture gate when papa called to them to turn around and come back. Charlotte was driving, and so she pulled on the left line to turn Midget. He obeyed, but as soon as he had completely turned the cart, he seemed to be possessed of evil mischief. He stood on his front feet, gave some squealing noises, and with both back feet at the same time, he started kicking and battering the lovely dash board. He just stood there sending out those two white feet of his time after time, making splinters of the dash.

Charlotte and MarGinny, who had started out in such high spirits, were terrified and both started screaming. Midget did not stop kicking until Papa, who had seen the trouble, came running and stopped him. You see Midget respected Papa and knew better than to make trouble when he was there, so he stopped kicking. Midget was like that. He loved the girls, but he liked to tease them sometimes—like the times he would throw them from his back into mud puddles and then trot down the road to wait for them.

Charlotte and MarGinny loved him dearly in spite of his mischievousness, and I am happy to say that before school started, Midget had been broken to drive, and the beautiful pony cart had been restored to its original perfection.

OUR FIRST AUTOMOBILE

H. Harlan Bloomer

In 1913 Galva, Illinois, was a quiet country town of shaded dirt streets and a downtown section with uneven brick pavement. Most of the vehicular traffic was horsedrawn: ice wagons, drays for delivery of crates of household goods, buggies, and carriages, dusty-black coal wagons, and ambling grocery delivery carts. Since the boys who delivered groceries often were rewarded by a handout of cookies at the kitchen door, my earliest vocational goal was to drive a delivery cart, with its colorful tilting umbrella to shade the driver from the beating summer sun. And, of course, there were always the cookies. Who could ask for more?

A hitching rack in front of our house provided not only an anchor spot for visiting horses, but was a special perch from which a five-year-old boy could swing and perform childish acrobatics, or merely sit and watch the casual activities of a summer day. Nothing moved very fast, or very often, except on those exciting occasions when the wondrous horse-drawn fire engine with a steam-powered pump raced by, its bell clanging and the firemen hanging proudly and precariously at their assigned places.

Automobiles were making their appearance in increasing numbers: Overlands, Everetts, Hupmobiles, Stanley Steamers, Model-T Fords, and other names long since passed into oblivion. There was a Pierce-Arrow that belonged to our neighbor, the town banker, a portly man who on weekdays drove an old gray Premiere with shaking fenders and a spinning fly-wheel visible beneath the car. The Pierce-Arrow, guided by a liveried chauffeur, was reserved for Sundays and other special occasions. It was a purring giant with headlights molded into the front fenders, its brakes and shift levers on the left side, a fenderwell for the spare tires on the right side, and a brass horn that gave off

melodious sounds when the chauffeur squeezed the rubber bulb.

Our first car, purchased in the spring of 1913, had none of the grandeur and few of the appurtenances that graced the automobiles belonging to the more affluent citizens of Galva. The car was a Maxwell, a small, plain, black, four-cylinder, five-passenger, open touring car, with headlights fueled by acetyline gas. The engine drew its sustenance from a gasoline tank under the cushion of the front seat on the passenger's side. There was no gasoline gauge, and so my father always carried a wooden yardstick in the car to determine when a gas refill was needed. If that was misplaced, any convenient stick could be used to probe the fuel level in the tank.

Our car was utilitarian in every sense except as a reliable mode of transportation. Its tires were narrow, its seats were stiffly cushioned, and its springs must have been adapted from those designed for a wagon or buggy. The car jounced and the passengers bounced over bumpy dirt streets and rutty country roads.

To make way for our acquisition of the Maxwell, the black surrey and team of horses that had been transporting us were somehow disposed of. The new car was brought to the planked barn floor where my father used to back the surrey into place so that the horses could be harnessed and hitched for occasional afternoon drives. He was a Methodist minister, and Sunday afternoons were good times for pastoral visitations, or funerals, or (rarely) a drive out to some country parishioner's home for Sunday dinner after the morning church service. There was little pleasure driving as such in the new car, but my sister and I were always welcome to ride along. In fact, we had little choice, since there was no one to stay home with us. Since my mother was usually expected to take part in the pastoral calls, and our Manx maid had been dispensed with, along with other unnecessary expenses, in order to make it possible to purchase the car. Her five-dollar-a-week wages, plus room and board, had become an unbearable drain on a minister's meager income.

Although those country rides in and around Galva are only dimly remembered, I can recall my father driving, with my mother beside him nervously holding onto the side of the front seat, dressed in her linen duster and her voile scarf holding her hat in place, while my sister and I, in uneasy "sibship", clung to whatever braces we could grab in the back of the car. My sister was nearly six years older than I and too bossy, I thought, and was always reminding me that girls were smarter than boys. I defended myself as best I could, and was usually bested, although she protested vigorously that my biting was unfair when her greater size and physical strength overpowered me.

The "key" that turned on the ignition was a slender flat tapered stick about the size of a small nail file. In fact, after the stick was lost or broken, one of my mother's nail files replaced it for the two years that we owned the car. No one ever tried to steal it.

The left front door was a fake, a mere embossed metal outline marking the place where a doorway should have been. My father entered the driver's seat by stepping over the side of the car after having cranked the car to start it. The trick was to crank the engine and then get back to the controls on the steering column to lean the choke and advance the spark before the engine stalled. There was no time to dilly-dally.

The acetyline tank for the lights was fastened to the running board on the driver's side, and had to be replaced or recharged occasionally. The gas ran through a small copper tube to porcelain jets in the headlights. To light them my father opened the valve on the tank, and then rushed to each headlight door before the next gust of wind would extinguish everything.

Wind and rain were our biggest hazards, next to dust, flat tires, dirty spark plugs, a leaky radiator, and an unstable carburetor. For rain we had tire chains and black curtains with small isinglass windows. The curtains were only moderate protectors against wind and rain, thus compelling us children to huddle in the center of the back seat, hidden

under a black fuzzy robe with huge bright red roses decorating its center—a heritage from the surrey. It hung, when not in use, on a brass railing also borrowed from the surrey and fastened to the back of the front seat of the automobile.

To deal with frequent flat tires we carried a full armament of patches, spare inner tubes, spare casings, and necessary tools. Spark plugs were something to be cleaned after every 50 miles or so, and no trip of a hundred miles (a full day's trip) could be completed without cleaning them, and perhaps replacing a cracked one from the store of spare parts carried for such emergency. We envied, but scarcely believed, those car owners who claimed that they "never" had to clean their spark plugs.

The carburetor was a mystery to me, of course, and evidently to my father as well. It drew its air through a small pinhole, regulated by a needle which bobbed on a small cork floating in gasoline in the chamber of the carburetor. When the needle stuck it had to be jarred loose, but my father, being uncertain as to the exact location of the offending mechanism, would grasp a screwdriver firmly by the shaft and pound various parts of the engine somewhat at random until the vacuum was broken and the car could be started again.

Of all the memories of our first car, two events are most vividly retained: the burning out of the main crankcase bearing soon after we acquired the car, and our struggles to master Kickapoo Hill, which somehow stood unavoidably between Galva and Peoria.

The loss of the bearing was a casualty of the failure of my father to understand that crankcase oil had to be checked and replaced frequently. Thus, we had not driven the car very far before it developed an insistent knock that grew steadily worse. I imagined that someone must be under the hood, pounding the engine with a hammer.

The "garage" where my father went for repair of the car was a converted blacksmith shop that did double duty as a smithy and garage. As a small boy I was especially fascinated by the appearance and behavior of the blacksmith-mechanic, who seemed immediately to know what the trouble was. He listened to the engine judiciously, chewed a while on a wad of something, and then spat a copious stream of dark brown juice. Up to that time, my only acquaintance with a liquid of that color was associated with chocolate candy, which I took to be one of life's pleasures. I stared in amazement that anyone would be so foolish as to chew a chocolate cream and then spit most of it out. The car had not run very well from the beginning, but after a new bearing was poured and scraped, it was even more unpredictable.

The challenge of Kickapoo Hill was never approached without apprehension, even when the weather was good. On rainy, muddy days, it was a hazard almost impossible to overcome. When the roads were dry, there were still clouds of dust, and ruts from the wagon and car traffic of muddy days. A bend in the road that made it difficult for our car to gain enough momentum to carry its underpowered engine to the top of the hill. As we commenced our climb, my father would accelerate to top speed while my mother would say, "Henry, you're going too fast. Slow down or we'll upset." But my father, a determined man, would call for us to hold on tight while he drove full speed ahead, until half-way up the hill the engine would come to chugging halt. While my father held the footbrake (the emergency brake was not reliable), my sister and I would scramble out to look for stones, or logs, or anything we could move into position behind the wheels to prevent the car from rolling back down hill. If my father was unable to restart the engine, we would all pile back into the car to start the long coast backwards down the hill to a flat area where perhaps we could get the car started for the next try to reach the top. Sometimes we had to depend ignominiously on a tow from a more powerful car, or a team of horses supplied by a nearby farmer.

And then there was the radiator. The engine was easily overheated by the power demands placed on it. Gradually we

learned to plan ahead for accessible water sources free of menacing dogs, and for roadside spots where we could eat a bite of lunch while we fought off the buzzing flies, yellow jackets, and roadside dust.

When after two years we sold the car, it was replaced unaccountably with another Maxwell, this time with an electric starter and electric lights, but unfortunately with few other improvements. Nevertheless, automobiles then, as now, held a fascination for everyone, and any family was willing to sacrifice a good bit for the fancied benefits of car ownership. My father was glad to be spared the labor of tending the horses, cleaning the stables, and oiling and repairing the harness. But for me, the trade-off was uneven. The flank of a car didn't respond when you patted it with a small hand, and there were no gentle nuzzles in search of a cautiously tendered lump of sugar.

DRIVER TRAINING: THEN AND NOW

Beulah Jay Mason

I shall never forget one summer afternoon back in 1916.

After dinner my father said that mother and I should hurry up and get the dishes done and be cleaned up by one o'clock. True to form, I asked the reason why, but he just looked at me and said I must do as I was told for once. We had just finished a hurried change of clothes when father came into the house and told me to look out of the window.

There in the middle of the barnyard stood a brand new automobile, big as life, its top down just like our buggy. I could have been no more excited were I going to the moon.

After a flurry of "Ohs" and "Ahs" mother was packed into the back seat and I was ordered to deposit myself behind the steering wheel. Wilbur Isham, the garage man, cranked it, then hoisted his ponderous form into the seat beside me. I was told what to do with my feet and what to do with my hands, and then to go ahead. "Jehovah, tie me down!" I was fit to fly.

The thing bucked a time or two. I hadn't learned it all, but I oozed it through the barnyard gate and out onto the road. After we had driven around for a while, a time of herding it between fences, a time of too much gas one moment and a tongue-biting stop the next, Mr. Isham told me to head for town. As we turned the post office corner, he asked me to stop in front of his salesroom in the middle of the block. He got out, stretched, pulled in his midriff, slammed the door with a bang, and said, "Okay, kid, take it home." I gulped, my mother turned green, but above all, you should have seen my father's face when I whirled through the barnyard gate and stopped about two feet from the corner of the corncrib.

But there was the day I forgot to put the top down. I drove into the driveway of the corncrib and ripped the fabric on a bolt which projected from the middle of the ceiling. My father must have rued the day he sold that matching team of carriage bays.

There was another day that I drove to town. It rained, and I was afraid to go home. I went to the repair shop, as my father told me to, and asked the man if he would please put on my chains, for I couldn't. He turned his back and growled that I should go on home, and I'd have to learn to drive sometime. "I'll show him," I said to myself, and so . . . I went home. My father was furious.

If you never saw the unpaved roads around our town here in Illinois back then, you have missed something. They were carefully graded into a ridge straight down the middle. That was how one could tell which side of the road he was on. But when it rained, if you didn't straddle that center ridge just right, the chances were you would slide sideways into the ditch, and a team or two of horses would be needed to fish you out. Now you know why my father was as mad as a hatter at that man because he wouldn't put on the chains.

But it was not all bad. There was joy and excitement—the joy of speeding at all of twenty-five miles an hour on the way home from school, the wind riffling my hair; the excitement of driving over the old river bridge on Saturday, the loose planks rattling as though the whole structure were about to fall apart. And there was the fun of taking the dog for a ride, just around the section, his head in my lap. And, above all, there was that remarkable summer afternoon I learned to drive an automobile, the only driver's lesson I ever had. It is called learning the hard way. You drive, or else.

Back in the early thirties when the driver's license legislation was passed, there was no such thing as a driver's test, only a notarized affidavit. The idea of a driver's test came later, but it didn't hit me until 1970, when a person had to be tested every three years on and after age seventy.

I was scared to death. I had no idea what they would do to me. I liked to drive so much that I knew, were I grounded, it would mean the very end. But by guess or by gosh, I passed the written part. Then it got down to cases. I had to drive.

The examiner checked the car and then got in beside me. The car was new. In a condescending manner, he asked, "When did you learn to drive?"—as though he thought it were yesterday. I said, "1916." His mouth flew open, he stared, and then he said, "My God, I wasn't even born yet!" There was little left for me to say but, "No young man, I don't think you were." He passed me, and in my wallet at this moment is my fourth driver's license, good until March, 1982.

SEEING LUCKY LINDY

Pauline Dittmer

In late February, 1980, I visited the Kennedy Space Center on Cape Canaveral, Florida. The Center is on a huge expanse of ground, swamps, and water, 140,000 acres in all, teeming with endangered species of birds, mammals, and reptiles. It is awe-inspiring to visit this center, to see a vast array of early rockets, including the Mercury Mission Control Center and a huge space museum full of things from twentieth-century man's adventures in space.

This visit into the future reminded me of a past incident in my life that took place in the early part of this century when air travel was new. It was probably about 1924, and I was a pupil in the Paloma Grade School. At this time, it was a habit of every one in our area to run outside when an occasional plane flew over our town. This time the plane flew over our school quite low and, to our amazement, landed in a cow pasture just north of us. With the teacher's permission, we all rushed to the plane, and we were thrilled to see the tall slim young pilot. He grinned and was very patient with all of us, answering our questions and not seeming to mind when some of the more adventurous boys climbed all over the small plane. He was out of gas, and this was an emergency landing. He walked a few short blocks to Jeffery's Garage with his gas can, came back, and filled the tank with enough gas to get to the next airport. Just before he left, he noticed my youngest sister, Ione Wright, standing there looking wistfully at the plane. Ione was always the smallest kid in school. He picked her up and set her in the cockpit; after a brief look around he set her back on the ground and was off in the wide blue spaces.

For months the whole town talked about the young pilot and the exciting event in our otherwise simple life. The young man's name was Charles Lindbergh, and I remember how excited we all were when he made the first solo flight across the ocean to France about three years later. We were amazed that this famous young man had dropped out of the skies and into our midst for a brief impromptu visit, dressed in his traditional coveralls and a cap on his head with goggles attached. Even then his looks commanded respect, and no one would have ever thought of calling him "Charlie."

STEAMBOATIN': THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL

George W. Carpenter

It was a warm afternoon in July in the early twenties, and I, a college student home for a few days, was faced with the same problem that has faced millions of other students: "How am I going to get back to college for Monday morning classes?" Part of my problem was the location of my home town. It was Hardin, the county seat of Calhoun County, a long narrow county, without a railroad, and lying between two rivers, the Illinois and the Mississippi. It was about seventy-five miles south of Quincy, where I attended Gem City Business College. Our neighbor, Mark Twain of Hannibal, once said about us: "Calhoun County has the finest apples, the prettiest girls, and the worst roads of any county in the Midwest." Our family owned no car, and few of our relatives or neighbors would offer to drive anyone on a round trip to a distant city like Quincy.

Grandfather, as usual, came up with a solution: "Go by steamboat; that's the only way to travel." From Hardin I had two ways to get to Quincy by boat. I could cross the county, to Hamburg, a Mississippi River village, and get on the steamboat, the "Belle of Calhoun", and arrive at my college town. The difficulty was getting someone to take me to Hamburg very early on a Sunday morning. Finally, it was decided I would go on an Illinois River boat, the "Bald Eagle," to Meredosia, where I would catch a train to Quincy. It sounded simple, so my problem was solved—at least, I thought so.

About 2 a.m. Sunday morning, Grandfather awakened me to tell me he heard the whistle of the steamer down the river, and we should get ready and walk down to the Hardin landing. In a half hour, Grandfather and I were talking to many of our friends who were there to meet relatives or friends who were returning from St. Louis. (I should tell you that the landings of those days were no elaborate places, just a large frame building with a dirt or gravel floor, and no waiting rooms.) The man who lived nearby and operated the place worked on a commission. In case of bad weather, he allowed passengers waiting for the boat to use the living room of his home.

While the colored deck hands were unloading the freight, I went on the boat and waited for the clerk to return to the boat. The chief clerk was asleep, and the young assistant, known by river people as the "Mud Clerk," was doing the disagreeable night work. When he arrived, I paid a fare, less than $2.00 to ride to Meredosia, but that did not entitle me any meals or a room. Our first stop was at DeGerlia, or Godar Landing, a little French community three miles up the river. There we got a passenger, J. Edward Godar, ex-school teacher, and son of the owner of the land. He bought a ticket to Peoria where he would get a train for Chicago. This fellow passenger, now about ninety-five years of age, lives in the same community, but the old warehouse has been torn down, and the property used by the State of Illinois as a Conservation Area.

A small chart on the wall of the boat showed that it was about fifty-five miles from Hardin to Meredosia, and that the boat might stop as many as fifteen times. However, if there was no freight or passengers to get off or on the boat, no stop was made. About noon, we could see the village of Meredosia, population about 400, on the east bank of the river. My first concern was to get to the little railway station and purchase my rail ticket. Here I received my first bad news of the day. The station agent informed me that a strike had started somewhere in the East, and there would be no Sunday trains, but I would be able to continue my journey Monday noon. The other piece of bad news was that this train did not go to Quincy, and I would have to change to another line at Golden. I went a block away to engage a room at the small frame hotel, and then to locate a cafe. I spent the afternoon at a ball game at the edge of town, and eating watermelon with one of the men I had met at the game. Anyone from that part of Illinois will know that Meredosia is in the "Watermelon

Belt," where millions are grown each year. The problem for the farmers was the rail strike. Every yard and field had thousands of melons ready for the market. There were few trucks, and there was no way to move the crop.

One Monday noon I found that, because of the strike, my train was four hours late. At Golden, the next train was three hours behind schedule. It was 10:30 Monday evening when I finally arrived at my room on Oak Street in Quincy.

Last month I had to go to the same city on legal business. I walked out to my Ford LTD, and in two blocks, I was on the "Great River Road" headed for the Adams County Court House in Quincy. On arrival, I parked the car, went to the Circuit Court Room, showed my PRESS PASS to the Deputy, and went to my seat, to await the arrival of His Honor, the Judge.

Then I looked at my Time, and it said it was one and a half hours since I had left my home in Hardin. Did I tell you that in 1922 it had taken me a boat trip, two rail journeys, five meals, a hotel room, forty-five hours, and the loss of a day at Gem City to make the same trip of seventy-five miles?

SARIE AND MAUDE: AN ORNERY PAIR

Beulah Burrows

"Beulah, you'll have to drive Old Sarie today because Old Maude is tired. You've been driving her so much." So said my father, Elwood Miller, years ago when I had to drive the horse and buggy to high school because the roads were so bad I couldn't get through in the old Model T.

I didn't like to drive Old Sarie because I couldn't trust her like Old Maude. You never knew when she would see a piece of paper along the side of the road and shy clear over in the ditch on the other side of the road. We had to cross a viaduct over the railroad tracks, and I just prayed there wouldn't be a train going through when we had to cross. Many times I would stop and rest her if there was a train coming. I couldn't tie the lines to the bow of the buggy top to warm my hands. If it was *very* cold, my mother would heat a soap stone and wrap it in papers to put under my feet. Many times I would sit on it to warm my body or hold it on my lap to warm my hands.

One evening, going home with my friend Florence, who rode with me, I noticed a tractor had been travelling the road. That was when the wheel's were metal with big lugs. Mud had collected between the lugs, and a big chuck had fallen off on the viaduct. When we got near it we noticed it, and so did Old Sarie. She balked and went to backing. It didn't do any good to whip and slap her with the lines. She just kept on backing. There was a fence built along the sides for protection but some of the fence was gone. We were two scared girls! Finally she got the buggy backed to the fence—just a few inches from where the fence was down. We thanked the Lord we were lucky. I got out and removed every piece of dirt, but still she wouldn't budge. I tried to lead her but to no avail. Finally, I talked Florence into going back to get Mr. Pugh, who lived near. Well, bless my soul! When Old Sarie saw them coming, she was ready to go right now. I had all I could do to hold her. Mr. Pugh insisted on getting in with us and driving her down the road a ways. We really appreciated that and we got home okay.

Now Old Maude was very dependable, but she had one bad habit. When we got her hitched to the buggy, she was ready to go right now. Florence was afraid to get in first and hold her, and she was afraid to get in when the buggy was moving. What a time we had! Finally, one morning Florence was so happy. She had solved our problem. Tie her up first, and then we could both get in the buggy. I laughed and said, "Who would untie her?"

One evening Old Maude was especially nervous, and together we could not hold her down. She ran and ran and ran. We had to pull off the road a bit to let Florence get out, and we wondered how we'd get her stopped. She was so used

to pulling over that she did it and stopped just long enough for Florence to get out, but she wouldn't wait for Florence to get her bucket out of the back. I was supposed to deliver a package to the next house down the road for a friend. (I was delivery girl for all the neighbors.) My friend was standing there, but I couldn't get that old mare to a stop, so I just threw the package on the bank and told her I couldn't stop the horse.

Well, she kept on running. I had to go down a big hill, and when I pulled over the top of the hill, I saw a wagon and team of horses about ready to cross the bridge, and it was so narrow. I wondered what she would do. Well, she kept prancing along behind the wagon until he barely got over the bridge and she pulled out to go around. I was so afraid our wheels would lock—but luck was with me. She ran up that big hill and kept on going. We lived four and a half miles from Vermont, where the school was. About one half mile from home, we had to go up a small hill and she slowed down. I was so angry with her, I took the whip and made her run the rest of the way home.

Daddy came out to put the horse away, and he said, "What on earth have you been doing?" (She was a black horse but now she was white with lather.) I said, "Daddy, I didn't drive her. She did it herself. She ran all the way until the little hill, when she slowed down, so I just took the whip and made her run the rest of the way. I thought if she could run that far, she should be able to run the rest of the way." Daddy just shook his head and led her off to the barn for a good rub-down. Why did she run? Who knows, unless the boys that kept their horses in the same barn had put a burr under her tail, but they would never confess.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE ARRIVES IN CALHOUN COUNTY

George W. Carpenter

On Sunday, January 20, 1980, two prominent senior citizens of Calhoun County, Andrew and Margaret Robeen of Hardin, were celebrating their 70th wedding anniversary at the Knights of Columbus Hall. A number of their older friends were discussing the details of the wedding, weather, and road conditions when one of them asked: "Andy, what kind of car were you driving on your wedding day?" After a pause, he answered, "Believe it or not, on the day we were married there wasn't an automobile in Calhoun County."

Andy was right. It wasn't until the summer of 1910 that salesmen began to interest the people of the county in buying one of the new "Horseless Carriages." Many of the citizens had seen a few of the new inventions on the country roads, but they hadn't had a chance to ride in one. In the southern part of Calhoun, Dr. Tidball of Grafton drove one to visit some of his patients around Brussels and Golden Eagle, without the aid of a chauffeur or driver. About the same time, Frank Whiteside, a prominent Carrollton Attorney, informed court officials in Hardin that he planned to drive over to Hardin in his new car. It attracted much attention when it crossed the Kampsville Ferry and made its way down to the county seat. At every recess of the court, the jurors were examing the car as though it were a part of the evidence of the criminal case they were to decide on later in the day.

About the middle of 1910, several prominent farm families decided they would invest in the new method of transportation. They were the Stephen McDonalds, south of Hardin, and the Charles Fester Sr. family, west of Brussels. Before buying the International Touring car being shown to them, the McDonalds informed the salesman that the car must prove its hill climbing ability. They said the International would have to climb three hills which they would select. They chose Fuller Hill, East of Batchtown,

Rocky Hill, west of Hardin, and Crader Hill, three miles south of Hamburg. It passed the test, and the next Sunday the McDonalds arrived at church in Hardin in their new International. About the same week, a dealer from Alton or St. Louis convinced Charles Fester Sr. of near Brussels that he should buy a new Reo for his family.

By 1912, there were only a dozen cars in the county, but in the next six or eight years, five or six hundred may have been purchased. The interesting thing is that we are able to tell what happened to those first two cars. The International was bought by a St. Louis newspaperman in the 1930's and later taken to Michigan. In 1948 it was still in that state in working condition. The Reo is still on the Fester Farm, where it has been resting in a shed or barn for the last fifty years. Many buyers have stopped to look at it, but the family isn't interested in selling. It may have another fifty years of resting ahead of it.

THE BIRTH OF ROUTE 136

Orville Larson

As a lad of six years old, how well I remember my parents talking about the "all weather road" that was going to be built by our home. Well, the "all weather road" became a reality in the summer of 1925, when what is now Highway 136 was constructed from Carthage to Tennessee, Illinois. No more disappointments about having to stay home because it rained.

How well I remember all of the horses and mules used in construction of the road! As I sat on the bank in front of our home, I increased my vocabulary immensely by listening to the conversations of the mule skinners: they were the drivers of the mule teams.

The dirt was moved by horse-drawn wagons, three mules to a cart. For long hauls and for the shorter hauls, they used a two-wheeled slip scraper with a two mule hitch. A dirt excavator was used to cut through the hills and to load the dirt on the wagons, and it was manipulated with a twenty-mule-team hitch. There was only one caterpillar tractor used on the job, to my knowledge. The cement and gravel was shipped to the nearest depot and hauled to cement mixers in solid rubber tired trucks. The water was piped from Crooked Creek in three-inch pipes.

Instead of trailers, as observed at modern construction sites today, you viewed tents and cook shacks, which the laborers lived in while on the job. Some of the laborers were local people. The laborers received a wage of $3.00 a day. There were also bridge gangs building the bridges as the road was made. There were several construction gangs. The ones I remember were Camerson and Joyce from Keokuk, Iowa, George Strunk and Sons, and Crispin. Some of the bridge gang boarded at our home.

The road east of the Larson homestead was a new route and didn't follow the old road. The terrain was rough, and some of it was solid rock so there was dynamiting too. The construction began in the early spring of 1924, according to a family diary, on June 19, 1925; "the men commenced running the cement and were working in front of the Larson home. In Jan. 3, 1925, there was an explosion at Crispin Camps—four men were injured and had to be taken to the hospital. On July 2, 1925, it was 106 degrees in the shade, and one of the workers got too hot."

Are we progressing or regressing? When we experience a project like this completed in a year, all hand labor without any cranes or big machines and has served for 55 years and now with all the energy powered machines and two or three years to complete one bridge. Unbelievable!

OUR FIRST CAR: BEGINNING TO END

Edna Schoonover

When we children were at our playhouse about 1/8 of a mile from the main road we heard an awful noise. My older brother Doyle said, "One of them things called an automobile is coming." We ran as fast as we could and climbed upon the old rail fence to watch it go by. It was about two miles away when we first heard it. That was the first car we had ever seen in action.

A few years later my dad bought a car called a Model T Ford. It was a high slung car with small tires. There was side curtains kept under the back seat to be put on in cold weather, and there was a battery to start the engine. Then it was switched over to a magnet to run the car while driving. There was a carbide tank on one of the fenders, with tubes to the lamps. Water had to be added to the tank to form a gas, and the lights had to be lit with a match. The horn was on the side of the car, with one rubber bulb that had to be pressed hard to make it go honk. The gas tank was under the front seat so the driver had to get out of the car while getting gas. The gas tank would hold ten gallons of gas that you could buy at ten cents a gallon.

When our car was delivered, we took it to the pasture and took turns driving it around in circles to learn to drive. That is, all but my mother. She never would drive, saying, "Driving the car is a man's work".

Dad took the car out on the road for the first time when driving up to the lot gate. When he got home, he said, "Whoopee! Whoopee!"—like he always did to the team of horses, but the car didn't stop until it had rammed the gate and killed the engine, breaking several boards in the gate and bending one of the lamps upward.

My older brother took Dad into town for the day on business and was to go for him in the evening. When turning a corner on the way home, he let the car keep turning until the front of it was in the ditch. He walked home, got the team of horses, got the car out, and pulled it home. He went after Dad with the horse and buggy. When Dad give him heck for it and asked what his mind was on, he said, "I was eating peanuts."

Our roads were dust in the summer and ruts through winter and spring. Returning from town one day, we were in a rut it was almost impossible to get out of and met a team and wagon that were also in the rut. The driver stopped his team and sat there. Dad got out and put up his engine hood like he was having engine trouble. The fellow pulled his team to one side and went around us, yelling at Dad, "You had better get a horse," Dad got back in and we went on home.

The fall of 1909 was dry so we were able to have the car on the road until Christmas. On Christmas afternoon, Dad said, "Let's take a car ride over to my brother's." So the five of us went, and on the way home, as we were going down a slope, a tire blew out, jerking the car to one side and flipping it upside down across the ditch at the roadside. We tore the side curtain to pieces on the highest side of the car and got out. One side of the top of the car was crushed until it had to be taken off, and we drove it topless until we got a new car. None of the rest of the family was hurt, but I came out of it with a broken collar bone. That is one Christmas I well remember.

When we got a new car, our first one was pulled into a shed part of the barn and left there for months. One evening, when I was out there milking the cows, I saw the car was missing. I didn't ask why or how as I felt so bad about our first car being gone, I didn't want to talk about it. Sometime later, when at the back side of the farm picking wild blackberries, I came to a ditch we called the trash ditch, where all the trash from the farm was put to hold it from washing out deeper. Looking down into this ditch I saw a sight I will never forget. It was our first car, topless and minus the wheels and engine, laying on its side like it was at rest. I went on to the house, thinking of all the bad times and extra good times we had had with our first car.

"FORDING" HENDERSON CREEK

Sylvia Gillaspie

Mother was our pillar of strength. She taught herself to drive, and as long as she was behind the wheel, she wasn't afraid of anything. One year it had rained a lot and Old Henderson was out of her banks. We lived south of Gladstone, and Mother needed groceries from Oquawka. She put my brothers and I in the Ford. We were bound for the store. We had crossed the Covered Bridge at Henderson Creek, and just at the base was water. It looked like a river. Mom said, "Hang on kids, we're going through. Put your feet up in the seat, and sit still." We were too scared to do anything else. She pushed in the low gear pedal and carefully eased the car into the water. When I looked at the floor of the car, the water was running over it. After we had reached dry ground again, Mom let out a sigh. "Whee, kids, we made it," she said.

VI *Hard Times*

HARD TIMES

"Isn't it great we only remember the best and happiest things most?" writes Lillian Combites in "Happiness was Homemade," the first story in the following section. Certainly one can wonder at the accepting and sometimes cheerful manner with which people seem to have experienced disaster and hardship in the early part of this century. It is even possible to chuckle while reading about Depression episodes the way they are described in "The Bakery Wagon" or "A Deal is a Deal."

How did parents remain cheerful when each winter dreaded infections such as diptheria and pneumonia threatened the lives of their children and their neighbor's children? In those days of epidemics, several children in a single family might die within one week. That was a time before the medical profession had such support systems as modern hospital technology, sulfa drugs and penicillin. In Genevieve Hagerty's story, "The Prairie Doctor," the doctor's own baby is treated at home, and though the house is periodically "aired out" to rid it of germs and to prevent further infection, the baby dies. The day after the funeral, the family rallies to celebrate the birthday of another child.

In another story, Olive L. Osborn tells how in days gone by death was celebrated almost ritualistically. Children of that era recall watching the black, horse-drawn hearse bumping over frozen, rutted country roads enroute to the cemetary. The hearse was followed by buggies and spring wagons carrying the family and friends of the deceased, and it was not unusual to hear anguished wails and sobs from the women or to see distraught mourners collapsed in the arms of others in the entourage. Death and mourning was not a private affair. Neighbors sat up at night with the corpse, black wreaths and crepe marked the house of the dead, and the community gathered to share in the mourning.

But hardships weren't always crises. Everyday conditions of living during the early 1900's might be considered difficult if contrasted with those of the 1980's. For example, Ben Padget recalls, in "My First Real Job," the time when a man might work fifty hours during a six-day week before negotiations between business and labor brought about the eight-hour work day, the minimum wage, the five-day week, paid vacations, health insurance, social security, paid retirements, and cost-of-living salary increases. Few labor unions were around to represent the worker's needs to company management; in most places each individual worker was responsible for establishing his own position and salary with his employer.

The need to rely solely on one's own ingenuity or resources became less important as the century advanced because massive amounts of federal legislation moved some of the responsibility for meeting crises and hard luck from the shoulders of the individual to those of the government. The emphasis on rugged individualism, which had initially characterized the philosophy of the United States government, changed to recognition that government should stand ready to help its citizens when they were in need. This shift in governmental philosophy can be noted in the three flood stories that are taken from different decades of this century. In 1922, the Herstedt family of Moline took care of themselves when flood waters filled the lower part of their home. They moved upstairs, continued their daily work pattern by borrowing a boat, and by waiting for the waters to recede. In the 1930's Margaret Sipes Lawson's family relied on their own resources and help from their neighbors but were supplied with a Red Cross tent to serve as alternative housing. However, by the 1940's, Vivian Pate's family, evacuated from Beardstown when the Illinois River threatened to overflow, had such support agencies available to them as the Red Cross, the National Guard, the Salvation Army, Disaster Relief, and state and local protection and service agencies mobilized especially to assist the evacuees. No longer was economic devastation resulting from disaster to be borne solely by the individual.

Marguerite Foster produces with words the images and emotions experienced by a nine-year-old "fresh air" child sent out of the heated congestion of Chicago to stay with a farm family near Table Grove for the summer. The practice of sending children of immigrant and factory-worker families by train to what was believed to be healthier conditions in country homes was common in Illinois during the first fifty years of the 1900's. Churches and, later, social welfare agencies administered these "fresh air" programs. As in the case of Mrs. Foster, it was not uncommon for a genuine affection to develop between the child and foster family and, in this instance, it led to a bond between all of the members of the respective city and country families. Mrs. Foster's prose style is especially strong in its ability to convey not only the facts but the cultural context of her childhood background and experience. This is captured in solitary phrases and simple sentences and is presented as it seems to have been recalled: as images that merge and re-emerge kaleidoscopically without apparent order and, at the same time, provide the reader with the richness of the author's memories, immersed as they are in elements of love, loneliness, fear, confusion, gratitude, and joy. Mrs. Foster's story *is* the reality of an orphaned "fresh air" child.

In other stories a young mother alone at home with young children is frightened by a "tramp" and a German-American citizen is harassed during W. W. I. Also, several authors describe the Depression of the 1930's. Today, however, "tramps" have disappeared from our highways and railroads; nationality groups in west-central Illinois are completely absorbed into the cultural environment; and the Depression of the 1930's has given way to worries about the economic *inflation* of the 1980's.

What do the authors say about hardships that were suffered and were characteristic of the early years of this century? Virginia Dee Schneider states, "Sometimes I believe it wouldn't hurt everyone to go through a Depression . . . . It taught us to value money but not at the expense of making it a god. Money alone does not bring happiness." Does the experience of hard times and disaster encourage the development of desirable human personality traits? Lillian Combites ends her story with this observation: "I believe I am fortunate to have lived the period of time I did . . . . I don't know where honesty, respect, and the qualities that make character have gone. It frightens me."

HAPPINESS WAS HOMEMADE

Lillian Nelson Combites

I was born in 1916, eight months after my father's death. Mama had five other children under ten years old. The years were not easy, with World War I just over and the Depression yet to come.

Isn't it great we only remember the best and happiest things most? I will try to recall as many as I can. I was born in a little four-room house and lived there for eighteen years, with two brothers, three sisters, and Mama. Sometimes in winter months my sisters, brothers-in law, and their children moved in with us until spring work opened up.

Mama washed on the board and ironed for folks. She marked clothes with different colored embroidery thread for teachers. We called them Mr. Red, Mr. Green, Mr. Lavender, or other color of thread. We turned the wringer and had to wait as she scrubbed each piece. There was P & G, Fels Naptha, and home-made lye soap. We used Lewis lye to soften the water. Sometimes, if we said bad words, she washed our mouths with soap. There was Rub No More, with a mama elephant sitting on a wooden stool, scrubbing a baby elephant in a wooden tub. We got premiums for these box tops. Bon Ami was used as cleanser. Toilet soaps were: Jap Rose, Coco Hard Water Casteel, Palmolive, smelly Life Buoy, and others. We washed our hair with soap and rinsed with vinegar in the last rinse. When ladies' hair cuts came in style, Mama cut many of them. We heated flat irons on coal range to iron. A big barrel set by house, and we had to hit the side of the barrel so wiggle tails would go to bottom in order to get clear water. We carried water in to use and out to dispose of.

One cannot reminisce without recalling the old toilet, shanty, privy or whatever you wish to call it. It was a little square building with a half moon near the roof. The seat had two holes and, sometimes, a small, lower one for children. The catalogue was close by, with no slick or colored pages as now. Halloweeners were hard on these as a pastime was upsetting them, or taking them up town to put on buildings or set on Main Street. Mama finally put ours inside the shed we had partitioned for coal, corn cobs, and storage. Twice a year the scavenger came with a wagon of big barrels and charged so much a bucket to clean and sprinkled lime in the pit. Also essentials was the Chamber pot, thunder mug, or whatever you called it. It was used nights or in sickness. Mama worked in a hotel before she was married, and traveling salesmen had to pay fifty cents extra for this service. Many jokes were made about it and still are, but it was no joke. On cold winter nights it was a blessing.

We had caster oil, syrup pepsin, coco quinine (for babies), quinine (for adults), and iodine (for lots of things). We greased with kerosene and lard, used horehound, onion syrup, vinegar candy, Smith Brother's black cough drops, flax seed poultices, liniments, Raleigh salve, and camphor for various ills. Most families had their own specials, and sometimes they worked. I washed medicine bottles my neighbors gave me and boiled them. The doctor paid me two cents for small, three cents for medium, and five cents for large bottles. He put in new corks and used them over.

I sold subscriptions to *Comfort, Good Stories, Household,* and *Farmer's Wife* magazines for premiums. Once I got a baby doll, with rubber hands, arms, feet, and legs, and head on cloth body. My brother cut her fingers nails and ruined her hands. Another time I got a little blue dinner bucket filled with marshmallow eggs, and by the time they came they were so hard we could hardly chew them. On Valentine's Day we begged the lady paper hanger for old sample books. We took the paper without writing, made hearts and colored them, cut out the "Campbell Kid" and other pictures, and pasted them on. Boughten valentines were seldem given. If you got one you felt nigh unto Heaven. We cut some of the paper, folded it, punched holes, and tied yarn through for scratch paper to save our Big Chief and Golden Rod tablets.

We had enough in our family to play most games. Our

home was the gathering place for all, as Mama kept us home so she knew what we were doing. Some indoor games were: Cards, Carom, Dominos, checkers, Rook, Flinch, and others. We played school, dolls, and paper dolls; we made and flew kites, made soap box cars, and played croquet, horse shoes, and ball; we fished, skated, coasted, walked rails on tracks, walked hitch rails, went barefoot, and did all things so free and fun. Some outdoor games were: hide and seek, Red Rover, Last Couple Out, Run sheep run, fox and geese, snow forts and snow angels. Sometimes we'd just holler to hear echos.

There were tent shows, such as the Gordeniers, with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and other classics. Chautauquas were in big tents. Gypsies came in wooden covered wagons painted in bright colors. We went inside our houses and locked the doors. Store keepers locked up if the gypsies were seen in time. Some folks had fortunes told. Later, when they came by cars, they were escorted through town by police. Schools had Literary programs every month, with skits, music, and talent. Box suppers and spelling bees were held. The Salvation Army was on the streets, and medicine wagon shows came with patent medicine that cured everything. We had band concerts and ice cream socials, too. The silent movies came, with a piano player between reels. My brothers helped set up tents and mama loaned furniture so we got passes to tent shows.

We slept in unheated rooms under comforts we'd made. We warmed beds with heated flat irons or hot water bottle. Everyone wore long underwear and warm clothing. We did not get electricity until I was a senior, so lamps were used and chimneys were washed daily and filled with kerosene.

We were quarantined for Measles, Mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox, scarlet fever, diptheria, and small pox. A big sign was put on front of the house, and we had to stay in. A wreath was hung on the door when a death was in the home. The corpse was kept home and neighbors or friends sat up nights. Respect was important. Everyone was called Grandpa, Grandma, Uncle, Aunt, Mr. or Mrs., even if they were no relation. Mama wouldn't let us accept money for running errands for neighbors or helping someone. We had to treat one person as good as another and befriend anyone in trouble or need.

I could go on forever. I believe I am fortunate to live in the period of time I did. It is hard to relate now. I don't know where honesty, respect, and the qualities that make character have gone. It frightens me.

DEATH IN YEARS GONE BY

Olive L. Orsborn

The dead were kept at home, and friends and neighbors came in and sat up all night, with pie and lots of black coffee. A funeral was lengthy, often two hours, with lots of hymns and several preachers. Men wore black arm bands, and women dressed in black and carried a black handkerchief. For several weeks the stationery that the family sent was edged in black. Often, pictures were taken of the deceased laid out in the casket. Some hair was saved for jewelry, or a sample put in a locket. Flowers were not used to the extent that they were later. Also, a large funeral was the rule, and neighbors for miles brought in food to feed the crowd. A funeral cost about $200 complete. The very rich had private mausoleums, but burial in the ground was the rule, and a year of mourning was the custom. Anyone remarrying sooner was frowned upon by the family and the community.

PRAIRIE DOCTOR

Genevieve Hagerty

It was a bitterly cold November day in 1922 when my doctor Daddy returned from an all-night house call in

Woodhull, Illinois, the snow so deep he couldn't drive his Franklin car. The horse looked wild as he trotted the sleigh into the barn, his flared nostrils puffing steam, and the ice covered harness jingling. We kids pounced on Daddy when he finally came into the house. First we unwound the long knitted scarf with its pungent smell of wet wool. Then we peeled off his buffalo mittens and his long coat and hat made of the same smelly fur. Finally, we tugged at his tight boots, but he didn't enter into the ritual with his usual playfulness.

Mama quickly put the baby into the baby buggy and whispered something to Daddy. He was sitting in the big, black leather rocker, his stockinged feet and cold, red hands extended toward the hissing radiator. His face crumpled, and the words strangled in his throat, as he told her his patient had died, a strapping farm wife, the mother of six. He had done everything known to medicine, but she had died of pneumonia. All night he had fixed fever powders, and helped women relatives with mustard plasters, cool sponges, and nourishment. His very presence gave comfort to the husband and older children.

Mama rubbed his red hands and told him to lie down and rest awhile before office hours, but he said he couldn't nap because he had to air out the house. My two oldest brothers were lying in the folding bed, sick with whooping cough, and I was home from first grade because we were quarantined. Daddy sent us well ones upstairs, sent Mama and the baby to the kitchen, and told the boys to cover up. Then he propped open the parlor and dining room doors with chairs so the bad air could get out. We only went as far as the top landing so we could get a few whiffs of the frosty air. I could never figure out exactly when the stale air went out, but I could tell easily when the fresh came in. We kept inching down, a step at a time, to let the cold tingle our nostrils and to see who got the first goose flesh. Then Daddy noticed and shouted at us to get back upstairs before we caught our death of pneumonia. Finally, he shut the outside doors and let us downstairs.

I opened the kitchen door and Mama hollered at me to shut it quick before a draft hit the baby. Drafts were like stale air. The grownups talked about them, but we kids could never see them. Mama had the baby on her lap in front of the open oven door of the cookstove, and she was rubbing him with home rendered lard melted on a saucer. Winter baths made our skin red and chapped. I didn't mind getting a bath only once a week in winter, but the legs of my long underwear got so stretched out, they made lumps under my stockings.

The baby, our seventh, was fat and cute and lots more fun than a doll. I handed Mama his clean, warm clothes from the wooden rack. The shirt had pin tabs so the diaper could be fastened without tearing. That kept his shirt down so his chest was warm and he wouldn't get the dreaded pneumonia.

By Christmas time, the rest of us kids all had whooping cough. Our Christmas tree in the parlor was nearly touching the ceiling. Stringing popcorn and cranberries for it had kept us busy, and at night the candles on the trees reflected off the tinfoil, and made flickering shadows on the walls.

I looked forward to my sixth birthday in January when we would all be well. The few presents were not nearly as exciting as being the birthday child in a large family. Getting to choose the dinner menu and the flavor of the cake, having the whole family sing "Happy Birthday" just to you, and blowing out the candles and making a wish were spine-tingling experiences.

But on that birthday, none of us wanted a party. Our baby had suddenly and frighteningly developed pneumonia. Now I knew what Daddy did at the homes where killing diseases had sneaked in with drafts and stale air. He and Mama worked over the baby as he laid on the big bed in the spare room. For years afterward, I associated pneumonia with the look of cold, soggy, mustard plasters being replaced with steamy, hot ones; with the baby, gasping and feverish, with half open eyes and dry, cracked lips; but most of all with the isolation I felt from my parents and the baby.

Grandpa, the hired girl, and an aunt came to take care of

the horses and us other kids. Two doctors came from the city, our priest stopped by, and it seemed like everyone in that little town came to the back door with food, questions, or just a prayer.

Mama cried a lot and Daddy had tears in his eyes when he didn't know we were watching. Bedtime finally came for us kids. We kissed Daddy and Mama, looked at the baby, said extra long prayers, and finally slept.

When I woke up, the sun was shining on the snow, and it hurt my eyes. I felt confused, like I'd overslept, so I hurried downstairs in my nightgown to see why no one had called me. The house was quiet, the hired girl was making toast over a cob fire, the oatmeal was bubbling in a big kettle on the cookstove. Mama was sitting in a chair, just staring; she didn't even see me. Suddenly I remembered yesterday, and the baby, and . . . and I just knew he was dead! I grabbed my mouth so a big scream wouldn't get out, and I ran to Mama. Her eyes saw me then and she gathered me to her, cradled me like I was the baby myself, and we both cried and cried.

That afternoon the undertaker brought the baby home in a little white box with satin sheets. Daddy called it a bed. I knew the undertaker sold furniture in the front of his building, but I'd never seen that kind of baby bed in the store window. He also nailed a wreath with white streamers on the front door so everyone knew a baby was dead.

Daddy and Mama and the undertaker went into the spare bedroom and closed the door. Then Mama came out crying and tried to hide the tears behind her apron. The undertaker left and Daddy called us kids in. He turned off the radiator so it was chilly. I didn't want to look at the baby at first because I remembered when he was dying. But when I got up the nerve, I felt happy. He looked just like he was sleeping, dressed in his good white dress because he was only eight months old and too young for coveralls. Daddy told us how Grandma could rock him to sleep in Heaven now, and he held the little ones up to see better. I decided it was just sickness and not death that was bad.

None of us kids went to the funeral. The cemetery was at a city far away, and I felt so lonesome and sad and grown up when Daddy and Mama left. The other kids coaxed me to play hide and go seek, and the hired girl wanted to read to me, but I just huddled in the corner of the big rocker and watched the clock. Mama told me they would be home when the big hand was on the twelve and the little one on the four. The loud tick-tock and the shiny gold pendulum swinging back and forth made me drowsy. The next thing I knew, Daddy was saying it was time for the birthday girl to have her cake. I heard Mama tell the hired girl that life had to get back to normal for the children's sake.

Although it was two days late, it proved one of my happiest birthdays. We all made a big fuss over my two-year-old brother, who had suddenly regained the title of "the baby." We laughed instead of scolded when he stuck his fingers in the chocolate frosting. We almost seemed happier because the baby died, but I knew we were only pretending. After everyone sang "Happy Birthday", and I blew out all my candles, I made a wish that none of the rest of us would die of pneumonia. Then I made a second wish that Mama would have another baby soon. More than a half-century ago, that was much more likely to come true than my first wish.

TO BE GERMAN IN 1917-18

Ora M. Hufendick

My earliest memory is of the Christmas of 1917. My sister and I received a toy train that we could push on the floor for Christmas. My parents explained that we could receive no other toys as our country was engaged in a war. It brought a fear to my heart that was to be rekindled many times in the next few years. War was a dead weight; war was terrible. I felt this same weight every time our country has been engaged in conflict.

Our people lived in this country since 1855 but, during the war, anyone with German ancestry was thought to be pro-German. One night there was a noise at the barn. My father said that only a few nights before, a cross had been burned upon a neighbor's lawn. He crawled out upon the porch upstairs and fired the shotgun in the general direction of the barn in an effort to scare the intruders away. We were all fearful.

The crosses were set and burned by "night riders." Yellow paint would be found painted on the barns of those thought to be pro-German. We had no near relatives in Germany nor did we even correspond with anyone there. It must have been a terribly upsetting experience for those who did have relatives there.

Finally, at last, peace came. The Armistice was signed November 11, 1918. The church bells rang out the good news. Everyone was jubilant. The war was over. The boys were coming home. For those whose sons lay buried in France, the war would never be over. For them the world would never be the same again. It would never be the same for any of us, but we didn't know it then.

The glad news of the Armistice had hardly ceased reverberating over the countryside when we were hit with the flu epidemic. Our whole family, my parents and my sister and I, were all ill at the same time. I can recall how very tired the doctor looked as he came to our home on calls. My grandmother stayed with us and cared for us. A half mile away, a young couple were found wandering about in the snow. Both were delirious. They both died leaving four little children. All Christmas services were cancelled at the churches. Crowds would only spread the disease. A young mother died, leaving a baby two days old and three other little children. Funerals were held at home, with only the immediate family attending. Those who were able to go did not go because of fear of contacting the illness.

Our dear Pastor came to visit us when we were all ill. At the age of two, I loved him very much. I meant to go to him to sit on his knees as I always did. I collapsed in a heap upon the floor. How surprised I was at the trick my legs played on me!

The country doctor, overworked as he was, called upon all his patients as often as possible. Due to the excellent nursing our grandmother gave us, our whole family recovered. It is the only time during my lifetime that no Christmas services were held at our little country church.

MEMORIES OF A "FRESH AIR" CHILD

Marguerite Foster

I was an orphan from Chicago. Some time around the 1900. A train load of what were called "fresh air children" out of Chicago come to the surrounding communities and were divided among people who would keep them for the summer. My oldest brother and sister were first to come. They stayed with the James Hammond family. Next year a brother and two sisters and myself. I going to the Sam Hammond family just down the road. There were nine of us. When Hammond folks shipped cattle, they would visit as our home was near the stock yard. My mother passed away leaving 2 small girls, one 2 weeks old. Her sisters took the 2 small ones. I was already here. I was took to Galesburg, put on a train with a tag, name, and where to go for funeral. On the farm was lots of chores in them days. I carried slop to hogs, would lead hay horse, go to field to shuck corn by daylight, and to pick up what went over the side boards. Think I was about nine then.

Two wonderful women: Grandma Hammond and Nelia. I used to go with Aunt Nelia to the Robert Ausbury home when them boys were little. When a new baby was expected, they would get ready and wait for moon to change. Butchering and thrashing was a neighborhood affair. More women, children, and grand children than older got to wait on table which was one big long table some time two put together. Of course were some nice looking young men. Two

of the Hammond boys were married and had families my age and what good time we had' Was a neighborhood playground: ball games, croquet, horse shoe, etc., every week end! What a wonderful family! I helped raise their children and felt so close to them. I was married at that time and also lived in Table Grove. Then they helped me with our three. Two of the Hammonds and wives were so good to me. I feel I can never repay them for everything they have done for me. What a wonderful family.

My Mother, Father, all her and his brothers and sisters come over from Ireland and were married in this time. They could sure do the Irish jig.

I have always been so thankful my Children's father was spared to help raise them. For no one knows the hardships as an orphan. Folks had mean goats, Turkey gobblers. Only way I could get to barn was watch my chance. Leading hay horse: when hay fork hit the cable, horse would jerk. Scared would fall on me. Then when unloading corn, driving horses over the auger made me feel scared I wouldn't get over in time. Then hoist the wagon to get all the corn out. Would hold on to side boards afraid I would go in auger too. There were 3 ponies. One real small he was stubborn as most shelton ponies are. One eve went to get the cows. Didn't know the dog was following and sure had a stampede. As was a lot of Mother cows with little calves pony took off with me I sure was scared.

We sure had beautiful cook stoves and little babys would have colic and would keep them warm with oven open till late at nite. Also my jobs was every morning was lamp chimneys and fill lamps with kersene. Which is hard to get now. Then the milk had to be filled morning and eve and in hot weather more often. Wish had a little of good milk and cream now. Also had a cupboard fixing hung in the well to keep things cool. Oh so many things in the good old days! On Sunday mornings we all ways had 3 visitors gather around cook stove to discuss the news. My job to see coal bucket was half full of ashes for all four men chewed tobacco. We all washed dishes on the stove to keep water hot so tryed to get done before they come.

Oh so many memories when can't sleep.

As soon as thrashing was over was job of dumping old straw from bed ticks and fill with new. The Wetzel church all ways good chorus and at Xmas time a big tree. In them days everyone gave dishes so tree was full of gifts. The ministers were all ways boarded over week ins. Was a community of lots of young people. Either walked or had a buggy ride. The first car ride I had was a one seat, handle bar for steering wheel. Got down hills but had to push it back up. I am so glad they still keep the Adair band stand in good condition. For not many landmarks left. We so many enjoyable evenings at the concerts. Table Grove school was also included. Every one tryed to be first in town to get a good place to sit in cars. Of course the younger ones liked to walk around. I used to my self in Table Grove. Would walk round and round. Hard road was not there then and was a beautiful little town. But not now. First Camp Ellis, now coal company. Table Grove at one time was Laural Hill and Adair was Shu Fly. Them were also the good old horse and Buggy days. I am so thankful every day for all my good friends and neighbors.

MY FIRST REAL JOB

Ben Padget

When I saw my first real job, I mean a steady six day a week job, the time was late May in the year 1920. I had just graduated from grade school and was in the labor market. My brothers and I worked part time during the summer vacations for local farmers and truck gardeners. One of my uncles worked at the Weaver Manufacturing Co. in Springfield, Illinois and he told me they were hiring help. I was almost sixteen and decided to apply for a job. As I had

never seen the inside of a factory, believe me, I would be unskilled labor.

My family lived north of Springfield, so I dressed up in my graduation suit and walked into town to hunt for a job. The factory located on South Ninth Street and I was very unfamiliar with that end of town. I had to inquire as to which street car to ride. I was nervous and frightened, but I needed a job. At that time Frank Malec was the Superintendent. He was a short heavy set man with a brusque and commanding manner. Mr. Malec asked me a few questions and then hired me. I was introduced to Mr. Feger and told he was to be my boss. I asked Mr. Malec when I should report for work, and he said: "Right Now!" Mr. Feger took me out to the locker room and dug up an old pair of pants and a shirt so I could change and go to work. So I put in my first day on a real job.

We worked fifty hours a week. Nine hours a day for five days, and five hours on Saturday. It was a treat to get Saturday afternoon off. The starting pay was forty cents per hour, so on Saturday we received twenty dollars in cash. We had no vacations, insurance, overtime, severance pay or unemployment insurance. In fact, no fringe benefits at all. This was general practice and condition throughout the country at this time.

The Weaver Manufacturing Co. was founded by two brothers, Mr. I. A. and Mr. G. E. Weaver, who along with Charles Hodgson, F. A. Bohnhorst and Charles Clapp, built a very good organization. The plant was devoted exclusively to the manufacture of machinery to service passenger cars and trucks. In 1920 the products were all mechanically operated, but as roads and automobiles progressed, the equipment became more modern.

From 1929 and the depression I worked only part time and at reduced pay, but somehow we made it. I must have liked it at Weavers, as I worked there until I retired in 1969.

GOOD OLD DEPRESSION DAYS

Virginia Dee Schneider

The Depression Era (1929-1934) could have defeated us. No work, little money, with families doubling up to save on cost of shelter, utility bills, etc., could have been a frustrating, demeaning and a nerve-wracking experience. In our family, however, we were taught to make the best of it. My father used to say: "If you get a lemon, make lemonade!" With that philosophy to guide us, the depression provided us with a store of pleasant memories.

Frequently, we remind my oldest sister of her trip to the corner grocery-meat market during the depression. Since neckbones were inexpensive, my mother asked her to buy 3 lbs. of them for stew. Somehow, Sis, who just loved pork-chops, brought 3 lbs. of pork chops! Mother was quite upset about it, but what a feast we enjoyed that evening. For several days after, however, we fasted on slim pickings. Luckily for me, I didn't mind eating hot milk over buttered toast!

Going to the corner store during the depression was quite a stimulating experience. You would hear all the latest news right there. Who had money for newspapers? The butcher would ask whether Grandma Brown's rheumatism was still bothering her. The grocery clerk wanted to know if Billy's foot healed after he stepped on a sharp piece of glass. (A very common happening in those days because kids went barefoot all summer long to save on shoes. We loved it though. Especially, when we'd walk over mud puddles and feel the mud squish through our toes!)

In many ways, it was more enjoyable to go to the store in those days. You didn't wait on yourself. You just stood by the counter and waited your turn while the clerks walked back and forth bringing your order to the counter. You didn't have to decide which cereal to buy because they didn't stock fifty varieties. As I remember, the grocer carried oatmeal, farina, or corn-flakes. Life was simpler then.

Too, you could buy on credit all week. Whenever you purchased anything, the store-keeper would jot down the total of your purchase on a small pad that he used for each customer. When we paid our bill on Saturday, he usually rewarded us with a sack of candy for prompt payment. That really made our day. All week long as we went past that candy counter, we drooled with anticipation. The sight of those Mary Janes, chocolate Soldiers, and licorice whips was overwhelming!

If we ever did acquire a few pennies for candy, it was most difficult to decide which candy to purchase. While the store-clerk tried to help us make up our minds, the pennies became hot in our fists. We wanted to get the most for our pennies, which we didn't get very often.

Once in a great while, a fond aunt or uncle would treat us to a nickel ice cream cone on a hot summer day. Isn't it odd that today when we can buy ice cream by the half-gallon, somehow it doesn't taste half as good?

Another happy depression days' memory centers around the fun we experienced around a camp fire with a plain old potato roast. In the cool, crisp air of fall, we sat around the fire waiting for the potatoes to get baked. Depression was in full swing, but roasting our potatoes was such a pleasure that we did not feel deprived. Most everyone had a vegetable garden; thus potatoes were easy to come by. The hardest part came when we had to "con" our mothers to get the butter and salt. (Oleo was not available in the form it is today. You had to put the yellow color in yourself, a messy chore.)

When we blew on the thick burned potato crusts, salted, and buttered, we looked forward to good eating as well as the entertainment that followed. Everyone told of some exciting incident in their lives, exaggerating for effect, no doubt. Someone would pull out a harmonica and we would enjoy a sing-a-long.

We girls played with dolls. Our little 4 to 6 inch dolls were made of celluloid or china. As long as they had arms and legs that moved, that was enough for us. These, we bought for 10¢ at the corner store. We had to be careful though not to get a dent in the celluloid dolls. The china dolls would break very easily if dropped. That problem was solved by carrying them around carefully in a padded shoebox. We made our own doll clothes from scraps of material left from our mother's sewing projects. Sometimes, we swapped material with friends. It didn't matter that the dresses were simply cut providing an opening for the head and arms; using large stitches. What a nice variety of doll clothes we could acquire this way. For 10¢ we could enjoy a whole summer playing with our dolls and sewing for them.

During the depression, we used to buy soles at the dime store and glue them onto our shoes to repair them cheaply. My father was repairing his shoes that way one day in our garage. When I went to call him for dinner, I stepped right onto his soles with the glue still tacky. He hadn't attached them to the shoes, just left the gluey soles on the floor to dry a little. How I managed to set my right foot over his right sole and left over his left sole, I'll never know.

We got by money-wise, because my parents were able to get part time jobs now and then. Also, we didn't spend what we didn't have. Utility bills were low. There were very few electrical appliances in those days. With a vegetable garden to sustain us during the summer, with the surplus of canned food for winter use, we didn't go hungry. Dad raised pigeons and, every now and then, potted squab was on the menu. Dad also repaired all our shoes and cut our hair. Mother and Dad both took care of the garden with us kids helping with the weeding. Mom also sewed all our clothes. In addition, she knitted caps, mufflers, mittens for neighbors and friends, which brought us a little extra money. We were most careful not to waste anything.

Sometimes I believe it wouldn't hurt everyone to go through a depression. It certainly didn't hurt us. It taught us to value money but not at the expense of making it a god. Money alone does not bring happiness.

MOLDY WHEAT
Roxie Heaton

This I write is about the happenings of the first ten years of sixty-seven years of marriage. The events took place from August 10, 1910 to 1920 on farms in Schuyler County, Illinois. The first year we farmed my parents' farm was situated about half way between Littleton and Vermont, Illinois. My husband wishing more than 80 acres, rented another 60 acres which joined my parents' farm. My parents had given us a cow, 60 laying hens, 2 pigs, and a feather bed. My husband owned a team of horses and a new rubber tired buggy. He had saved $200 by working for his uncle who farmed a large farm near Vermont. My father and his father signed a note when we bought the machinery needed. The first year went along very uneventful. Our first child was born there July 23, 1911.

My husband, still wishing more ground, rented a 24-acre farm which bordered on the banks of Sugar Creek. Here is where our troubles began. Of course, many more horses and more machinery was needed, so instead of paying off our loans we went deeper in debt. However, the rich bottom land produced good crops and we were doing quite well. We were dreaming of paying off some of our debts. The third year was when the calamity began. My husband and brother, who worked as our hired hand, had worked very hard to shock a large field of wheat. The spring had been a very wet one. I remember how tired they both looked but I was so thankful to think at last we could look forward to reducing our loans. Alas, that was not to be. When we awoke the next morning old Sugar Creek had risen and the whole bottom was flooded. More than half of those lovely big shocks of wheat were in the creek. My husband and brother were able to rescue most of them and set them up to dry.

I always aimed to raise 200 young chickens by setting hens. The hens would set on 13 eggs for 3 weeks. They were just about at the frying stage when they begin to die like flies. These chickens would just jump up and down, then fall over dead. An uncle of my husband's who ran a poultry business in Vermont came out and said he never heard of the like. He cut one of the chickens open and found its craw filled with molded wheat we had fed them.

Troubles never ended. Later a large number of our brood sows died with the cholera. A good neighbor said to my husband: "You have had so much bad luck I will lend you my boar." The boar tusked our best cow and we had to have the veterinarian saw her leg off at the knee. The same year one of mares gave birth to a colt that had no front legs. The landlord said it was a healthy colt in every other way, but to take it behind the barn and kill and bury it. "You have no time to fool with it," he said. We were told later it could have made us rich if the circus people had learned of it.

That same year the oldest little boy pulled the stopper out of the washing machine and the second little one who was just learning to walk was scalded from his neck down to his ankle. But for the grace of God and a dedicated doctor, we could have lost him. That next year, on a hot summer day, a neighbor and I and our daughter took a walk to a new windmill. On the way back she ran ahead. Being real thirsty, she picked up a jar in the barn and drank from it. It turned out it was kerosene her dad used to fill his lantern. We took her to Industry to the doctor. He gave her something to make her vomit. She was very sick, but being a sturdy healthy little girl, she recovered.

Despite all the hard work, hard times and setbacks, we have had many happy times and great love for one another.

DEPRESSION DAYS IN A COAL MINING TOWN
Anna M. Becchelli

We came to Kincaid when it was close to the Depression, in 1928. I had never seen a coal mining town

before and, when we got off the train, I wanted to cry. Everything looked black from the coal dust. It was so ugly, I wanted to get back on the train and leave. But I didn't have any money, so I had to stay.

My dad got a job in the coal mine. In those days everything was all hand done. Hand shoveling, and hand digging coal with picks. When they put in the machines, two years later, my dad and a lot of other men were laid off. My dad was past 50. Then it got worse for everyone when the Depression hit.

We lived in a three-room house, two bedrooms and a kitchen and a closed-in side where we kept coal and wood. We had a well in front of the back door by the kitchen, thank God, because we didn't have running water. There was an outhouse way next to the back alley. It was about 75 feet from the house. My dad closed the front porch in and made himself a little shop where he kept his tools to sharpen knifes and scissors. He fixed shoes, too, so he made a few dimes and quarters that way. We planted a garden and had chickens and a cow.

The mine was on strike during the Depression. The scabs came from the south because they worked cheap. There was a rumor at that time that some came from prisons and had been promised their freedom if they would work in the mine. The town was desolate looking. Stores boarded up, houses empty where families had moved to the city to try to find work. It was dangerous to go out at night because there was no electricity in the town, so everyone stayed inside. One dark night this man we knew went and knocked at a friend's house and for an answer he got two bullets through the door. He hollered, "What's the matter with you?" His friend opened the door and he showed him his hat with two bullet holes in it! Everyone was nervous at that time because of the bombing and shooting.

I remember when they would pile up the sulphur from out of the mine, and it would come into town in a yellow smoke that would choke you when you would breath it. The company doctor would tell us: "Oh, it won't hurt you, it's good for you!" But nobody believed him.

Sometimes the mine would leave one or two box cars on purpose, on the railroads tracks filled with waste sulphur coal. The men would climb up on top and knock a little coal from the sulphur down, and those waiting below would pick it up to put it in buckets. But you had to look sharp not to get caught or they would put you in jail. One day my friend Clorinda went with her bucket and the railroad man found her with her bucket full. He said, "You're trespassin; what's your name?" He wanted to arrest her, so old Clorinda said, "You want your coal; here you sonofabitch!" And she threw the coal bucket in his face, picked up her skirts and ran. He chased her but she ran down alleys and he lost her. And she wasn't skinny either! She was 45.

Nobody had any money in those days. The Relief Office used to give everybody a sack of navy beans, oatmeal, canned meat, rice, coffee, and lard. I used to soak the beans all night and some would cook and some wouldn't. They would be hard as bricks because they would mix old beans with new. You couldn't eat them. Finally, I didn't mess with them. I would cook them up and give them to the chickens. The canned meat dad wouldn't eat. He'd say, "I don't want to die. That damn meat is poison!" Other people said it came from TB cows! All because they had put a cartoon in the paper about the canned meat with poison skull and cross bone sign on the cans. For the coffee, you had to spread it all out on newspaper and pick out the sticks and little rocks and burnt beans. They scraped the bottoms of the barrels to give us. Then you would toast it up in the stove to bring out oil and flavor because it was so old. We were supposed to get a few clothes too but none of us did. I took flour sacks and made undergarments with them because the material was fine. For 50 to 60¢ I would get enough material from the store to sew a dress with. They allotted you $15.00 a month for two people to live on. If you wanted to make it last, you had 50¢ a day.

The electricity was a dollar and a half a month just for lights. We didn't have it, but the neighbors next door had a bunch of kids and an electric washing machine. At night I used to hear it go clinkity clunk, clinkity clunk! They had a wire at the end of a long pole and they would touch it to a bare spot on the wire in the alley. When they were done washing clothes down would come the long pole with the wire.

All the miners wouldn't buy coal during the strike so they all went to the woods to cut trees down all day, five and six men at a time, my dad too. Those that had trucks would bring it home and divide up according to the work they did. They did this all winter and some had wood piled up all the way from the back door to the alley.

Once during the strike there was a rumor that a bunch of company thugs were going to come at night and shoot through the houses at random, and my dad having been through the first World War decided to make a safe place for us in the barn, so he dug a trench big enough for two people to scoot down in. I looked at it and said: "I won't go in a grave before I die. I'm gonna go home in my own warm bed and go to sleep. If they kill me o.k. I'm not gonna live this kind of life, being afraid in the cold and dark,." So after a while he came in too.

The Depression went from bad to worse so you had to take what work you could. I had my name in at St. John Hospital to get a job for 10 months. One day when I was laying in bed with the flu, they sent word I was hired. I got up, flu and all. Packed my cardboard suitcase I paid a dollar for and went. Otherwise, some other girl in line would have got the job. They worked you hard. I got $4.00 a week. I worked 7 days a week and got three hours off on Sunday. In the morning the sisters rang a bell for you to get up at 5:30 and go to mass, then to work. It was like being in the army. When I went to eat in the kitchen, out of the window I saw the breadline. It stretched a block or longer. Young men and old, waiting in the morning for a cup of coffee and a slice of bread, at noon some kind of soup in a bowl and bread and, at night, soup again. When we were tired the sisters would ask us: 'Would you rather be in the bread line with them? You're lucky!"

A DEAL IS A DEAL

Elsie L. Dixon

In Calhoun County, State of Illinois, this is how I best remember how some folks socialized during the winters of the depression. With little money to spend, the entertainment was usually at the card table.

With the black wood stove burning hotter than a fire cracker, the game started as did the conversation. We had jerk coffee for supper. (Know what jerk coffee is? It's when someone tied a coffee bean on a string and dragged it through the water in the coffee pot. That's jerk.) Yeh, another fellow said it was so weak we set a glass of water beside it in case it fainted. Another said, "Well we use Mississippi River water for ours; it has a better color that way, more mud color." "Let's deal," and the card game started. The expert player kept a rabbit's foot tied on a shoe string and when he started winning he'd swing that rabbit's foot under the hired man's nose. Now that fellow was a hard loser so he'd get so angry, and he would get up from the game and would go home, leaving his coat. He was walking, of course; no cars those days for most people. [Why, in the State of Illinois there were three state police (one later retired to Calhoun County) his place was not well kept, full of weeds, so folks would say to him, "Steve why don't you clean your yard, why don't you paint your house?" Soon Steve called that place "whydoncha".] Back to the card game. Sometimes someone would go into the room where the lady school teacher kept her coat. They'd stick a chunk of limburger cheese up her coat sleeve. Skunk smelled good in comparison.

In February one of those card players would send ugly

Valentines to most of the other players. If one person lived near a blacksmith shop, he'd smear some old grease on the Valentine. Then the one who received the Valentine thought the Blacksmith sent it to him and he's quit speaking until summer to the Blacksmith. At the card table the Blacksmith would really take a beating. About eleven p.m. the host for the evening would bring a big dish of apples, crackling crisp from the cellar, and another pan of pecans gathered from Calhoun's Illinois River bottom land and lots of cold cider from a wood barrel. The game would stop for a break and then they'd play again, using 2 to 4 decks of cards or; if they'd play Pitch, one deck was used. They sat around a big round cherry wood table in the dining room. The lights were furnished by a Delco plant system that made a noise like a John Deere tractor. The game was played most times until 2 or 3 a.m. They'd talk so much sometimes, they'd forget whose deal it was. That was entertainment: 1929. Those games aren't played much since the people have cars. Now it's "where do we go" and all dealers think they have the best deal and the name of the game isn't in the cards.

THE CCC AND ME

Lowell Clover

For a country boy, it was a long way from Henderson County, Illinois to Ft. Sheridan Army Base in Chicago, but that's where I found myself in late August, 1934. At that time there were no jobs and no money, so the government of the United States put into operation what was known as the C.C.C. For us poor boys, it was a chance to work and send a little money to the folks at home to keep them going. The pay was $30 per month, $25 of which was sent to the folks back home.

When we left for Chicago we were told not to take any more clothes than we absolutely needed, for all our clothes would be furnished. When we arrived in Chicago on the train, we went directly to Ft. Sheridan. The wind coming off the lake was so cold! There were maybe 300 guys standing in line waiting for clothes. It got darker and colder and still no clothes were issued. Finally, we were each given two blankets, a pillow and a cot. We slept in tents that night—boy was I glad to wrap up in a blanket! We just slept in the same clothes we had on when we left from home. Next morning we ate breakfast and got in line again for clothes. The doughboy clothes were coming out of warehouse storage. When we got our clothes, boy did they fit! HA! They'd ask your size and then just throw out anything. Nothing fit; even the undershorts were too big! The dress pants were heavy wool breaches worn with leggings. Breeches were full to the knee, then laced tight. Leggings fit tight below the knee to the foot with a strap under the foot. They laced up the outside on each leg. The leggins given to me were for the same leg! I just wore them anyway. Everybody laughed!

At Ft. Sheridan we got shots and vaccinations and waited to be sent out to a camp of unknown destination. Sometimes it got tiresome just sitting around.

On a certain day, the head of the construction gang was recruiting volunteers to be truck drivers. He wanted guys that had driven a truck. Well, I had never driven a truck but volunteered anyway, just to have something to do. We all got in the back end of a truck and were driven to the construction site. The truck driving job? Well, it was to push a wheelbarrow filled with cement up a ramp to a second story of the building project! In order to get guys to work, a lot of trickery was used.

Once we got to the camp at Galva, Illinois, there was always plenty of work to be done. When we arrived, the campsite was nothing but a field of cornstalks and lots of mud! Tents had to be set up—most guys had never even set up a tent. The legs sunk in the mud until the bottom of our cots touched the ground. In the center of each tent was a cone-shaped stove with a chimney going up through the

center. The first night we loaded that stove up with coal and dead wood from hedge trees. Boy, did we have a hot tent! The ground in our tent was hard as concrete by the next morning, we could sweep it up. We were lucky, the tent right across from ours burned down.

In good weather we did conservation work on farms in the area. In the winter we cleared highways and backroads of snow. We'd scoop snow by hand till the roads were clear. After being in CCC awhile, I was given the job of mapping farms, planning fences, waterways, etc.. One day I was out on a mapping job alone. I had a clipboard with a sheet of graph paper, then a piece of paper on top for figuring and on top a heavier sheet all wrapped together with a rubber band. After I had finished mapping, I sat down, ate lunch, and took a nap. When I woke up I discovered that grasshoppers had eaten all my paper, except for a little piece under the clip. All my work was gone! The next day I went back and did it all over again.

Camp was not all work. There were dances and picture shows in the downtown Galva on Saturday night. C.C.C. guys and their dates could get into the shows for half-price, 15 or 20¢. Sometimes some of the local girls would wait in front of the movie house and offer to pay their own way in if the guy would take them in as their date. In the summer, dances were outside on cement in town. Sometimes big bands would put tents and give free shows. They were paid by the government.

We even had a couple of pets, one cat and one dog. The cat was a favorite of everyone. We all liked to carry her around. She was here, there and everywhere in camp. We knew she was going to have kittens, everybody was watching her to make sure she was in someplace when the time came for her to have them. This one morning as I went in for breakfast someone was yelling, "Bloom, hey Bloom, the cat had kittens and you'll never guess where—in the sugar barrel!" We just took the cat and kittens out of the barrel, scraped the top and used the sugar. After everyone had eaten, we took them where the kittens had been born. You should have heard them!

In the four years I spent in the C.C.C. there were more funny experiences than I can begin to tell or even remember. These are just a few of them.

THE PRICE OF THINGS

Delbert Lutz

Frenchtown was a small settlement started by Frenchmen about 1830, on the site where the Frenchtown schools were built at a later date. It was located about six miles north of Nauvoo and consisted of a black-smith shop, store, tavern and some cabins. The surrounding neighborhood was later called Frenchtown.

About 1933 I sold hogs that weighed over eighteen hundred pounds for a total sum of forty-four dollars and some cents. About this time we shipped four sheep to Chicago and received less than a dollar for the four. We bought one hundred bushels of apples for five dollars; the man that I bought them from helped me truck them home and put them in the basement. We sold them, a few bushels at a time, in Ft. Madison for twenty-five and thirty-five cents a bushel. The toll to cross the bridge was the same as it is today, so it took the profit from two bushels of apples to pay the toll.

The following represents part of a tomato grower's contract copied from the original. Take note that the price paid was one-third a cent per pound:

> "During the year 1933 the under-signed agrees to raise and deliver to the Keokuk Canning Company at its receiving place at Ft. Madison in Lee County, Iowa, eight acres of tomatoes at twenty cents per box. The tomatoes to be ripe, smooth, free from knobs, rot and green, weight sixty pounds net to the box and not less than three and one half ounces

each. To be delivered in vehicles with springs to prevent injury to the tomatoes. The tomatoes when delivered to be fresh, sound, healthy, free from disease, rot or taint and in every way fit for canning. All stems to be removed by grower. The grower will not raise or deliver during said year, in said county, any tomatoes except for said company. April 1933. P. H. Fulton—for the company. Delbert Lutz and Otis Lutz—growers."

The plants were one dollar a thousand. We used about fifteen thousand and they were set by hand, using no kind of machinery.

I bought a Model T truck in 1930 for $102.50 and a 1940 model Pontiac in 1940 for $450.00 I brought both home with no down-payment. We bought our only tractor in 1937 for $450.00 It sold at our sale in 1940 for $40.00. It was in good condition.

I remember buying hamburger and coney sandwiches for a nickel. I started to work at the Sheaffer Pen Company in 1940 for forty cents per hour. I would get a meal at a restaurant for twenty cents. I mixed concrete for a neighbor for $.25 per hour. Was glad to get it and wished the job had lasted longer. This was the Depression in Frenchtown.

TRAMP?

Sarah Catherine McKone

She was trapped, cornered, and I'll never forget the fleeting look of cold fury on her face as the three of us approached her with exclamations of delight as we led the Stranger to her.

She was my mother; young, her years were less than thirty. She was alone, quite alone, on the farm with us three children, ages six, five, and three. She had no means of outside communication: no telephone, no passers-by, no lights except the sun, coal oil lamp, and candles she made and molded from sheeps' tallow. No watch dog to protect her from impending danger. My father was not at home. He was to be away for two days and two nights. He had driven with a horse team and buggy to Macomb to consult with a doctor and have treatment. He was recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

This was a warm summer day in the year of 1907 or 1908, and early that morning our good neighbor "Sebe" had ridden in on horseback and given a warning! "There is a stranger heading this way. He has scared several women. He is either an escaped convict or a tramp, and is considered dangerous." Mother was to keep a watchful eye and use caution. If she saw any strange man coming, best go into the house and lock the door.

Sebe rode on his way to warn others, and Mother called us into the house. She told us, not any alarming detail, but we were sternly warned to keep watch and come immediately to the house if any stranger was seen coming.

Later in the day, she went to the garden at the back of the house. She told us to stay in the front yard, near the road, and keep an eye out. We wasted no time and were soon busy with the joy of playing, and had no thought of possible danger. We were running toward the road when we saw him. He was coming through the gate. He was friendly. In fact, his toadying manner charmed us. We rushed to him and took him by the hands. He asked if our mother was at home. "Yes, oh yes! Mommie is here." With all thought of the stern warnings forgotten, hand in hand we led him to her. When she saw the stranger and the overwhelming hospitality with which we were greeting him, she was silent and hostile. She had been betrayed. But discretion being the better part of valor, and mother being a wise and cautious person, also resourceful, she kindly asked him to come to the porch and sit where he could rest. She asked my older brother to pump a glass of cool water from the well, and she fetched food, which the man ate

ravenously. Then she, having had ample time to collect her wits, told the "white lie." She was sorry she had no time to prepare warm food, but her papa, our grandpa, was coming shortly to pick her and the children up, and take them home for the night. This fell on our young ears as a total surprise, which we greeted with: "Mommy, we didn't know Grandpa was coming. "Goody, Goody! Grandpa's coming and he'll be driving Nick and Pet, and he'll bring us some peppermint candy and we're gonna stay all night."

Mother now added smoothly to the lie. "I didn't tell the children Papa was coming. It is so hard for them to wait."

There were many tramps in the early years of the twentieth century. They travelled by foot, or freight train cars. They lived by begging or asking from door to door for money and food. They were usually hungry, needy and harmless. They were also cunning. If you were kind enough to feed a Tramp, there was usually a rash of them which made it appear that "Word got Around." When you got tired of seeing them coming, or tired of seeing one everytime you looked up, it was time to stop feeding them. Later in my life I lived close to a railroad track, and had many of them. Finally I (for I was afraid of them) found a solution. When I saw one coming, I would go into the yard in plain view, call the big collie dog, and he would bark savagely. This would drive the tramp back to the tracks. The ones I remember were unkempt, dirty, and hairy. I probably had my share of these "Knights-of-the-Road," but I never encountered any who made ugly threats. I never gave them money.

On that day so long ago, after the Stranger had rested a bit, mother excused him with rather a pressing note: " I don't want to keep papa waiting, and I have so much to do. The children will walk you to the gate." We led him by the hand to the gate and told him good bye. He had come from the East and started to walk to the West, in a manner of one who is continuing a long journey. Mother and the three of us watched until he was well out of sight.

Mother, her anger gone, and feeling safe, now tried once again to explain. My older brother who was the "Little Man of the Family" when father was away, seemed to understand. My younger one was too young to think it was anything but a lark. I, for the life of me, did not understand, and with the childish wisdom of my tender years, tried to defend the tramp and argued, "But Mommy, he was such a nice man!"

THE WATERTOWN FLOOD OF 1922

Martin E. Herstedt

Born in Moline, Illinois, July 25, 1911 of Swedish parentage. I attended kindergarten, also in Moline, at Willard School. Then we moved from Moline, to East Moline, Illinois—the Watertown Section of that city. It is still known as such.

Ten years rolled along, and as we were located about two blocks from the Mississippi River, the high waters of 1922 decided to visit us. Watertown was appropriately named. The snows up north filled the hills, and its tributaries grew to overflowing as the spring thaws of March and April occured and, as is known, the moisture had to seek its own level. Because the melting and thawing came with such rapidity, we were soon surrounded, as Honey Creek ran very close to all the residences in that area, overflowed its banks, and 13th Street in front of our houses became a veritable Venice. Our folks had a boat and raft tied to the back porch. There was nothing wrong with that to me, although I was alarmed when the water filled the basement.

The water attained the level of the second step from entering the kitchen and the front room. The upstairs contained two bedrooms, one for dad and mother and baby brother, and one for my older brother and I. But the pluses were decidedly in us boy's favor. My older brother, who is eighteen months my senior, would go along with Dad in the

rowboat to John Deere Harvester Works, to a higher spot, where he got out of the boat, and walked the remaining distance to the shop. One of us would row over to the place to pick up Dad at the end of the working day, and to row back home. Us two boys took turns doing this.

What made this wonderful, was that we didn't have to go to school for a couple of weeks until the water receded. The grocery situation was also taken care of by rowing to upper Watertown. Shades of Huck Finn! The raft wasn't overlooked, and my brother and I did quite a bit of exploring. It was particularly deep where Honey Creek flowed. One day while venturing with the raft, in that region, I knew I was close to the Creek and I was going under some willows. I tried to pull myself through by grabbing a sturdy branch. The raft decided it had enough of me, it kept going its own way, and I was left suspended in midair, holding on to the branch. Fortunately, another raft was in the vicinity with two well-grown boys maneuvering about. My shouts caught their attention. One boy either jumped or dived in and swam over to me. At that particular point he was standing, as it was on the edge of the bank, where I was holding this branch. He told me to let go, which I promptly did, and I found I was submerged only to my chest. The fact that he performed an heroic act has been with me through the years.

THE WINTER OF THE FLOOD

Margaret Sipes Lawson

It was nearing my fifteenth birthday when the big flood came. In spite of the fact that the great Illinois River usually reached flood stage in the spring, this year really heavy and continuous rains through September had brought the waters steadily up and up until the entire populace of the fertile valley were gloomily watching for a sign of the sun. This last morning before the final break my father told me and my older brother Elmer not to go to school today but stay home with our mother and younger brothers while he worked with other men sandbagging the levees in a futile effort to hold back the raging waters. A few days before we had all walked down to the levees, and the water was high enough for us to stand on the top of the levee and touch it by merely stooping and reaching out. The river itself had backed up into a smaller creek whose levees were much lower and weaker and it was this levee the men were trying to save. When my father came home just about bedtime, he reported that they had all but given up and were only keeping watch so they could notify people in the event it broke before morning. We were told to go to bed as the phone would wake us if anything happened. I suspected that neither my father or mother got very much sleep that night and sometime before daylight the dreaded message came: "Get your family out, the levee has broken!" Since the full force of the water did not strike the break, he was advised to wait till daylight because the continous rain had made the lightly oiled dirt roads practically impassable even for horses. So a busy few hours followed. The most necessary clothes and bedding plus a few treasured keepsakes were packed in a large trunk to be taken with us when we left. By daylight we had eaten the last breakfast we were to have in our own home for months. A calm but very worried family waited for day to break in almost utter silence. By daybreak the sturdiest team of horses was hitched to a wagon with all the extra mules tied on behind. The gates to all the pastures and hog lots were opened, so the livestock could fend for themselves and the trunk was loaded in the wagon. With a long backward look we set out for the high ground over two miles away. The incoming water had naturally sought out the low places and so most of the road was still out of the water. However, about halfway to the bluffs in a direct line with the break was a low place where the water crossed the road and ran into a already full drainage ditch. We all knew father was an expert at

handling the horses, but when the water became deep enough to reach the bottom of the wagon bed, and the horses began to swim because they could no longer touch the road, a few minutes of tense silence was broken only by the quiet urging of my father's voice talking calmly to his team. A few nervous crowding motions of the lead mules made the wagon sway dangerously, but the steady team hitched in front paid no attention to the pull from the back and solid ground was soon reached. An older rather dilapidated house long unoccupied was taken over for the time, and after I, my mother and two younger brothers were safely unloaded with the few possessions in the trunk, father and Elmer took the teams and two wagons and went back to see if it was possible to return and save the other furniture. Since the flood water had so very much ground to spread in, it took several days to actually fill the whole valley with deep enough water to be impossible to travel. Any of the essential furniture was stored in the barn loft above the level of any flood, and all the rest of the day was spent making trips out to the high ground with enough furniture and other possessions to keep house for an indefinite period of time.

In 1926 there was no flood insurance and no government "bail-outs." Every farmer was solely responsible for his loss and for providing for his family for the winter months ahead. Also, there was the problem of seed, etc. for the coming spring. A landowner, Mr. Adams, who also lost some of his crop, but who lived up on the bluffs, was a great help. A road project requiring men and teams (no big mechanical bulldozers) was to be started there. The big problem was that the house we had temporarily occupied was too far away for daily travel. The problem was solved by moving into tents in a pasture behind Mr. Adam's House. Water was carried from their well and since outdoor plumbing was all most people had, there was no problem in that area. Two tents were borrowed from the Red Cross, and the Glasgow Sportsmen Club loaned a large white one. The white tent and one other were floored. One was a sleeping tent and one was to cook and live in. The third unfloored one was used for storage only.

The Adams family were building a new house that fall and it was completed in early December. As soon as they moved into it, we were to live in their old house.

Although the water had receded slowly, when the ice froze, there was still enough water underneath that only the tops of the fence posts were showed through. At the farm there were about two hundred pecan trees. A large number of nuts fell on the ice, and on a sunny winter afternoon our family and some friends walked on the ice, pulling the little brothers on a sled and picked up several sacks of very nice nuts.

It must have been a very long winter to my parents. When spring came, the clean-up and moving back began. The water mark in our house, which was on a fairly high foundation, was in the middle of the upper sash of the windows which meant that the water had been at least as much as eight feet deep.

The big day finally came and the furniture was moved back, the livestock penned in the proper places and plans made for a new and better season.

BEARDSTOWN'S DRY FLOOD

Vivian May Pate

It was the morning of my 29th birthday. The date: May 22, 1943.

All spring, the Illinois River had slowly, steadily, climbed upward. I had lived in Beardstown only four years and being confronted by high water was a new experience. But the "old timers" took it calmly enough (to all outward appearances, at least).

When the flood gates were slid into place and splash

boards added to the top of the seawall, we "new comers" really felt uneasy. Because then began the age old conflict of man against the elements.

"The flood water won't get into the town. We'll keep it out," the men predicted.

Thousands of sandbags were stacked along the seawall and levees and piled high to fortify the strength of the splashboards.

Seep water doggedly inched into the low spots all over town.

"It will reach 30 feet before it starts to rest," was the verdict of those who knew the moods of the River.

Rumors were flying about that when 29 feet was passed, the elderly, the women, and the children would be evacuated for safety's sake. The men would remain in town and continue to sandbag. As I had an ailing sixty-year-old mother and a lively four-year-old son, I was deeply concerned.

When the much-dreaded 29-foot stage was reached, people quietly began to pack suitcases and put them in the trunks of cars. We moved from our home on West 7th Street into a house "somewhere in Wolfe's addition" in the east side. At least we were in a much higher part of town. But we stayed there only overnight.

The next morning, shortly after breakfast (which no one seemed to have the appetite to touch) the warning whistle began to sound off. It meant: "Get out of town!" They tell me it blew five times but we were in the car and headed out of town, toward Virginia, before the third blast ended.

As we swung into the line of fast moving cars, my husband turned to me, grinned, and said: "Happy birthday, MA!" Except for the music from the car radio, the rest of the trip was made in complete silence.

When we bumped across the railroad tracks into Virginia, the radio was playing one of my favorite songs: "Heartaches." Then the realization of what was actually happening finally hit me. "Would the sea wall hold? Were the splash boards really strong enough? And if it came to the worse and water *did* flood the town, would we have a home left to which to return? Then, I seemed to hear those hopeful brave voices, "We'll keep it out."

We immediately found a large, airy, comfortable, upstairs bedroom at Lippert rooming house. The other rooms were instantly snapped up by our next door neighbors, the Andy Sherrills, a Franks family, and the Reverend Tom Allen and his wife and daughter. Reverend Allen was the minister of the First Southern Baptist Church. Maybe it was Sunday. I don't remember, but Rev. Allen held church services that evening at Virginia High School gymnasium. Ironically enough, the first hymm was "Higher Ground!"

Later on, army cots were set up in that gymnasium and it became "home" for a lot of the flood refugees for the next two weeks.

Food for us was furnished by the Red Cross. It was prepared in the kitchen and served in the dining room at the Methodist Church. I can honestly say no one went hungry.

Back in Beardstown the Salvation Army had set up temporary headquarters where they served their world renowned hot coffee and doughnuts. The National Guard moved in and the town was under martial law. The levee had broken "somewhere" and a guardsman, a colored fellow, had drowned.

Write-ups and pictures of our plight appeared in many newspapers. Whenever the newsbreaks came on radio stations, flood reports took top priority. But only those who have lived through such an experience know the anxiety and fear it brings. If there is anything more uncertain than the date of the Judgment Day, it's what a wild, rampaging, flooding river will do next.

The flood fighters were well aware of this. Still they continued the battle.

"The flood water won't get into the town," they said. And it didn't! "We will keep it out," they had also said. And they did!

Also, true was the "old timers" prediction that it would

crest at 30 feet. Some claim it went a little higher. Then, it began to fall, very slowly. We were told we wouldn't be allowed to come home until it was down to 25 feet. So we waited, more hopefully now.

At last came that lovely morning when we saw all of those state police cars and State of Illinois orange trucks lined up around the court house square. Someone shouted, "We're going home."

It didn't take very long for every vehicle to become filled up. Suitcases and boxes were literally thrown and tossed as their happy owners scrambled in after them. As a truck load of us came barreling back to Beardstown some joked, "The closer to home you get, the better it smells."

THE BAKERY WAGON

Bob Hulsen

The going was pretty hard in the early Twenties for some people—at least it was for our family of Mom and Dad and five kids. Although Dad was a skilled machinist, he found a job driving a bakery wagon. In those days, all sorts of merchandise was sold house to house.

The wagon was a big white home-made structure mounted on an abandoned Ford chassis. It had rubber tires, was painted white, and had windows that could be let down into the sides with a strap. Dad would often take me along to help drive the old horse, Kate, who knew the route and who usually pulled the big old rig peacefully. It was great fun to ride down the street, ringing the big bell to call our customers, who bought coffee cakes, cookies, pies, bread and other goodies.

Kate had been a farm horse and was not really in love with the city. Some things petrified her and she resorted to her only defense: Run! One of the hazards was the platform and canvas which electric and telephone linemen hoisted up on poles to protect them while they worked. We had to keep a sharp eye because Kate could spot one of those platforms a mile away. If a canvas flapped in the wind, we were off, a runaway at breakneck speed rocking the topheavy old wagon dangerously! Another hazard was a factory whistle. Somehow Kate never got used to it. We always checked the clock to be certain not to pass a plant at noon hour because a toot from the factory whistle meant big trouble for Dad and me.

The old wagon was well-planned. Foods were all kept in lockers. Pies were carried on shelves made of wires. The lockers were about 12 inches wide and extended from floor to ceiling and doors were fastened at the top by a latch.

In those days, a tire company named Fisk made inner tubes for tires that were red-orange in color. The color, I believe, was a trademark. One day as we rolled along, old Kate kept trying to turn her head and look back at the wagon. Pop exclaimed: "I wonder what that old horse sees?" He let the window down and leaned out to discover there was a hole in the side of the tire on the right front wheel and the high pressure had forced the tube out of the hole. There was an orange-red bubble as big as a washtub going round and round on the outside of the wheel. Dad jumped back and grabbed for the reins, but it was too late—BANG! And away we went!

We had a miraculous escape from injury or death on that run, but a pie locker came unlatched. Banana cream, lemon meringue, chocolate, apple, cherry, and coconut cream—fifteen pies all together on the floor. What a mess!

VII *Farm Life*

FARM LIFE

"The 'Little Farms' were the link between the pioneer with his log cabin and garden patch and the modern, shining, new mechanized agriculture," writes Floy Chapman in the story that introduces this section of *Tales from Two Rivers.* She goes on to describe how these "little farms" disappear daily under the blade of the bulldozer, victims of modern methods of farming that the United States Department of Agriculture itemizes as: four wheel drive tractors; electronically controlled harvesters; pesticides; fertilizers; hybreds; and disease controlling drugs. Fewer farmers are now able to farm greater acreages, and so the "little farms" have been absorbed into large scale agricultural operations.

Mrs. Adelphia Dean, in her story "All the Needs of Daily Life," writes of the unique quality of the "little farms": they produced almost all of the food, fuel, clothing and daily needs of the farm family. They were a "self-sufficient" unit. By virtue of that characteristic, they epitomized what Thomas Jefferson felt was the optimum substrate of a healthy nation, a system of self sufficient farms with little need or interest in markets. His thinking pervaded that of the Founding Fathers, who envisioned the small farm as the basis for democratic government since, to them, land ownership inferred a responsible citizenry and, also, brought with it the political power of the vote. And so the "little farms" discussed in this section are more than nostalgic memories; they are symbols of what Americans have considered from the very beginnings of our country to be of value to society.

On these "little farms" each member of the family participated in labor which contributed to the well being of the whole family. Wilma Keilman tells how the entire family traveled by wagon to the mines to get their coal or to the timber to cut a winter's supply of wood. Wives helped their husbands in all phases of farm work, and also did the gardening, canning, sewing, and baking. Children worked, too, in this era before child labor laws were a part of the national conscience. They fed chickens, carried wood and water into the house, churned butter, milked cows and more! Nor do any of the authors seem to have resented their labor—they felt *needed* and they worked *together.* Their work was a part of the social and recreational fabric of life. Cutting wood for fuel was, also, the time for a picnic; learning to crochet needed mittens and caps was a lovingly remembered time spent with mother; and picking berries was a game to see who filled their buckets first!

The camaraderie of shared goals was not contained solely within the farm family. It was manifest among the separate "little farms" of a community. Edith L. Weinant and Minnie J. Bryan write of days when farmers and their families came together to butcher livestock and dress the meat. They made up harvest crews that rotated from farm to farm, threshing grain and eating the platters of fried chicken, cream gravy, biscuits, home grown vegetables and freshly baked pies prepared by their womenfolks. On Nubbin' Ridge the neighbors combined forces to provide telephone service to the community, and in Pike County the rural mailcarrier not only distributed letters, but, also, took eggs and cream to town for the farmers on his route and then returned the next day with their money or the items they had asked him to purchase for them! The "little farms" formed a cohesive and integrated environment for their inhabitants.

But imperceptively things were changing. And the changes seem to have been welcomed. Paul Sloan writes, "I detested farm life but welcomed the new motor driven tractors. A horse-drawn plow consisted of two twelve-inch moldboard plows drawn by four horses. The tractor pulled the same twenty-four-inch plows without the loss of time when we had to blow the horses, allowing them to get their second wind." Mr. Sloan describes the coming of the binder and the steam powered threshing machine. Dwight Croxton tells of the coming of the cornplanter and the "riding"

cultivator. Happy to have his physical labor ameliorated by the new machinery, did the family farmer foresee his future? Did he envision the land divested of hedge rows, the fields stretching beyond fences to extend to the horizon, his neighbor's homes bulldozed into cellar holes to give way to additional acreage, and the small woodlots leveled and added to the tillable acre count?

In 1979, Report Number 438, issued by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, included a prediction that in the future farm size would continue to grow; small, family farms would disappear; and the agricultural influence on rural communities would decrease until rural America would become undistinguishable from urban America. The report asks the following questions: 1. Will the intangible values inherent in a rural culture and valued as a part of the American tradition be lost if small farms are foreclosed as a way of life? 2. Do we as society want this to happen?

Mrs. Dean is perhaps responding to these questions when she writes, "Who has time anymore to sit on the front porch for a visit with neighbors? Haven't we lost something . . .?" And Clarice Trone Dickerson ends her story pensively, "In these 75 years there have been cars, electricity and gas for heat . . . airplanes, atom and hydrogen bombs, trips to the moon and, in the next 75 years, we cannot imagine how much more progress will be made. We only hope it will be for the betterment of mankind."

The next 75 years may bring a revitalization of the "little farms" . Research, such as has been cited above, reflects a growing concern that these "little farms" are vital to the health of our society. For the first time since 1900 the following legislation has been enacted at the federal level, which provides for research to aid in small farm development: The Agricultural Act of 1970; the Rural Development Act of 1972; and the Food Development Act of 1977. The National Rural Center in Washington D. C. issued a publication, *Towards a Federal Small Farms Policy,* in 1978 that called for federal attention to the demise of the "family farm" by stating ". . . the fact that more than a million families, despite the prevailing views of experts, remain intent on exercising the option to earn income from smaller-scale farms argues strongly for a fresh and comprehensive look at the factors affecting the economic viability of such operations." And Wendell Berry writes in *The Unsettling of America,*" . . . care of the earth is our most ancient and most worthy and, after all, our most pleasing responsibility."

THE LITTLE FARMS

Floy K. Chapman

The "Little Farms" were the link between the pioneer with his log cabin and garden patch and the modern shining new mechanized agriculture. The men and women of my age are its children. Often we have longed to return, but time marches on and one never goes back. We dwell upon the good, and reject the unpleasant memories in the interest of personal sanity. Quickly we push aside the memories of the great physical struggle involved in wresting a livelihood from the soil with man and horse power. We tend to forget the long hours of labor, the unending struggle against the encroaching forest with its insects and animals, the prejudices that crippled our relationship with others, and the ignorance that fostered disease and crippling disasters . . . even death itself.

I was born six miles west of White Hall, in Greene County, Illinois, on one of the "Little Farms," in February of 1901. I believe our "Little Farm" was typical of hundreds in the state at that time. In memory, it lingers on as clearly as if I could go to it anytime, but in reality, it is no more. In a neighborhood that boasted 26 houses, a church, a school, a mail route, and a Justice of the Peace, only six houses are left. Of these, all except two are occupied by elderly people living alone, but there was a time when things were different.

Ours was a five-room frame house, immaculately white, with a pantry and front and back porches. The foundation of the house and the walls of the dirt-floored cellar under the house were of native limestone rock. The interior walls were of solid white plaster, and the woodwork was painted bright blue. Our landlord lived with us and we children loved him. He was old and jolly and fat and he wore wooden shoes that made a big noise when he walked. He had built the farm and he loved it with a passion.

Near the porch was a well with a box over it and a wheel on a frame that helped to lift the two big wooden buckets of water from the well. My parents lifted all the water we used from that deep limestone-walled well, by hand. There was no cistern, but the well water was cool and plentiful.

Back of the house was a red-painted smoke house that served a thousand purposes. In it was a small room where the meat was hung after butchering and smoked until cured with hickory chips smoldering in a heavy metal bucket set safely on a limestone rock.

To the west was a beautiful garden spot with a big patch of raspberries, grapes and blackberries. Rhubarb, sage, and currants and gooseberries grew in profusion along the edge of the garden. An orchard with cherry, apple, peach, plum and pear trees spread to the west.

To the north was a large horse lot, surrounded by wooden board fences. Near its center was the large barn itself with a hayloft, cribs for corn, bins for oats and wheat, and stalls for the horses. Nearby were lots and shed for cows and hogs. Great elms furnished shade in the heat of summer. A big gate opened into a pasture of blue grass and a well of limestone furnished water for this horses' paradise. In the spring, little colts ran after their mothers and the milk cows rested under the trees, chewing their cuds in quiet contentment.

Colts, calves, and hogs were cash crops as was the wheat and poultry.

There was not enough plow land on the "Little Farm" so my father shared-cropped for farmers not too far away, or went to the Illinois River bottoms to put in corn or wheat. He and a neighbor boy would live in a shanty in the bottom during the planting and harvesting times, hoping the river would not flood and take the crop down to New Orleans, as it often did.

Mother and we children and a hired girl (paid the magnificent sum of $2 a week) would care for the little farm while the men were gone. Both women were busy all day long every day. Each day the cows were milked twice and milk was strained into white stoneware crocks sitting on the cool earthen floor of the cellar. Every morning the cream would be

skimmed and saved to be churned by hand in the old bentwood churn. The skimmed milk was fed to the hogs, chickens, turkeys, cats, and dogs.

Livestock and three children had to be fed and cared for. Washing, ironing and canning had to be done. Often the skimmed milk would be used to make cottage cheese which was hung in a white sack over the wire clothesline to drain. When the curds were dry, they would be broken up by hand, salted, and mixed with rich yellow cream.

There was, of course, no refrigerator or ice box, but in the summer, the skimmed cream was hung in the well in a bucket safely anchored by a strong rope. Every week the cream would be churned, molded in a wheatprint one pound wooden mold, or packed into one pound crocks to be delivered to choice customers in town at 25 cents a pound.

Early in the morning on delivery day, Mother would hitch Old Bonnie to the buggy and take us two older children with her to White Hall, six miles away, to deliver the butter and cheese, and to shop. Generally the hired girl would keep the baby at home, but we two older children would be carefully dressed and combed before we started on our high adventure. Mother would look young and pretty to us. We were proud of the fact that we were clean and decent and not "beholden" to any one.

From early spring until late fall, a peddler came to our door once a week. He bought eggs and poultry, and sold groceries and other things we needed. We could hear him singing as he came driving his old horse hitched to a one-horse wagon. We were delighted to see him and the stick candy with which he was so generous.

About 3/4 mile from our house was a one-room country school. Often thirty children would be in attendence and all eight grades were taught. Once a year the County Superintendent of Schools would come to inspect the school and offer suggestions for improvement. When we saw his team of horses hitched to a buggy coming down the road, we slicked down our hair and put on our good behavior.

Across from the school, the Justice of the Peace lived and tried small cases and settled disputes among neighbors. Sometimes he would even marry a young couple, but he never issued any divorce papers. There simply was no divorce. He was always clean shaven and neatly dressed, well read for his time, and ready for any emergency that might arise.

Generally neighborhood business was settled without resorting to the sheriff or outsiders.

Less than a mile west of the school house, a white country church stood for almost a century. It was an important influence in maintaining order and decency. We were proud and took care of our own. Life sent sickness and death, pain, frustration, and sorrow, but there was also peace and joy and love.

Wildlife was unbelievably abundant. Bluebirds built their nests in the hollow oak posts near our doors. Thrushes, red birds, and robins were our closet friends. In spring the air was full of song and the flutter of wings.

Everyone over 12 was adept with the use of guns, but I cannot remember that they were used except for obtaining food or protection from predators. In early winter there was trapping for fur and many a family Christmas was paid for with fur from skunks, raccoons, opossums, foxes, mink, and muskrats. Rabbits, squirrels, and fish were every day table fare for those who had the time or cared to take the effort involved.

Today, not only are the people gone, but the very face of the earth itself is altered. Bulldozers have scooped out ponds, leveled hills and ripped out trees to be piled and burned. The wells, buildings, and fences of the little farms have been covered or destroyed. With the aid of modern agricultural chemistry, machinery, and know-how, fields of soy beans and corn cover the land. You can travel for miles without seeing a horse or a Jersey cow.

There is still a fence row beside a dirt lane that leads back to the place where we were once so happy. Prairie grass grows where there was once a house, and a well flanked by

Butter and Egg and Bouncing Betty. Do you suppose, if by some chance, I went back there, I might be able to find the little blue granite cup from which I drank so happily almost 80 years ago?

ALL THE NEEDS OF DAILY LIFE

Adelphia J. Dean

By the five senses of taste, touch, smell, hearing and seeing we remember vividly our past experiences of youth and maturity as we knew it and lived life.

The farm family had to be self sufficient, in that they worked raising most of their own food, providing for their clothing, heat and almost all the needs of daily life. Farm homes of my childhood consisted of four or five rooms, back and front porch on the ground level and two upstairs rooms—one for the boys and one for the girls. We had no inside plumbing, maybe a pitcher pump connected to a cistern over a zinc basin. The back porch was necessary for the rubber boots, chicken feed, milk buckets and bushel baskets for the feeding of the farm animals. We had no plastic to cover windows and many times in winter the moisture in the house froze on the windows, making indescribable pictures of palm trees, ferns, etc.. It was a painful experience for a child to put his tongue against this frosty window pane for you usually ended up with a very sore tongue. Who can forget the spectre of winter underwear frozen stiff on the clothes line? People had to dress warm as there was no central heat and this included long underwear, either cotton or wool, wool shirts and overalls for the men—for the women—also long underwear, cotton flannel petticoats, ribbed black cotton stockings and black sateen bloomers for the girls. This underwear was worn until around Decoration Day and when removed seemed as if you had shed your second skin. Such freedom. Bathing was on Saturday night in the family wash tub. As the water cooled, the warm water was replenished from the copper tea kettle or reservoir attached to the kitchen range. I am sure most children my age remember the comb rack over the wash basin with the Bible verse: "Give us this day our daily bread." The water bucket with the tin dipper and the slop bucket. The water pail many times empty and the slop bucket full. This was carried to the hogs, who thoroughly enjoyed the dishwater. And who can forget the comforting sound of the tea kettle singing on the Majestic range. The kitchen was the hub of the home. Early spring time would sometimes find a huge box back of the stove with a hen and her baby chicks sheltered from a cold April rain, waiting until the weather warmed up. The crocks of milk, the cream, the churning of butter, baking bread, those delicious smells of the kitchen.

Saturday was the day we got to the village store. Here was where the sense of smell was most evident. One side of the store had the hard goods or materials. The smell of gingham plaids, chambray, outing flannel, muslins, the laces and buttons. All 100 percent cotton. A woman wasn't really in style unless she possessed a black taffeta dress or skirt. This was worn on Sunday or to a funeral. On the opposite side of the store were the staples of coffee, sugar, cheese, crackers, coal oil. Very few canned goods. Flour came in cloth sacks—25 lb. sacks that were bleached and used. My grandmother's favorite brand—Kansas Girl. Eggs sold for 12 cents a dozen, butter 10 cents a pound. The food bill was met by the selling of eggs, butter and milk.

Speaking of floor coverings—we had carpets made of torn rags, woven on a loom. These strips were sown together to cover the front room. At house cleaning time they were ripped apart, washed and dried in the hot sun, sewn back together and stretched over fresh wheat straw. Such a clean, delightful, odor. The wood heater had been stored in a wash room until early September. We didn't need the E.P.A. in my youth. My father-in-law hauled cord wood—good hickory and black oak for $6.00 a load—to a prominent citizen—about 12

miles from his home. At Thanksgiving and Christmas they usually had home grown turkeys and geese to sell for the holidays. This provided for their own family's Christmas. We didn't have access to bananas and oranges only during the holidays. The cave was well stocked with apples, cabbage, potatoes, onions, and kraut. I can almost smell the apples now. I cannot close this without mentioning the hair ribbons. The beautiful colors, red and blue plaid, pink, lavendar, plain blue. We braided our hair in 1912. It was washed in soft water, caught in a rain barrel, with Grandpa's Tar soap. I know it would have been a relief to our dear mothers had short hair been popular in that age.

Who has time anymore to sit on a front porch for a visit with neighbors? Haven't we lost something in this fast development of news and transportation? We know there will never be a return to our early ways of living but the experiences we had will always be a part of us growing to maturity.

JUNIPER BERRY TEA FOR THE KIDNEYS

Idapearl Kruse

I was born March 5, 1892, in the famed Mormon town of Nauvoo, Illinois, and grew up in a period of time known as the "Gay Nineties." My parents moved to a farm in Sonora Township when I was two and a half years old.

I walked to and from a one room school called the "Gibraltar" which was built of Native stone and had 2 door's on the South and three window's on the East and West side built in the late 1860's.

In those day's there was a "huckster" that traveled what was known as the "prairie" road from Nauvoo to Hamilton and people on either side of his route came to his stopping places to buy staple groceries such as sugar, flour, yeast, fruits and vegetables in season and other item's such as lace; pin's; hooks and eye's, button's thread; slate pencils, and lead pencil's plus other items. A neighbor girl and myself walked a mile, barefooted in summer to exchange butter which we carried in a ten gallon stone jar, plus eggs which we would exchange for needed article's.

Beside turpentine, quinines, patent medicine and pills which could be purchased at A.C. Mills Drug Store in Nauvoo, people were resourceful and made tea from sassafras bark for a blood purifier. Also Penny Royal leaves and Juniper berries made into tea to stimulate the kidneys. Hot onion poultices over a rubbing of goose grease were effective in pneumonia and heavy bronchial infection's; and for a person afflicted with dropsy as was my Grandfather George Diemer. I gathered the leaves of the Mullen Plant which he bound around his ankle's and this would make them weep and relieve swelling. Beside Rhubarb and asparagus in early spring we gathered dandelion's which we ate raw or cooked for green's with horse radish leaves, plantain, bitter lettuce, sour dill, lamb's quarter flavored with ham or bacon, and we thereby received needed mineral salts and vitamins. Mushrooms were an added delicacy.

Hops grew wild along fence rows and they were gathered and dried to make a winter's supply of yeast by adding corn meal and salt.

Shallots or multiplier onion's (commonly called winter onions) that grew along the paths our Saviour walked in Jerusalem and bore a clump of sets on the top of a stalk were carried to every nation on earth by tourists and most every home had some. They were used as green onions raw and could be used in cooking—the sets which dripped in the fall were lightly covered with soil. Black Berries grew wild around the springs and fence rows and, when getting cows in for milking, we would take a kettle along and gather them. With cream and sugar they were delicious as well as in pie and jellies. Goose berries and straw berries grew wild, also. A supply of walnuts, hickory nuts and butter nuts were gathered in the fall and used in baking and candy making all

winter long—most people had bee hive's full of honey, their own home killed beef, pork and chicken and wild game such as quail, deer, and rabbits and squirrel's varied the menu. Hominy was made from corn and jars of Sour Kraut from cabbage. Root crops were buried in straw-lined pits and kept good all winter.

ENERGY: COAL, WOOD, AND WOMEN

Wilma Keilman

I wonder if some of the younger generation, (especially the young farm wives) would enjoy looking back over the years with me to the first years of my life on the farm. They were very remarkable and happy years.

We were very happy in a nice comfortable home, but without most of the conveniences the farmers are blessed with in our modern day. Yes, we kept nice and warm, but not with gas or electricity. Our fuel was coal and wood, but it wasn't delivered to us; we had to go after it. We would hitch a team of horses to the big farm wagon, and start to the coal mine which was many miles away, and spend the night there to be among the first ones the next morning to get our allotment of coal. We could then get started early enough to get home before dark. You may be a little surprised to know we spent the night there, sleeping in the bottom of the wagon bed and hoping it would not rain. I will admit it wasn't very comfortable place to sleep, but with the blankets and pillows we had taken with us, we managed to get by.

And now, about the wood. We went to the timber and cut down trees, working all of them into small pieces with saw and axe, and really enjoying doing it. On the nice days we would have a nice fire built, and sit by it to eat our noon lunch, and drink our coffee, and really relax. We used the wood not only in the furnace, but also in our old fashioned cook stove, which was really a great blessing, with it's reservoir of hot water handy at all times.

Did we have water in the house? Oh, no. We had a cistern outside which was kept filled if it rained often enough, from the rain water that ran off the house. We carried our drinking water from a deep well near the barn, where an old fashioned wind-mill kept a full tank of water for the horses, cattle and hogs, as well as allowing it to be changed to hand pumped water drawn into the containers we carried to use in the home. The wind-mill had to be watched closely, as on a real windy day it would cause the tank to run over, making mud around the tank.

We did not go very much, and did not have TV for entertainment, as we have today, and were very happy to be kept busy. However, we did enjoy bobsled parties, when we had enough snow on the ground to use the bobsled. Those who never knew the joy of riding in a bobsled have sure missed a lot of pleasure. One of the farmers would put a wagon box on four runners, put straw in the bottom of the box, then put spring seats in, and with a lot of blankets we were ready for a wonderful evening together. The joyful sound of sleigh bells on the horses made the evening even more enjoyable.

Of course we had young stock at all times, even colts to grow and be trained to help pull the farm implements along with three older horses. It was also my job to help my "Hubby" get all four of the horses hitched, and get started to the field through several gates. We would hitch the three older ones first, then I watched them while he got the young horse that he often referred to as "that stubborn sow", because when his mother hogs had little pigs, they were usually quite stubborn.

Every day when plowing started,
Came the same tune morn and noon,
"Will you help me hitch the horses
So I can get started soon"

I would leave my household duties
And go straightway to the barn,
Bridle up the "old grey mare"
That "Hubby" says "ain't worth a darn."

Then I'd lead her out to water
And hitch her to the old gang plow,
Watch the leaders, Bess and Beauty
While "Hubby" got that stubborn sow.

When at last, he got the tugs hitched
On that pracing, stubborn colt,
Then 'twas "hold them all a minute
'Till I run and get my coat".

Now, he'd say, "We''ll soon be started,
If you'll open wide the gate,
Watch those calves they don't get thru tho
Or it's sure to make me late."

He would scarcely get them started,
'Till he'd stop, and then I'd hear
"I forgot about the windmill,
Will you please throw it in gear?"

"Watch the tank, it don't run over,
Making mud around the lot,
And call the veterinarian for me,
I was going to, but forgot."

Farmwork depended on energy in the early part of this century and part of that energy was contributed at no cost to the farmer—by his wife.

A RURAL CHILDHOOD

Edith F. Aden

When I was about three years old, my parents had a chance to rent a farm next to our grandfather's, in Columbus Township. This farm was owned by my two uncles and consisted of eight acres. A lot of it was timber and my mother and father cleared a lot of it to farm. They raised wheat, corn, oats, hay, and cane which was processed into Sorghum. In the fall of the year, we children stripped the leaves from the cane and my father hauled the stalks to the mill where the delicious molasses was made. Many delicious gingerbread and molasses cookies were made in my mother's kitchen. Mother made all her own bread, cakes, pies, cookies, and cinnamon rolls. The house where we moved into was a small four room one. My mother and father spent much time plastering, painting. Mother raised chickens in the spring of the year. Father raised hogs, cattle, sheep. Most of the crops he raised were fed to the livestock.

This farm sat back off the main road which, of course, at that time was all dirt, with many hills and hollows. There was a large creek which ran across the farm. This creek is called McKee Creek and is large.

By the time I was big enough to remember, I started to school and was a very willing pupil as I loved school. My older sisters and brothers were out of school when I started. So that left my younger sister, Mildred, and I to go to school together. We were very close and, no matter what I did, she was always there to help me. We had three miles to walk to school and come rain, sleet, snow, sunshine, or what have you, we were nearly always there. My mother was a beautiful seamstress and made all our clothes. She even made my father's and brother's overalls and jackets. She did a lot of crocheting, too. In the winter time she made us warm mittens, caps, scarves and sweaters. We always had the Old Sears Roebuck catalog handy, and most of the material for her work came fom there. When I was four years old, my older sister gave me a crochet needle and a spool of red crochet thread, and when ever my mother sat down to crochet I was always there to learn. To this day I love to crochet, and I know she is there watching me.

As I said before, our farm was practically cut off from the outside world, and it was up to my sister and I to make our own fun. We would go hunting in the fall of the year and hunt rabbits and squirrels. We had a little black and white dog. My older sister taught him to do many tricks. He was one of the best squirrel treers. He would go to the timber and before we could get there he would have one treed. We would stand below the tree and yell to the top of our voices which would make the squirrel fall. The dog would grab it and give it a couple of shakes and then lay it at our feet, and go on to the next tree to tree another one. Many an afternoon we would come home with five or six squirrels. The rabbits we would run into a hollow log and take a long wire and twist them out. Then we would kill them. Many a happy hour was spent on the banks of the old creek. Most of our toys were hand made. We even made dishes from the clay along the creek bank. We would mold the dishes and then bake them in the oven until they were hard. I loved to sew so I would make little rompers and dress up our cats, which we always had. We would train them to drink from a bottle and sleep in a little bed my brother made for them.

On Sundays father would hitch up the team of horses to the old surrey and we would go to Camp Point to church. This was a one room white church located at the west edge of Camp Point. In the afternoon we would go across the timber to the neighbor's house to play with their children which were about our age. In the summertime we would play house. We had several large trees on the farm and under these trees we would make our home. We used wooden boxes for our stoves, cupboards, and table, and herring kegs for chairs. Of course we always had our cats for babies. Our little dog was always near, too.

We went to a little white school house which had one teacher and eight grades. Sometimes the teacher would let me teach the lower grades which made me very proud. We spent many an happy hour at that little old school. In the spring of the year we would go on trips in the woods and pick wild flowers. We would learn about all the trees in the woods. Some times the old creek would overflow its bank, and would flood the bottom land where father had his crops planted. Many a time we sat on the hill and watched the wheat, oats, and corn go down the creek. Of course that would be the end of the crops for that year. Then father got wise and as soon as the grain was cut he would haul it to high ground where the water couldn't get to it.

It was not all fun and play on the farm. We had our chores to do which consisted of milking the cows, feeding the chickens, bringing in the wood so mother would have enough to last her through the night and the next day. The oil lamps had to be cleaned and kept full of oil. The chimneys had to shine or we would have to do them over. We churned the butter in a round wooden churn which we turned by hand. Then there was the old wooden wash tubs which mother spent most of the day washing on the old wash board with soap she made. In the winter time there were the butchering days where the hogs were killed and processed and smoked in a Smokehouse over hickory logs. Delicious Hams, Bacon, and Sausage were always ready for us. On long winter evenings we would set around the little old wood stove and, with a long-handled cornpopper, mother would pop corn. Sometimes she would make us pop corn balls. We played dominoes or checkers or cards and she would nearly always beat us. Our father loved to read and he would read to us, or help us with our studies for school.

LIFE ON NUBBIN RIDGE

Ora Lee Douglas

I have lived in Hancock and Schuyler counties and I have seen many changes. World War I was just over when we moved to Schuyler County to the neighborhood known as

Nubbin Ridge. After three or four years of no rainfall on the poor clay soil, we knew the reason for the name.

The roads left much to be desired. If it did rain, the mud was five or six inches deep. One hill was so bad the horses got down in the mud. The farmers all worked together to take care of their problems. They formed a threshing company, bought an old steam engine, tank wagon, separator, and clover huller. After all the grain in our neighborhood was threshed, they went to neighborhoods that didn't have an outfit.

About this time it became apparent that better communications were needed. A Farmers Mutual Telephone Company was formed. Since there was already a telephone office in Augusta, they could use that switchboard but with only one operator on duty at a time, she was badly overworked. One family in the middle of the community was chosen to have a call bell arrangement, whereby neighbors at either end of the line could call to be switched to call the others without having to go through the telephone office. Most of the telephone operators were women, but in an emergency, Ellsworth Mathews, the maintenance man would fill in.

The church and school worked together to have programs especially at Christmas time. It had to be held in the church which was larger as friends and relatives came from far and near to hear and see the kids and adults recite, sing and give one-act plays. At the end of the program Santa would come with gifts and treats for everyone.

Dessies Bunnell was working in Quincy and brought a radio home to her folks. They gave the emergency ring on the telphone, held the speaker close to the phone so we could enjoy the music, usually from W.L.S. with Lula Belle and Scotty.

Camp Bunnell put in a Sorghum mill in 1924. The mill was pulled by a team of horses. Two men ground cane until noon, then they joined Mr. and Mrs. Bunnell at the evaporator and watched it cook until it was done about five o'clock that evening. After working hard all day they had from sixty to seventy-five gallons of sorghum. The foam which formed on top was usually kept to make taffy. People from miles around grew cane and brought it to the mill to be made into sorghum.

About once a month the neighbors would get together at one of the homes and play games or sing. Bert Boltons had a new player piano and all enjoyed singing along with it. Of course we had good refreshments, everyone took sandwiches or pie and the hostess always had coffee. When the snow was deep, Harold Witcher hitched his big team to the bobsled and packed it full of straw and people to go to the party.

It was about 1930 when electricity was brought in, so you can see we were a very progressive community, maybe not as rapid as the cities, but we worked at it just the same.

FARMSTYLE—1909-1920

Dorothy B. Berry

I grew up on the Currier farm, seven miles southeast of Neponset, Illinois. With three brothers and two sisters (the younger six of a family of twelve) I walked to the one-room school house, a mile and three quarters from home. My first teacher was a man, Harmon J. Boyd from Bradford. He had a dimple in his chin and we thought it was caused by his leaning his chin on a pencil as he sat at his desk.

Neither at school nor at home did we have inside plumbing or water system. At home, it was the appointed chore for one of us girls to attend to emptying the vessels that were, one in each bedroom, used—then the contents removed to the outhouse. It was never spoken of nor recognized by us kids of one sex that those of the other sex had these personal needs. So, if on the premises at home or school, a boy saw a girl heading toward the outhouse and he

was so brazen as to chant, "I know where you're going," he was apt to spend fifteen minutes sitting in a corner and not speak or be spoken to. This was the punishment meted out by teacher or parent.

The horse-and-buggy rig provided our transportation to Sunday School and Church in Osceola, three miles away, and for shopping in Kewanee, ten miles to the west.

One or two of us at a time got to ride with Mama for an all-day trip to Kewanee. We either took a sack lunch to eat in the lounge at the balcony of Lyman-Lays or we would have a bowl of soup in Yordy's Cafe.

In Lyman-Lays we could buy shoes, groceries, and clothing. Then we could leave our parcels in the Parcel Room while we shopped in other stores—Bondi's, Szolds or Butterwicks. When shopping was completed, we picked up our parcels from the Parcel Room and went to our rig which had been waiting for us in the back of Lumans.

One day, brother Dean dared me to climb right behind him as far as he went, right up the ladder of the sixty-foot windmill. I did! Then I looked down and FROZE. Mama had to be called out to talk me down.

Dad and my brothers milked the several cows by hand, then Dad ran the milk through the cream separator that was in the house. This was a night and morning chore. One Sunday evening my brother and his family came from Kewanee just as Dad was running the separator. Dad gave a cup of milk to the two little girls and was tickled when he heard the older one say: "Grandpa runs it through the heater."

We churned the cream to make butter—we kids often took turns at turning the barrel-shaped churn with its handle. The churn was on a frame. When butter formed Mama would scoop it out into a big crock for salting; the buttermilk then was drained from the churn into a big pitcher. We might be rewarded with a glass of buttermilk with a doughnut or cookie.

Mail was brought by the rural carrier, Wilbur Blake, using horse and buggy, from Neponset Post Office. Later the carrier was William Headley using an automobile. The mail was delivered six days of the week, except on holidays. We kids were glad to see the mail if it included a parcel of goods ordered from Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalogue.

Every Monday was wash day. We had a hand-powered machine and again we kids might be called on to push the handle that moved the agitator. Always the white clothes were also boiled in the copper boiler on the coal range in the kitchen.

The clothes and other items, rinsed, would be hung on the wire clothesline that was strung from tree to tree or pole to pole, for drying—sometimes, for freezing. What a sight to see the long winter underwear frozen and swinging on the clothesline! Sooner or later it would be dry.

Interesting times were when the threshing machinery arrived, late in July, and pulled up into a side lot. There the bundles of oats from the fields would be put into the machine, the steam-power (later, gasoline powered) caused the machine to separate the seed from the straw, each came out a separate spout—the seed into a waiting wagon, and the straw onto the ground. The seed was hauled to the elevator in Neponset and eventually shipped by freight cars to the Chicago market. The clean, dry straw was used for different purposes—often it meant new filling for the straw ticks (mattresses) on the beds. It was great fun to pounce and lie down on a newly filled tick!

For hauling the grain and also the fattened hogs to market meant that Dad would need help. He would have his list of helpers handy, neighbors with a team and wagon, and would go to the box style telephone that hung on the wall of the dining room. He would lift down the receiver (the listening device) from its hook on the left side of the box, turn the handle on the right side, one ring. He would hear "Number, please" from the operator in the telephone office in Neponset. Dad would answer: "Central, I need to call several numbers to get help for tomorrow." Central would say: "Give

me your first number; when you have finished talking I'll be ready for your next number." If the numbers were on our "line" Dad could ring them himself—two longs and a short for one party, three longs for another, etc. It was also possible to listen, to "rubber" on another person's talking on our line—learning what was going on with neighbors.

By 1920, automobiles were replacing the horse-drawn rigs, gasoline powered machinery was used on the farm, cement roads were facilitating travel.

Entering high school was the first step toward taking the country girl out of the country but it never did take the country out of the country girl.

THE WINTER OF '36

Francis Harrison

We had known several long, hard, cold winters in rural Brooklyn township. Ma, Pa, Benny and I were preparing for the holidays and bad weather when it started snowing about two weeks before Christmas in '36.

We had about sixty cords of wood stacked when the man with the gasoline powered buzz saw came by. One of the neighbors paid the dollar an hour for the use of the saw, so he got half of the sawed wood. Benny split around fourteen cords into pieces small enough to use in our cook stove.

When we had finished with the wood Pa decided to send us to the slaughterhouse with an old sow. She weighed around five hundred and fifty pounds and Pa thought she was just too big for us to butcher at home. Benny and I built a crate for her, loaded it on the old straight sled and headed for Lenhart's Slaughterhouse north of Littleton. It had been snowing for about a week at that time so all the roads were drifted shut. The only way we had to clean roads was with scoop shovels, so everybody just had to give up and wait for it to quit snowing and blowing.

Our old two horse team pulled the sled over the snow. We got within three miles of the slaughterhouse, going through yards, ditches, wherever the horses could get through. We were rounding a corner at the old Kirkham place when the sled tipped sideways and the crate slid off into a snowbank. We had a devil of a time getting that big old sow back on the sled. Earl Royer and a couple of his boys came out to help us but it still took an hour or more before we were back on our way.

It kept snowing all the time the sow was being butchered. The day before Christmas we had to go back after our meat. By that time the snow was about as high as our ceiling; but off we went with our sled and team. About a quarter of a mile from Lenharts the snow was drifted so high that the horses couldn't go any farther. Benny and I left the sled and set out on foot to get the meat. We carried the hanging meat by hand the quarter mile back to the sled. It took several trips before we got everything loaded. We got the team turned around and struggled towards home.

We unloaded the sides of pork in the kitchen. It was cold enough we didn't have to worry about it thawing out there. For the next six weeks the temperature was near about zero and it reached twenty below zero every night. We left the meat out in the open and just enough of it thawed out by suppertime each day that we could carve it off and fry it for supper or breakfast the next morning.

During that storm of '36-'37 everyone was snowbound. The cows went dry; the chickens quit laying; so by the time we could get to town all the pork was gone, and so was the wood. We even used the neighbor's wood. It had never been delivered because of the storm.

It took six weeks to get the roads cleaned out by hand without them drfiting back in again. Then we started cutting more wood and storing groceries for the next siege.

MOVING DAY: 1899

Lydia Kanauss

When I was five years old in the year of 1899, we lived in a large brick house near Bluff Hall Church. My two sisters and I, with neighbor children, walked to Bluff Hall Church. The children that went to Sunday School got their meals and lemonade free. My parents were preparing to move the next day to my father's boyhood home. My mother stayed at home baking bread and cake, and getting things ready to move.

Late that afternoon my father and little sister in the spring wagon came to take us home, and to get some of the neighbors to help move. That evening he took over a load of things to the place we were going to move to where he had two cows to milk. He stayed all night there, and came home early the next morning. Everybody had farm wagons and spring wagons, horses and mules at that time. That was the way of transportation at that time.

My two aunts and baby cousin, my two sisters and I with a box of food for dinner were the first to go. On the way the neighbor children were at the gates waving goodbye. It was only four miles but at that time, it seemed like it was far away.

My mother's cousin was waiting at the kitchen door with a bucket of yellow apples and to help prepare dinner. Soon some of the wagons came with the stove, table and chairs. They set up the stove, and put the table in place. The women got busy baking apple pies, and peeling potatoes, and cooking what we had for dinner. I remember we had boiled ham, country sausage, potatoes and vegetables, bread, cake, pie, also canned fruit, jelly, jam and butter.

All the other wagons came together with the furniture and other things. My brother, mother, and little sister in the spring wagon were the last to come. Our shepherd dog, Rapp, was tied to the whip socket. My aunts and another lady were in the back seat. The lady was holding our little dog. My two aunts were each holding a cat. After dinner the women were tacking down carpets and getting the bedrooms ready, so we had a place to sleep.

The men went back to bring the cattle and livestock and farm machinery. It was a new adventure for me.

CREAM AND EGGS BY U.S. MAIL

Ruth H. Lingle

Gone, my friends, is a colorful and sentimentally important locale, stolen, or obliterated by two formidable conspirators—time and progress.

I am referring to the vicinity of my childhood. It was a little village nestled in a hollow encompassed by majestically high and thickly forested hills. The babbling brook that flowed around the hills to converge with the placid and beautiful Illinois River, gave the settlement its name, Bee Creek.

At the time I was growing up there, the population was thirty-seven when everyone was at home.

The store was a gray block building with the words, "United States Post Office," on one window and on the other window were the words, "T.B. Fisher, General Store."

In front of the store were two hitchracks. On the cement porch were two wooden benches which were worn smooth by the congenial fellowship that made the store the social center of the neighborhood.

I would like to tell you more about the store but I will only say in passing, that it had a smell all it's own. It was a blend of freshly ground coffee, the big wheel of longhorn cheese that was covered with a screen, the bologna and bacon hanging from the wall, and the odor of coal oil and vinegar in the barrels nearby, that mingled with tobacco, and pipe smoke.

Most anytime there would be men and boys there telling

yarns, playing checkers, pitching pennies at a crack in the floor, or just listening for any juicy bit of gossip they might hear.

This village was far from illiterate as nearly every family subscribed to a St. Louis daily paper. Political arguments were frequent and hotly contested, so each read his papers diligently so that his opponent could not come up with something he had not noticed in the paper. I'm sure many national crises could have been averted if Washington D.C. had only consulted these knowledgeable patriots.

I remember one cold morning I waited there to ride to Pearl with Mr. Watts; he was the mail carrier and stopped at Bee Creek on his route from Kampsville to Pearl. He was a pleasant, obliging, and neighborly person that everyone liked.

Finally we heard the rattle of his rig as the horses trotted across the wooden bridge and down to the hitchrack. He was warmly clad in a black horse-hide coat that showed the wear of many winters. His broad brimmed hat was black, and he wore four buckled overshoes. He picked up the poker and stirred the fire and directed into it a stream of tobacco juice before he closed the stove door.

He picked up the mail sack and we climbed into the buggy. He took up a lot of space and there was a case of eggs where I thought my feet ought to go. He soon adjusted himself and the eggs, then he pulled a heavy dusty lap robe up over us. He shook the reins and clucked to the horses, and then we were on our way. The ground was frozen and rough with ruts and chuck-holes, and we could see the frost in the air from the horses' nostrils as they trotted up the road.

The first house along the bluff road from the store was partly hidden by apple trees. Bob and Ida Moore and their son, Rob, lived there.

Next was a big red barn with a lot of hogs around it. The tall white house where Pete Kassinger lived, was just beyond it. We turned a corner to pass by the old house where there was a frame around the well, and a lilac bush near it. Mr. Watts said that was where Matt Newnom used to live.

The next farm used to be called the "Hall Place," but Jeff and Lula Wheeler and their children, Ora and Mamie, were living there now. Mr. Watts picked up a letter from their mail box, with the money to buy the stamp when he got to the post office.

Down the grade and on the right side of the road was a huge moss grown boulder that had fallen from the bluff above the road.

A short distance farther on, we passed the neat new home of the Thomas Lumleys. They were relatively newcomers so I did not know the names of their small children.

"The Otwell Place," was occupied by John and Mina Vaughn and their children, Virgil, Earl, and Gladys. The flag was up on their box and Mr. Watts stopped and picked up some letters.

Then the road dipped steeply into a narrow creek, coming out of it and going up a steep incline. Where the road made a turn, there stood Mary Jackson by her mail box. She was holding a tin bucket of cream for Mr. Watts to take to market for her. She asked him to take the money and bring her a spool of white thread and a plug of "Horse Shoe" chewing tobacco for her husband.

Then down the hill and up another one and down and around the bend was where Harland and Edna Fisher and their children; Jeral, Ilma, and little Josephine lived. Edna heard us coming and ran out to the road to ask Mr. Watts to go to the office and tell Dr. Thurmon to send them some more cough medicine as the children still had colds and sounded croupy.

From there on, for a short distance, the trees grew so close to the road that they almost made a canopy over it in the summer time.

Set back from the road a short distance was the home of

Charlie and Lizzie Crater, their children were Loren and Irma. At the top of the next hill was the home of Henry and Lona Crater and their sons; Ed, Dick, and Bill Newnom. Lona was waiting with a couple of cases of eggs. Mr. Watts made a place for them in the back of the buggy. She handed him her list but she also told him to bring her a roll of cotton battin for a quilt, a quarter's worth of sugar and a box of matches. His only comment after he drove on, was that he was going to have a lot of errands to do when we got to town.

The next hollow was supposed to be haunted because they said that in the early days a man had been hanged there. We were now half way to Pearl.

We followed the curve of the hills and just before going down into a steep incline, we came to a long rust colored house where I believe a family by the name of Daniels lived. Crossing the branch and walking through the sand slowed the horses down to a walk but we were about out of the sand when we came to the McPherson home. It was a large white house with flower bushes in front of it. Mr. Watts picked up some letters from their box.

There were no more houses for a while but when we came to the Mulligan spring, Mr. Watts watered the horses and handed me a drink in a rusty tin can that was put there for that purpose. If it had any germs in it I didn't notice them as the water was clear and tasted good. The water flowed from a spring through a pipe into a large wooden watering trough, that was covered with moss that glistened as the water flowed over it. It had been there for many years and run winter and summer.

There was only a couple more houses along the road but I didn't know who lived in them.

Then we turned down into "Dog Town," a suburb of Pearl. From here we could see the towering hill that had supported a quarry for years. We could also see the C. & A. railroad bridge over the Illinois River. We turned west and passed a couple of houses as we came into town, then it was up and over the railroad tracks and down the main street of Pearl to the post office.

We had left Bee Creek about nine o'clock and now it was after eleven. We had driven five miles.

Time (50 years) and progress has taken away the store, Mr. Watts and his team, the sand branch, the Mulligan spring and all the people but one that I have called by name.

Now Scenic Route 100 is a ribbon of gray between the river and the bluffs. As for me, all that is left is the hills and the memories. I love it still; it was home.

THE CIDER MILL

Laurence L. Royer

When fall of the year came on the home farm, all regular farm work took second place to cider making. Since most of the apples used were "drops," the busy time was near the close of the picking season, usually in October, unless a storm with high winds blew a lot of apples down earlier.

My father started business with a second-hand cider mill in which a heavy wooden beam was used to press the juice from the ground apples. I don't remember this mill since he started with it about the time I was born in 1899. My earliest recollection was of the new mill; the latest thing, with a hydraulic press, complete with enough equipment to grind and press at the same time making it a continuous operation.

The ground apples were folded in coarse woven cloths and sacked, with wooden dividers between, until there was enough for a pressing. They were then moved over the hydraulic piston, the pump was started, and the piston came up and pressed out the cider. While they were being pressed another batch was made ready.

The cider ran into a wooden box under the press, large enough to hold about one hundred gallons. A large funnel was

placed in the customer's barrel and the cider dipped into it. My father placed clean straw in the funnel to act as a strainer and he had a dust pan to dip the last of the cider out of the box.

A single bed load of apples (25 bushels) would make a barrel of cider and maybe a little more, and many times people would bring a double bed full and have enough for two barrels. If the apples were mellow they didn't make as much cider, but it had a richer taste. We always kept extra jugs so if there was more than a man's barrels would hold, there would be a place to put the extra cider. There was always plenty of cider to drink.

At the start of the season and again near the close, my father operated the mill only certain days of the week but during the busy season it ran every day except Sunday. It was about twenty rods from the house and boys liked to slip in on Sunday's and help themselves to the cider. I think it says something about the times that there was never any vandalism and I don't think a jug was ever stolen.

My father charged a dollar a barrel for making cider and some days he made ten or fifteen barrels. Top wages for a man at that time was a dollar a day so it was a good business.

When I was a boy many things came in barrels. Vinegar and molasses and many dry items like salt, flour, and sugar. Later when paper cartons became popular I asked my father why they used barrels for so many things.

He said "A barrel was the only container that could be put together by the pioneers without nails or other hardware. They were held together by wooden hoops notched to fasten without nails. In a day when everything was moved and loaded by hand nothing could equal a barrel for convenience."

A fifty gallon barrel full of cider weighs close to four hundred pounds and I have seen my father, single handed, roll a full barrel up a skid and set it on end in a wagon. That could be done with no container of any other shape. A man could take his barrel of cider home, ease it down the steps into the cellar, put in a little "mother" from the old vinegar barrel and be all set for next summer's pickles. All farm houses had outside cellar ways.

At that time most small machines were turned with a crank. Big machines like saw mills and threshing rigs used steam power. Water was pumped by windmills and hydraulic rams but most light machinery depended on horse power of some kind. Cane mills and some grinders were powered by horses on a long pole going round and round.

My father used a treadmill to operate the cider press. This was an endless apron mounted on rollers and set in a frame at an angle so the horses walked up hill. It had a brake to stop it and a governor to control the speed. It was wide enough for two horses so you might call it a two horse-power machine. That was about right too, for it lacked power for the job and after a few years he brought a second hand gasoline engine, and old tube ignitor without any electric system. It must have been new in the 1890's.

Someone might ask: "Where did all the apples that were ground at the mill come from?" Almost every farmstead at that time had an orchard. They varied in size from a half dozen trees to several acres. Contrary to what you might assume from the Johnny Appleseed story, these were mostly grafted trees of named varieties. I will describe those with which I have had some personal experience, so the list is not complete.

LITTLE RED JUNE

One of the first to ripen and that was its chief claim to virtue.

EARLY HARVEST

An early yellow apple, rather flat and good for cooking or eating raw.

TRANSPARENT

An applesauce apple, quite tart. As someone said: "When they're hot they're done but they do sour a lot of sugar.

ASTRAKHAN

A large red streaked apple and the biggest that grew in our orchard.

DUCHESS

A large fall apple lightly red streaked and nicknamed, "Sheep Nose," because of its' shape. It was a long lived tree and the patriarch of many orchards.

WEALTHY

A fall apple still on the market occasionally. They had the habit of bearing every other year. Sometimes one branch would bear one year and the rest of the tree the next.

GRIMES GOLDEN

A large yellow apple and a favorite of the older orchards.

SEEK NO FURTHER

A rather flat shaped apple, rich and juicy, and my mother's favorite.

BEN DAVIS

Not highly regarded generally but a standard apple for many years. They made "The best fried apples of any."

JOHNATHAN

Still on the market and considered one of the best all-round apples. My folks chose it for apple butter.

ROMAN STEM

A greenish colored apple with a little bump next to the stem.

MAIDEN BLUSH

A yellow apple with a faint tint of red on the sunny side. They had a dinstinctive flavor which you like real well or not at all.

MINKLER

A greenish apple with red streaks. The flesh had a yellow tinge. They were at their best in midwinter.

WOLF RIVER

A large red late apple. In my grandfather's orchard they grew lopsided as though pressed out of shape when they were little.

SWEET APPLES

They were usually yellow and ripened in early fall. They were eating apples and seldom cooked well. We had a red sweet apple in our orchard which the folks used for dried apples.

GRINDSTONE

A real old timer. They were flat in shape and rusty in color, hence their name. They were good if you waited until spring to eat them.

WINESAP

A late apple and the one my father liked to bury.

My father often buried apples. He would dig a shallow hole, line it with forest leaves or straw, put in the apples and cover them with more leaves. This was all covered with about four inches of earth. In the spring, when the ground thawed, we would dig a hole in the side of the mound and reach in for the apples; a special treat at that time of the year.

Apple butter making started in the evening. The apples were peeled with a peeler, quartered and cored to be ready for the next day. The forty gallon copper kettle was hung on a pole over the fire and when barely warm was scrubbed with vinegar and salt to remove the tarnish. The cider and apples were put in the kettle and cooked the biggest part of the day with constant stirring. This was the real cider apple butter and would keep in open jars until the next summer. My father liked it but we children didn't so the recipe was later changed with sugar and spice added at the proper time.

The farm orchards are mostly gone now. The trend is toward specialization, so we have fruit farms, poultry farms, dairy farms, hog farms, etc., all leading to economics in production and we see the results in the dazzling display at the supermarket. But I feel that we have lost much of the independence that gave farm life its special appeal.

This may be true, or it may be only the morbid musings of one who finds the skills that he has learned largely useless in a changing world.

BUTCHERING DAY ON THE FARM

Edith Weinant

Home killed and home cured pork was an important item in the diet of early days. Grandfather killed eight or nine hogs each winter to supply his family with meat and lard. The general rule for the number of hogs needed to keep the family in meat to eat was one hog for each member of the family. Hogs that weighed about 400 pounds were the preferred size; however, sows or boars which would weigh 700 or 800 pounds were also killed for meat.

One hog was butchered early in the winter, probably in November, but the main butchering took place in December or early in January. Cold weather was chosen so that the parts of the meat that were not "cured" could be used before they would spoil. Also if the weather was not cold, the meat would spoil before it took the salt—before it became "cured."

After they were scraped clean, the hogs were hung on a supported pole by the hind legs. They were opened by making a slit along the center of the belly from the head to the tail. Gutting the hog was a particular job; it must be done right so that the internal organs—the heart and liver—and the other meat would not be polluted by opening the intestines or the gall bladder. As each hog was gutted, a tub was set under it to catch the entrails. The heart and liver were placed in a dish pan, and the fat was stripped off the intestines. One nice liver was taken to the house, and they had fresh liver for dinner. If a liver didn't look just right, they threw it away.

By the time the hogs were all gutted, it was nearly noon; so they were left hanging to cool while the men went to the house for dinner. A row of eight or nine hogs hanging in this manner made quite a picture.

After dinner the hogs were taken down from the pole and cut up. The shoulders, sides, and hams were cut apart and trimmed. "Trimming" was cutting off the extra fat. The trimmings that had lean in them were put into the sausage; those that didn't went into the lard.

They made a great deal of sausage, cutting up whole shoulders especially from old sows whose meat might be tough. The tenderloin was also put into the sausage. The meat was ground in their own sausage grinder, which of course, was cranked by hand. Several large dish pans full were made. It was seasoned with salt, black pepper, and home grown sage, which was fresh and of full strength. A good recipe to follow in seasoning the sausage was one-half teaspoon of pepper, one teaspoon salt, and one and one-half teaspoon of sage, all level measurements, to each pound of meat. After it was seasoned, the sausage might be put away in a cold place for a few days until the women could find time to fry it down. To "fry it down" it was made into round cakes, fried until it was cooked through, and put in a stone jar, covered with fresh lard, and stored in a cold place. Thereafter, when sausage was on the menu, the desired number of sausage cakes were dug out of the lard and merely heated before serving. Grandmother's sausage was wonderful, lean, perfectly seasoned; the product sold at meat counters now and called sausage bears little resemblance to it.

The lard was rendered in the afternoon of the butchering in a large iron kettle outside over an open fire. The lard fat was cut into small pieces and heated until most of the grease was drawn out. Care must be exercised to not get it too hot or the lard would not be snowy white. While still hot, the lard was separated from the cracklings and stored in stone jars or six gallon lard cans in a cool place. The average hog would yield six to eight gallons of lard; a large sow eighteen to twenty gallons. Large quantities of lard were used for frying, making pies, and in home-made light-bread and other breads—corn bread and biscuits. Sometimes they sold lard to the stores in town. The cracklings were saved for soap making.

One of the best treats of butchering time was the backbones. The present-day meat cutter leaves the backbone on the pork chops or the pork loin roasts. At Grandmother's the back bone was cut out by itself with a generous amount of

meat left on it. It was cut into chunks and boiled with potatoes or other vegetables. Grandmother often cooked them with turnips. They were delicious.

Ribs were also highly prized. A generous amount of meat was left on the ribs also, and they were fried.

The liver, heart, backbones, and ribs were used fresh without curing. Since the family could not use so much fresh meat before it might spoil, they shared it with their neighbors. The neighbors were sure to appreciate a mess of backbones or ribs. The pigs' feet were pickled and stored in stone jars. The ears, the heart, and some of the liver were made into head cheese, sometimes called souse. The head was boiled, the meat removed from the bones, ground and made into mincemeat.

The ingredients used in the mincemeat were chopped apples, raisins, currants, the ground meat, spices, and vinegar. Sometimes gooseberries were put into the mincemeat, then the vinegar was not used. The mincemeat also was stored in stone jars or canned in glass Mason jars.

The hams, shoulders, and sides were cured, and if properly cared for would keep for months. To cure them, they were salted heavily and kept in a cold place for about two weeks to take the salt. To sugar cure the meat, brown sugar was mixed with the salt. After it had taken the salt it was hung up in the smokehouse and smoked by burning hickory or sassafras wood in an iron kettle under it. Smoking the meat improved the flavor. Smoked, sugar cured country ham was everything that has been said for it. These smoked hams, shoulders, and sides were left hanging until used. When spring came, Grandmother made a paste with red pepper and brushed it over the meat. This kept the "blow" flies from it. The pepper was washed or trimmed off before the meat was cooked.

Soap Making

Grandmother, as all farm women of her day, made her own laundry soap. It was made from the cracklings of lard rendering, from surplus meat fryings, and from left-over lard which had become too rancid to use for cooking. Grandmother didn't even buy the lye to make the soap; it was made from wood ashes. A large ash hopper stood near the back yard fence. This hopper resembled the corner of a building resting on its corner. Looking at it from either end, it was V-shaped with a wooden trough under it. The ashes from the stoves were put into this hopper, when soap making time drew near, the first new moon in March, they started pouring water on the ashes. As the water seeped down through the ashes it dissolved the lye in them, so that when it was caught in the trough that emptied into a wooden bucket, it was a strong solution of lye. This lye solution was boiled with the cracklings or grease in the large iron kettle out of doors. The soap made in this manner was of a jelly-like consistency and was called soft-soap. It was stored in barrels in the smokehouse.

BUTCHERING TIME MEMORIES

Minnie J. Bryan

The moon is in its right phase. The weather is perfect so yesterday was a busy day. The barn yard was put in order for the yearly butchering of the family pork supply. Four choice fat shoats were removed from the feed lot to a clean well starved pen where they would be held without food and water till slaughtered. Stacks of hickory wood split and baskets of corncobs were conveniently placed. Huge iron kettles were scoured till they shone. One had iron legs on which it was to rest—others were hung by chain through their bails, suspended from another chain stretched between two poles set in the ground before the ground was frozen. These kettles will be used on the morrow to heat gallons of water and later to render lard, cook head and other bones for making

scrapple. From the shed's attic came long, thick heavy foot wide boards to make a scalding table on the low wheeled wagons. The scalding barrel had been soaking in the watering tank for over a week and is ready to use and is rolled into place at the end of the scalding table. The butcher knives are given razor sharp edges. The neighbor men would bring their own favorite knife when they came to help. The rifle was cleaned and placed on the back porch by the door with a new box of shells.

Mother has been making "in the house" preparations, baking bread, getting the lard press and large lard jars recleaned, with every large crock, pan, bucket and tub put in readiness. Some fat hens lost their lives for who would want only fresh pork for a "Butcher Mans" dinner. By ten o'clock some of the neighbor ladies and young children would be joining the group.

My family arose very early for besides the usual farm chores—gallons of water must be pumped and carried to the huge black iron kettles. Fires must be kindled under them and kept fed so they might light the surroundings with blazing glory. Someone must watch and keep the fires burning for the water must be scalding when the help arrived. The most accurate marksman would be handed the loaded rifle. One hog at a time was driven from the pen. The first bullet would generally fall the shoat, then its throat would be slashed to allow free bleeding. When all signs of life were gone, grab hooks were placed in tendons of hind legs above and lifted into place and the pig raised and lowered in the scalding water which had been carried from the kettle to the scalding barrel. Some wood ashes were added to the hot water to aid in the slipping of the hair. Tests were frequently made to know just when to stop scalding and start scraping the carcass. Fires must be kept going and kettles refilled for the next slaughter. Soon all hair was gone from the snout to tail. A single tree was placed in the tendons and ropes through the pulley were pulled by strong arms and the carcass would be hung head down between the set of poles. First off came the head. One man would start removing the tongue and brains by sawing the head into pieces. Others would be carefully opening the body cavity with one long slice. The insides were pulled into the waiting tub below. From these the heart and liver were removed to a bucket and covered with cold water. The bladder went into a separate small container. All fat was removed from the intestines. The tub was then carried farther away where the small intestines were separated from the large one, the small ones emptied of their contents and rinsed, placed in a bucket of warm water and carried to the house to be further cleaned. This was the ladies job. With case knife in hand and a scraping board on their laps, they worked to clean the intestines. The pets were confined so meat wouldn't be sampled. Although they were full of scraps tossed to them already, the dogs and cats waited to snatch some more.

The afternoon brought further trimming and shaping of pieces, lard cutting, and rendering. The fat was cut in uniform cubes, then placed in an iron kettle to cook. Here skill was needed. The long wooden ladle kept stirring contents till the blisters on each piece were ripe—just right—for if too done the lard would be brown and, if not done enough, the lard would spoil before the next year. At just the right time, the fire would be raked from under the hot kettle. The liquid was removed, the fat cubes pressed, all strained through cloth and carried to the cellar in buckets and slowly poured into the large lard jars for fear of cracking them. Many would sample the cracklings as they came from the press.

Some of the men were grinding the salt and peppered trimmings into sausage, taking turns on the handle of the grinder. The ground pork would get further mixing in the tub for even distributing of meat and seasonings before the stuffing of casings began. The lard press was brought inside, plates exchanged, stuffer spout inserted, casings placed on spout, then handle turned and meat pressed into casings. Some of the sausage sap extended on outside, the casings were turned inside out on a special stick and then scraped

again. They would finish a shiny clear white, to be placed in cold salt water awaiting the sausage press special spout. How I loved to watch the sausage stuffing process! To all of us children not yet in school—or who could beg to stay home—this was a "Great Day."

When all the animals had met their fate and hung shining from the scaffold—it was time to get each into pieces—hams, shoulders, ribs, backbones, tenderloins—etc. Each piece was carried to the smoke house and placed on cleaned boards to await more cooling and trimming. Small trimmings went into separate containers to be cut into lard or ground into sausage. The head and other bones were placed in one of the iron kettles, covered with water to be cooked over open fire, then cooled, meat picked from bones and returned to broth in the kettle, seasoned, and when boiling again, cornmeal was slowly added and the mixture became scrapple, which would make many a later breakfast, fried and served with syrup. Everyone kept busy and waited the call to dinner.

My dad would remove the fat from the bladders, clean and scrape them, drain the rinse water from them, insert a goose quill in the bladder neck and blow air into the bladder filling it as a balloon. Securely tied shut and hung to dry in a warm place, we children had play balls.

Neighbors carried home fresh meat, generally back bones or spare ribs and liver and sausage to enjoy till their butchering day. They also took a crock of scrapple.

Enough was left of cake, pie and other goodies for family supper and next day meals. Mother would be busy frying sausage and hand sliced bacon in a large pan that just fit oven and iron skillets would cover top of cookstove, preparing this meat to store in jars for summer months. Father would be putting the salt mixture on some of the sides, the hams, and shoulder. Sometimes these were placed in a large barrel of brine for weeks—then hung to drain. Either way they were always hung in the smoke house from the rafters and given a good old hickory smoking, then carefully wrapped in brown paper, placed in a cloth sack and hung in the oats bin or buried in the oats until consumed.

During the depression of the 1930's, our feed lots were full of fattened hogs—the demand or market for them nil. My husband and I would dress a hog, and prepare the meat to be retailed at the local grocery. We would clear $1.10 to $1.25 per head for our labor. These were long days, with greasy presses and utensils to wash each time, and the meat to deliver. Thus "Butchering Day" lost all its fun for us.

QUINCY'S LAST CATTLE DRIVE

Arthur E. Bowles

In the early days of the 1920's there were a great number of horses in Quincy. The big transfer company's had 25 to 30 head each and there were smaller transfer companies, too. Most of the grocery stores had a horse for delivery. Also, some families had a driving horse for pleasure. And a few had cows, too. So hay, corn and oats had to come from the farms around Quincy.

My dad farmed a lot of land and raised a great deal of hay. He had two hay barns at home, a big barn on my grandmother's farm, and an extra large one on the Bredweg place. It was a hay barn, used only for storing hay. The hay was clover and timothy mixed. (Alfalfa was unknown in those days.) He would mow the hay one afternoon and, if the weather was hot, it was ready to be stored the next day as soon as the dew was off. We had a hay loader that was pulled behind the rack wagon. It straddled the windrows, and raked the hay, and elevated it onto the wagon. Then it was driven to the barn that had a track across in the top with a carrier and a harpoon fork. It was my job to ride the horse that pulled the load of hay on the fork up into the barn. The horse was hitched to the hay fork rope. I think I was so small, I had to be lifted to the horse's back. When the man would get the hay

fork set in the hay on the wagon and holler "go ahead" the horse would start pulling. Then when it was in the barn about where the man in the loft wanted it, he would holler "dump it." The man on the wagon would jerk a trip rope, the hay would drop off the fork into the loft, and the horse I was on would stop when he heard the man call, "dump it", turn around and walk back to the starting point for the next load. It took about five lifts to unload one wagon. My legs hurt so from riding the horse all day that I would cry, but I had to stay right on the job, and only 5 years old.

Then that winter all that hay was hauled to Quincy to feed the city horses. When I got a few years older, Dad would take me with him early of a morning to load the wagon with the hay. He would get in the barn and fork the hay out to me on the wagon. Then when it was loaded I would walk across the fields to school. I got there about ten o'clock. One morning he told me to put on a big load. I was a little peeved at him for keeping me from school so much so I thought: "I'll fix him." I knew he was going to the bottom road so I made the load wide and high and tramped it down. But as it was Saturday, I was going with him. We got the binding pole on top and the load bound down and took out. He got to the rail road viaduct on Front and Cedar and I dropped off. He drove right on without thinking. Got in about a third of the way and couldn't go any further. Then he was mad! Mr. Chandler came by and put his team on the end of the wagon-tongue and the four horses pulled it through!

We took it to the city market on 9th and Hampshire. The city garage and the fire station weren't there then, so the half block square was the market. The loads of hay, corn and oats were all brought there. The buyers would come by and pick out the load that looked the best to them and if the price suited them would buy it. Then the load was taken to their stable and unloaded, and paid for then. There was a scale house at the market where you weighed the load before delivering it. There was lots of rivalry between the hay haulers about who could put on the best load. The better built loads were the ones that would sell first. They were built high, wide and neat, and the four corners square.

Sometimes in the early fall there would be loads of potatoes, apples and turnips at the market. I saw a boy with a load of potatoes there. A man offered him 85 cents per bushel for them but the boy said: "Nope. Dad told me to get six bits a bushel or bring them back home." The man told the boy to go to the river and wash them and he would give him six bits and the boy did.

When the feed market was a little slow some of the loads wouldn't sell that day, so the farmers would put the teams in a livery stable. Across Hampshire Street from the market was a farmer's hotel and restaurant and farmers would stay there for the night, and sell the next day.

One time in winter I took a load of hay to Quincy. North 12th had just been paved then. There was snow on the ground but it melted the day before and water had run out on the pavement and froze in places that night. I made it O.K. till I got to the Cedar Creek hill and about to where Seminary Road is now and both horses fell down on the slick place. A man came by and helped me block the wheels and get the horses up and unhitched. I took them back, to Freeses Coal Yard and had to let the load set in the street till about noon before it thawed enough to let the horses stand up and pull the load. I was afraid I would get arrested for blocking ½ of the street but Mr. Mulch came by and said don't worry at all, for the law can't do a thing with you. I had to do hauling in those days when it was sure cold. Sometimes I would buckle the ends of the lines together and put them around my waist and walk at the side of the load to keep warm. I froze my toes and fingers every winter and those steel wagon tires would screech on the snow on a cold day. We would have the team sharp shod for the winter hauling.

When I hauled hay to Quincy, I had a time trying to figure how much to charge from the weight on the scale ticket. Frank Pfeiffer showed me how. He had a grocery store where I always stopped on the way home for a candy bar or a

bottle of soda. The weight of the hay times the price per ton and divide by half. It would come out just right each time. The price of the hay was around twelve to sixteen dollars per ton. There was a question after the hay was cut in the field on knowing when it was cured enough to be stored for, if there was too much moisture or sap in it when put in the loft, it would heat and sometimes get afire. It was good-bye barn then. A few years later when alfalfa was raised it was worse than the clover on getting hot in the hay mow.

A cattle buyer came by our farm and bought a few cattle from my dad and more around the country in Ursa, Riverside, and Ellington townships. He hired several of us boys that had a horse to go to each place and get the cattle he bought. When the riders had gathered the cattle, they met with the cattle at Spring Lake Corners. We had quite a drive. We took them in 12th Street. Ever so often one would bolt (with a little) urging from us boys so we could show off our horsemanship and cowboy tactics), right up into people's yards and sometimes around their houses. If there were any girls in sight, we would give a war whoop to add a little color to our fancy riding. I think some of the younger cattle got into the spirit of the thing with us. When we got to Spring Street we went west toward the stock yards. When we went by Blessing Hospital, there were lots of people waving and looking out the windows. The street was paved with brick so the cattle and horses' feet on the pavement and the cows' bawling made a lot of noise. We got them into the stock yards and never lost a head to rustlers or Indians. When I go to 12th Street now and, when in Blessing Hospital last summer, it seems like a dream. Could I have been part of that? I expect that was the last herd of cattle that were ever driven through the streets of Quincy.

If the younger farmers of today had to go back and shuck all that corn and scoop it out into the crib and all the other work that first took muscle and backbone, there would be no farming done today.

THRESHIN' AND SHUCKIN'

Paul Sloan

I was born in West Central Illinois in one of the smallest counties in the state. My dad purchased one of the first tractors in our community. I detested farm life but welcomed the new motor driven tractor. A horse-drawn plow consisted of two 12-inch moldboard plows drawn by four horses. The tractor pulled the same 24-inch plows without the loss of time when we had to "blow the horses," allowing them to get their second wind.

Harvest time was a memorable time. A mechanical vehicle, drawn by four horses, harvested the small grain; wheat and oats. The "binder," as it was called, cut the ripened grain. It was elevated a certain amount by weight accumulated, a mechanical device compressed the grain stalks into a bundle which was tied by another mechanical device with binder twine, then kicked it out onto a bundle carrier. After a sufficient number of bundles accumulated on the bundle platform the operator of the binder pressed a foot lever, dumping the neatly tied grain bundles on the field.

A so-called "shocker," a man, followed, and stacked the bundles into "shocks". All grain bundles were uniform. The grain heads were uppermost. The bundles of grain were securely jammed, butt side down, in a circle, with the grain heads at the top. A "cap" which was an open bundle of grain, was spread out and placed atop the shock to divert rain and moisture from the upright grain bundles. Threshing time was a combination of holiday and culmination of harvest time, looked forward to by all the household.

The steam-driven engine drew the separator, placing it in position with the wind blowing from the front to the rear of the separator. The bundles of ripened grain were thrown into the throat of the apparatus from horse-drawn hay racks, then through the bowels of the contraption, the grain being beaten from the grain stalks, separated from the straw and elevated mechanically to a bin atop the machine which measured and

automatically dumped about five bushels into a metal funnel and on into grain-tight horse-drawn wagons. The separated straw was stacked by a huge steel receptacle which rotated to evenly distribute the straw.

How lonesome after the threshing crew departed. Known as a threshing ring, neighbors gathered at the various farm homes to assist with harvesting operations.

Another event was corn harvesting time in the fall and early winter. There were horse-drawn wagons, one for each husker and corn picker. Each participant was equipped with a husking key, a metal semisharp instrument attached to a leather strap which was attached to the palm of the hand; or a hook, a similar device, except that it strapped to the entire hand.

To operate the husker or shucker grasped the ear of corn, held it firmly with one hand; the other encased with a husking key or palm hook, stripped the husk from the ear of corn. The ear was then tossed into the awaiting wagon. A so-called "bumpboard" was placed higher than the wagon to guard against throwing the corn over the wagon.

Each fall, itinerant corn huskers came to farm homes to shuck corn. Payment varied somewhat with current prices an average of 5¢ per bushel. Good shuckers would average from 100 to nearly 150 bushels per day. Sunrise to sundown, personally, I shucked 100 bushels in one day, including scooping the ears of corn into an aerating bin.

One morning my dad had me take a mare to the neighboring farm to get her "serviced." When I arrived at my destined farm the owner led his stallion stud horse to my mare to get acquainted. Although I knew from farm life all about the birds and bees, I was shocked and disgusted as I watched the mating procedure. I had been reared by a religious mother and such things were taboo. The sudden animal passion depressed me, although I had always witnessed the sexual activities of farm animals as a necessary evil. The birth of animals was a routine matter. Usually, each spring advertisements appeared in the local newspaper of stallions or studs standing the season. The usual fee for such services was $10 to $15 with a written guarantee the foal would stand and suck.

PICKING CORN

Wilmer V. DeWitt

When I was a young man about twenty years old, I helped several years in picking corn, or "shucking" corn. I would arise very early in the morning, feed the team of draft horses, harness them, return to the house for breakfast, then hitch the team to a wagon, drive to the field—all before sun-up. The field might be frozen or mud axle deep, as long as it wasn't raining.

Lining the team astraddle a row of corn that had already been shucked, I would pick or shuck two rows of corn at a time, using a shucking hook on my right hand over my glove as I was right-handed. A left-handed person would wear it on the left hand. It was necessary to wear gloves on both hands as usually it would be very frosty, would freeze the gloves and crack the hands, causing lots of discomfort. The shucking hook was a tool with a sharp steel hook fastened like a bracelet around the wrist.

If no corn had been shucked in the field, then it would be necessary to straddle the first two rows of corn, and those would be picked later. I would wrap the lines around a rod on the wagon, then call "Get up" to the horses, and the well-behaved team would respond by going a few feet forward until I would call "whoa." This procedure continued all morning, with the horses eating from the stalks as they waited for their commands, with two rows at a time, shucking back and forth through the field until the wagon became filled.

Driving the loaded wagon to the crib, I would let the scoop board at the back of the wagon down, then with an old

fashioned heavy iron scoop (no aluminum scoops those days), would unload the corn into the crib for storage to be used for the winter to feed the livestock.

It was usually lunch time after one load was unloaded. I would water the horses, eat my own lunch, then return to the field and continue picking, repeating the same process, getting another load. Two loads a day were the average, averaging 80-100 bushels a day. In those days, corn averaged about 56 bushels to the acre and fields ranged from ten to forty acres. Corn picking would continue sometimes for several weeks—not just several days.

Following the last load each day, the team would be unhitched, unharnessed, fed, and bedded down for the night. All this ended a day of picking corn in the days gone by.

FARMING IN WEST SCHUYLER

J. Dwight Croxton

Being born on a farm December 13, 1892, I have seen about as much change as anyone. We broke our ground with two horses and a twelve foot walking plow, working it down with a home made drag. When it came time to plant corn, it was a man and boys' job, there being a small wooden seat between the boxes where I sat, and when a white piece of muslin, which was tacked to the rim of the wheel would come around even with the frame, I would pull a lever, dropping the hill of corn in the ground. Of course when the check wire came along, I lost my job, except when planting across the ends.

When it came time to cultivate, it was the hand hoes and double shovel, me on horse and Dad running the double shovel, requiring a complete round to cultivate one row. Then came what they called the muley cultivator, which was two double shovels fastened together in front with a large iron arch, with two wheels but no tongue, using two horses and cultivating one row each time through the field. Trouble was, it would not only lay down with you at the end of the field but would just about roll over.

Then came the one row cultivator with tongue. Soon after, there came riding one, which we thought was the last word.

When it came time to harvest our crops, it was the shucking peg and corn knife, most of it being shucked but part being cut and put in shocks, to be fed to livestock in winter. Our small grain was harvested with a three horse 6' binder, bundles put in shocks, with one spread out, forming the cap, to wait about two weeks, getting in condition to be threshed.

My first thrill of seeing a steam engine was seeing it being pulled up our lane with six horses. It was known as bottle or upright engine, belonging to a Mr. Lem Wilson, who soon traded it for one self propelled. The separator had a platform where the men who fed the machine stood with a boy on each side of him to cut the bands. The wind stacker was still a long ways off, there being an endless apron just piling straw on the ground. We had a long hay rope with a pony and boy on each end who would ride in ever so often, dragging the straw out.

There were no automatic weighers, the grain being augered into a box on the ground, containing two half bushel measures. When one would get full, one man would strike it off with a stick, slipping it by a little lever which tallied the number of bushels threshed. It was put into 2½ bushels Bemis sacks, as very few farmers had wheat-tight wagons. If you wanted to show your muscle, there was the place to do it, handling those 2½ bushel sacks.

I remember Dad and I getting up way before daybreak, harnessing our team, Dad on one, me on the other, riding to Augusta, bringing out our first new wagon, it being made right there in Augusta by Herleman's. I can still see the honest sweat run off Bill Herleman's face and bare arms while running the forge and making the iron parts. I think the price Dad paid was $58, spring seat and all.

When it came time to go to high school, my folks thought what is now called Western University at Macomb the best place, as my oldest sister had gone there the first year it opened. I suppose there were about 20 from these parts who boarded the train at Augusta. At that time there was only the main building, power house and grandstand. Grote Hall was just being started.

I worked at about every job you can think of, from baby sitting, beating rugs, milking Professor Drake's cow and taking her to and from West Jackson Street with bricks. Finally, a schoolmate, Harlow Wayne, and I got the job of taking care of the Macomb club rooms. That meant being there every morning at 5 o'clock to clean up and then at night setting up pins, as the bowling pins had to be set up by hand.

One of the big events of the day was when the President let out school so we could see the Cross Country Automobile Race, as they were to come right through town, there being around 20 cars, going about 20 miles per hour. I don't believe a single car in the race is in production today. Believe it or not, there were only about a dozen cars in Macomb then, including a Mitchell, Winston, National, Stutz Bearcat, Western, Apperson Jack Rabbit, Ford, and a Hupmobile.

After graduation on June 13, 1913, I spent about a year in different states: Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, South Dakota, and Iowa, selling vacuum cleaners, which was educational as well as profitable. I made enough to let me come home, marry the little girl I once asked to ride home with me from church.

*Professor John Drake, taught Physical Science at Western Illinois Normal School, Macomb. Left in 1913 to take a position at Emporia, Virginia. The barn in which young Croxton worked burned shortly thereafter, in what was considered one of Macomb's most spectacular early fires. Professor Drake lived on Normal Street in Macomb. His home still stands.

THRESHING: A NEIGHBORLY RITUAL

Inez Koehler

We rented our farm from my Grandfather White of Augusta, Illinois. Threshing wheat and oats was a big day at our house. First the wheat was cut with a binder drawn by horses and made into bundles and then shocked with about six or eight bundles in a shock. Two or three weeks later, the oats were cut and we shocked them, too.

When Dad was about finished cutting a field, we kids would go out and see if we could kill a rabbit or two that had been hiding in the field. Usually we took our dog Jimmy with us. He was about as excited as we were. They were nice tender rabbits and Mom would fry them for us and make good gravy.

After the shocked grain stood in the field a few weeks to dry out, the threshing ring would say its about time we got busy and started threshing. They would start at one end of the neighborhood or with whoever had grain dry first and then proceed along the way. We kids just loved for the big steam engine and the separator to come to our house. Sometimes the threshermen would stay all night so they could fire up the engine the next morning. The engine had a whistle which they would blow. It burned coal and you could see and smell the smoke.

The neighbor men helped and they would drive their horses and hay racks over to our farm. Some of the men pitched bundles on the racks. Sometimes the horses would be scared of the whistle or the engine and run off. What excitement then!

Grandfather and Grandmother White would drive six miles to our house first in the buggy and later in their big Studebaker (which wouldn't always start). Grandpa and Grandma Musich (my Mom's parents) would come too. They only lived one mile from us. Sometimes Grandma and Aunt Mabel would drive "Old Molly" over to the buggy. I loved for Aunt Mabel to come—she was my aunt but was only 6 years

older than me. My Aunt Alice White and Aunt Cecil Musich would come too. My mother would be so busy getting chickens ready to fry, making pies, digging new potatoes, picking green beans, baking a dozen loaves of bread, churning butter and many other things. We didn't have a refrigerator in those days so things couldn't be prepared until the very day we threshed. Sometimes it would rain and the men went home and that was something, as so much food would spoil if it wasn't used that day.

Later, when I was older, I was the "water girl". I had to haul jugs of water in the buggy to the men in the field. They really enjoyed the water as it was so hot in July and August. Sometimes we had to fix lunch for the men to eat in the morning and again in the afternoon.

When the men came in for dinner, we would have the wash pans, soap and towels outside in the yard for them to wash up before they came in to eat. Sometimes the men would get in a "water fight." They would have so much fun. Sometimes they would just have "fights" to see who was the best man.

It was a lively crowd and we looked forward to threshing time every summer. Some would move away during the year and there would be a few new faces.

My dad usually had the best wheat crop. He was real proud of that and always stacked the straw. He could really make a good straw stack and the cattle liked that in the winter.

I know we all miss the good times we had during those years when the neighbors got together and helped each other. After a while the men started buying combines and it was the beginning of another era.

GLADACRES ORCHARD

Eleanor Dodds

My father bought the small farm of twelve and a half acres at the north edge of Rushville in 1919—or was it '18? My first introduction was on a Sunday afternoon when the family visited the place. Whether to confirm that it was the proper future family home for us, or to rejoice in its purchase, I'm not sure. That orchard, as a separate yet integral part of the farm, was all we'd dreamed about and more. There were ten to a dozen kinds of apples planted in rows rather far apart. Some trees had likely died. We presume the orchard had been there for forty years before our coming. It had been planted by Mr. Spangler, we were told; a far-seeing man, certainly. The apples spanned the season from early summer apples to winter keepers. Most of the varieties would now be in the hard-to-find category.

We loved the Sheepnose, of which there were several trees. They were also called strawberry apple and had a wonderful odor. They were pink with a well defined stripe which was a creamy, flesh color. We believe this was a parent of the now popular Red Delicious.

Expect you've heard of Wealthies. They were a striped summer apple, good in many ways. Then there were Sweet Apples, true to their name. I didn't care for them very much and have never seen any since.

I believe my favorite was a Snow Apple tree which grew outside the orchard in a field corner. The fruit was dark red striped with slightly pink flesh when fully ripe, but very white before that.

Two Jonathan apple trees next to the cornfield fence bore heavily and supplied us with lots of apples to use, give away, and perhaps sell. One year we made a big kettle of apple butter. I went to sleep before it was canned. I believe it made over fifty quarts.

There were others. Some bore well; other tree's products were not, or hardly fit to use. We didn't spray them; hardly anyone did nearly sixty years ago.

One year I remember the circus was in town and, of course, we children wanted to go. We were short of money, not too unusual, so my father made a deal with the

management. He traded a barrel of apples for tickets for all of us. We surely enjoyed the treat of the entertainment, our first circus. I'm rather sure, and apples were surplus anyway.

We nearly always had a cow that pastured in the orchard and chickens roamed there, too. The trees were fine for climbing, such different shapes—"something for everyone". At Easter-time we spent a joyful afternoon hunting colored eggs in nests in the long grass. Strangely, I don't remember any tree houses. There was a cave though which was a hideout for many games and children. "Open Sesame" was one of our favorite expressions, so Ali Babi and the Forty Thieves must have been the source of our inspiration at playtime. The orchard was a wonderful place for games with the neighbor children. "Hide and Seek" was a favorite or various kinds of tag. Sometimes we took dolls and their equipment to play house there.

There were also clumps of asparagus in the orchard. Gathering this on an early May morning, one got very wet—also tired as it took a lot of walking. However, it could be sold at the Denny house, now the big white apartment house across from the Rushville library. Every extra quarter came in handy for school supplies or for Sunday School collection.

At least one year, or perhaps more, we made cider from surplus apples. More than one kind is supposed to make the best cider and we had them! Believe I hadn't mentioned Minkler, a winter apple, or Russet, which didn't amount to much. Another summer apple was Maiden Blush, which had lots of pectin for jelly.

In the middle of the orchard was a cluster of persimmon trees. It took the fruit so long to get ripe; after a heavy frost. I canned some persimmon butter once, but doubt it was ever eaten. There was a barberry bush close to the persimmon trees. The bush was considered poisonous to wheat, so someone in authority came and cut it down. I presume the birds had dropped the seed there long before.

Another use we put the orchard to was a pet cemetary. We always had a dog and usually a number of pets. They found us or we found them! Inevitably, some died of old age or other affliction and we always had a funeral. Perhaps we were sacrilegious, but we sang and prayed with much feeling, I'm sure, as we loved our pets. They all had names; long ones often. My brother could reel off all 23 names of his favorite cat, but I could only remember two or three.

Once, some children from "the other side of the tracks" came and picked up some apples, filled their shirts and ran. Willard saw them and ran after them, getting the apples back. I felt badly about it for we would have been glad to give them some if they'd asked. We had more than we could use.

We lived on this place until I was in college, 1935 in fact. A few years before, the apple trees had started to die, and my brother cut them down for fuel. They didn't make a very hot fire, but helped. Sad ending, but still enjoyed after years of eating.

Many changes have come to this farm in the forty-five years since we left it. A veterinarian's laboratory and factory are where the orchard was. Mr. Spangler is probably forgotten or never known except I'll always be grateful to him for some of my happy childhood memories.

ALONG A COUNTRY MILE

Burdette Graham

I am writing about what I remember about happenings on the country road four and one-half miles southwest of Adair.

The earliest thing I remember on this road was the old horse-drawn road grader, which the neighbors operated together, and which excused them from paying a road tax called the poll-tax. This grader seemed as big as a two story house to me as I stood in the front yard and watched it being

used. It was painted green and one man rode up front to drive the teams pulling it, and another rode up high and behind and controlled the blade which cut and moved the earth from the ditches along the road. After grading I remember running on the nice smooth surface along the ditches.

Across the road from our house and garden was a scale house and pen used by neighbors to weigh stock or loads of grain. The old Keach farm was on both sides of the road and they built and used the scale but made it available for neighbors who often drove hogs or cattle to market.

About one fourth mile east down this road was the biggest patch of wild strawberries I have ever seen, and just a little east of the berry patch was a fence line marker buried just below the surface in the road. Usually it was protruding a little—this round large rock—and graders would catch on it, or a buggy wheel would hit it and almost bounce the riders out.

When traffic from cars and wagons was heavy and the road was dry, as in summer, great piles of dust would build up along the main tire tracks. We liked to run barefooted in the dust.

After a big rain in June we would all start down the road in different directions, digging the Sour Dock and other big weeds and throwing them into the roadway where they could not take root again. All such trips along the road made us well aware of every detail along the road, each rodent den, bird nest, unusual weed, or plant, such as the big tall grass which we called Prairie Grass.

Usually each year in June or July we would have insects such as Army worms or Chinch bugs to try to control. We have seen the Army worms crossing the road from a grain field, which had become dry and ripe, to a fresh new corn field, and so thick on the road that they almost made a solid cover. We tried to stop them by plowing a furrow and dragging a log to make a dust which they could not cross, and by dragging a log in the furrow to crush them. This was a very big mess and only a few were stopped in their march to new food. In the case of Chinch bugs we used a spray line of half inch wide and they did not like to cross it, but enough always got to the new food supply some way. Not much like the modern controls of today.

We were never too busy to help someone who got stuck in the deep ruts which wore down in the soft muddy roads. Neighbors were always ready to help if called on, and usually they did not wait to be called on. They could see if you needed help and would come and offer to help. A lot of fun for kids on a Country Mile.

THE YARD HAD PANSIES

Lillian Elizabeth Terry

In the year 1908, my parents and we three children were living in the town of Rushville, the county seat of Schuyler County. In that year they purchased a small farm in Brooklyn township. It was a thrill to move to our future home by wagon loads of furniture and supplies.

We attended the nearby country churches where most all of the young grew to manhood and womanhood. I shall never forget as a child, at the White Oak church, a minister from Littleton by the name of Sturgel. Another incident, I will always remember while attending a revival at the same church, everything went well until the altar call was given, several went forward kneeling at the altar. When they stood to testify that their sins were forgiven, the congregation's attention was drawn to a tall man standing with his back to the audience. He was dressed in a blue suit, but overall suspenders were hanging below his coat tail. It was a cold night. I suppose he had put the overalls on for warmth, forgetting to fasten up the suspenders. Everyone laughed so much that the minister stopped the service.

We children used to go with our father to the mill at

Brooklyn with wheat to be ground into flour, and white corn into meal. The miller was Samuel Johnson. He was a small man, always covered with dust from grinding. He resembled the dwarfs we used to see in the story books.

Later we purchased our flour by the fifty pound sack, laying in a supply to last all winter. There were many kinds, each claiming to make more loaves to the sack. There were Liberty Bell, Montclair, and Town Crier, just to mention a few.

Everyone walked then; very few owned a car. There was very little shrubbery in the yards, most of the yards had pansies, verbenas, and phlox blooming along their walks. When walking by the homes there were delicious smells of cooking drifting in the air. Most everyone had a porch swing and, after the days work was done, the inhabitants came out to sit and cool off and to greet the passers by.

Sometimes my Aunt sent us to Strietburger's bakery on the east side of the square in Rushville for bread or a pie. What a thrill to see the delicious baked items! Their bread tasted like cake to me.

My, the girls were lovely then and their beaus were grand young men. Some married. Storms and disasters took their tolls, but those that did marry stayed together, it took hard work, also team work and many years to accumulate, for the future, but for those that did, the results can be judged.

NO BAND-AIDS

Loren S. Curtis

Going back something over fifty years, well, in fact, let's say that 1916 was the year I came into the world. I don't remember that day too clearly but I learned later I had an older brother and we lived on a family farm owned by my grandfather. The farm was in Schuyler County on a ridge just South of Gin Ridge. I realize only a few people might admit living on Gin Ridge, but it is true. We lived on Center Ridge. Those were the days before Pampers and baby food in jars.

We had a very nice saddle mare we used mainly for a stock horse. I was about four years old when I started riding behind the saddle with my dad. We would feed the cattle and check the fences and flood gaps. One time we were riding down a very steep hill when the girt broke and the saddle turned underneath the horse. Another time she cut a corner of the fence too close and caught my leg on a nail. It cut the flesh just below the knee and so my father took a cut of Star chewing tobacco from his mouth and put over it and tied his red bandana kerchief over it and we went on our way. Of course it would require stitches at the emergency ward if it were today. Another time when we stopped to open a wire gap, he got off and had the rein over his arm when the horse jerked loose and started running. I leaned over the saddle to grab the reins and struck my chin on the bare steel saddle horn. It made a cut under my chin, close to my throat. I fell to the ground and the horse ran away. My wound started bleeding "like a stuck hog" as the expression was, and my dad had to carry me about a mile to our house. Were my folks ever frightened! Stitches, I don't remember. A scar, yes!

One day my dad was hitching his team to the Emerson mower. I got on the seat which was about four feet from the ground. But when I stepped off, I stepped with my bare foot on a board with nails in it. The nails went into my foot so deep, he had to put his foot on the board and pull my leg to get them out. My mother called my grandmother and she suggested mother treat it with a cow-poultice. But my mother misunderstood. She put a pine tar poultice on instead. Later when my grandmother learned of this, she said she meant cow poultice and for the folks to bring me to her house to stay while she doctored me. My Grandfather would watch the neighbor's cows and when a fresh poultice would fall to the ground, he would run with the fire shovel and fetch it for grandmother to wrap on my foot. I hobbled around for two or

three weeks on a home made crutch made from a maple tree limb with a pad in the fork to rest my knee on. Yes, it healed.

FISHING IN CROOKED CREEK IN 1925

Clare Beckwith

I first saw the light of day on March 30, 1906, in Webster, Illinois, a small settlement southwest of Fountain Green, Illinois in Hancock County. At the age of six my parents and I moved three miles west of LaHarpe, Illinois on Route 9 where I have resided for nearly sixty-eight years.

The west branch of Crooked Creek flows north of our home, makes a big curve, and flows south of my farm, curving like a horseshoe. Although less than ten miles from the Mississippi River, there is a ridge of high ground which divides the watershed, and Crooked Creek takes off in a southeasterly direction, flowing into the Illinois River about ten miles south of Beardstown.

Today Crooked Creek is called the LaMoine River on the road signs and maps, but to me it is still called "Crooked Creek." If you wonder how it got its name, you have only to follow its many meanders, and see how it curves, changes directions, and zigzags. In pioneer days, the west branch south of Route 136, west of Carthage a few miles, is said to have made a big loop through the bottom for seven miles, and then come back to within a hundred yards of itself. All this makes for many deep holes, where washouts have created deep waters, making for excellent fishing. This brings me to the beginning of my story.

It was in the spring of 1925 and I was attending W.I.S.T.S. (Western Illinois State Teacher's College) as it was called at that time. I was rooming on West Carroll Street near the railroad track close to the old brick factory where Haeger Pottery is today. It was Saturday, and I had just come back from dinner from Flack's restaurant on the southeast corner of the square where I had an excellent dinner of meat, vegetables, drink, and dessert for twenty-five cents and no sales tax. What was my surprise when my Uncle Ed Beckwith pulled up in his Model T Ford, and invited me to go fishing with him down on "Big Creek." By Big Creek he meant below where the west branch and the east branch of Crooked Creek join about three miles south of Route 136 and nearly straight south of Joetta, Illinois. The east branch comes from the Bushnell area, north of Bardolph, north of Macomb, and on west, north of Colchester.

I was delighted (like the lightning bug that got his tail in a fan) and away we went. We first went to Joetta, where my Uncles Ed and Jess Beckwith and Aunt Lillian Weakley operated a country store. First we went to Cedar Creek, which is about a half mile north of Joetta, and caught a supply of bait consisting of sunfish, frogs, and chubbs. Then we went south six or seven miles, pulled into a friendly farmer's barnyard, and drove all the way to the very bank of the creek.

Uncle found poles where he had hid them in the weeds for future use, and we proceeded to put out about twenty-five bank lines. The water was deep everywhere, and the poles could be put fairly close together, so it was not a long walk to run the lines.

At one place, a dead tree with long limbs lay in the creek, and when we stepped up to the bank, the water boiled and the whole tree shook. Uncle said we had scared the carp fish and they were beating a retreat. There were that many! We caught one nice channel cat of about two pounds while we were putting out the lines, and then we went back to Joetta to eat supper.

After supper we arrived at the creek, lit two kerosene lanterns, grabbed two gunny sacks, and steered for the poles. The first one had a dandy channel cat of about three pounds. Soon we had a half-dozen averaging near two pounds each. They were the finest eating fish in the world, and especially out of Crooked Creek where food for the fish is abundant in

the spring of the year when the buds are floating on the water.

Presently we came to a pole set in extra deep water. About three-fourths of the pole was visible, the other fourth being pulled under water and slowly weaving. We set the lanterns to best advantage and Uncle began to work the fish slowly to the bank. When its head appeared at the water's edge, in the dim light I thought it was a turtle's back, but Uncle shouted for me to grab it around the head. I grabbed it and started up the bank.

I got nearly to the top when it gave a big flop, came off the hook, and started rolling for the creek. In the dim light Uncle threw himself flat in the soft mud at the water's edge, and caught the fish on his midsection. He grabbed it around its head and, that time, we landed it safely. We caught a total of sixteen channel cats that evening; more than we could hardly carry.

We arrived back at Joetta near eleven o'clock. First we weighed the big cat. It tipped the scales at eight pounds—not a record for a flathead river cat, but a good catch at that.

Next morning we caught five more and one carp of about four pounds; small for a carp. We dressed fish till noon, and then Uncle Ed brought me home, dividing the fish about half and half between our two families.

Today the same effort would probably net only a small fraction of such results. Traps, nets, pollution from fertilizers, herbicides, and insecticides have reduced the fish population in Old Crooked until not many people any longer set bank lines. Still I don't know where fishing in the wild is better.

If the long talked about dam is built across Crooked Creek a short distance below Colmar, it will flood the bottom lands, and give the fish a chance to come back in big numbers—which they are capable of doing in only a few years. I will never forget that fishing trip on that memorable day back in the spring of 1925.

FLEAS AND PHD.'S

Margaret Eyman

My life as the wife of a farmer started on June 28, 1916.

We started farming on a shoe string. Our activities centered around our friends and neighbors, and church. We played some cards for fun—no betting, not even matches! Some-r-set and Rook. We had many funny experiences and some not so much fun. We visited friends one cold snowy night to play cards and were having such a good time. We stayed until 2 o'clock. We drove a horse and buggy. Snow was on the ground and large drifts on each side of the road. The buggy wheel rolled up on one and over the buggy went, spilling both of us out in the snow. The horse had to be unhitched, the buggy turned back, right side up and the horse hitched up again. Fortunately the horse was gentle and we were no worse for wear. This happened long before our daughter was born.

A few years later after we had acquired some milk cows, it became my job to take the cream to town in a 5 gallon can. Unfortunately I decided to sell some hens, putting all in the Model T which we had acquired. Turning a corner—over went the cream can—all over the hens. I heard them making a funny noise, so I stopped to investigate. The hens swimming in cream! It was necessary to go back home; wash the hens off and put them in the coal room to dry and wash the inside of the car. It wasn't funny as it was in November and cold. We also needed the money.

Our home seemed to be a good place for company, so when Earl's brother Ralph received his doctor's degree from the University of California, he was hired as a teacher at Tallahassee, Florida, and drove there by way of our place with his wife and four youngsters. It didn't take long for them to find out that we had fleas in our barn. My! My! Such a time! You could scratch all night with only one flea in bed with you. They bothered some people worse than others and

some of the youngsters got infection from them but they left Illinois much wiser.

We also had company from Chicago and the mother of a little boy decided the barn was her place to read her Rosary with more sad experiences for her and the fleas. Incidentally, we got rid of the fleas by using gas tar we bought in Beardstown.

THE WAY IT WAS

Clarice Trone Dickerson

There is so much to write about the "Good Old Days." In reading it may not sound so good and many times it wasn't, but we always had a good time when people came, when we went to school and church. There were lots of times when we were at home for fun, too.

Our home was two miles from Ridgeville School #50 and one half mile off the main highway. When I was born in 1905, we had a two room log house covered with unpainted boards. There was a very narrow stairway that led to a floored attic upstairs. Our kitchen was built-on and joined the house by a covered entryway. In the winter the kitchen got very cold at night, as we had a flat top wood-burning cookstove with reservoir for water on back, and oven underneath the top of stove and back of firebox. That stove lasted for at least 15 years before we got a range with a warming closet on top.

We went to the circus when it came to Rushville. They unloaded at the depot and marched the elephants and animals that could walk, and hauled the lions etc. In their decorated cages, they marched from the depot uptown on the square and east on Lafayette Street and turned north on east side of the Washington School, and went north to the fairground. My grandmother lived east of school and we watched them from there. We also went to the fair, and, when I was quite small, they had a balloonist and he would go up and drift around. We went in the "surrey" and took feed along. My father would unhitch the horses and feed them while we were at the fair or where ever we went to for a day.

We never had a telphone until 1908 and no electric lights as long as our family of 12 children were growing up. We washed much of the time with a tub and wash board, and always boiled the clothes in a boiler with soap and lye added to the water. The water always had to be skimmed before the clothes were put in to get rid of the hard elements in the water. We made lye by having a square shaped hopper that came down to a V shape at bottom, filled with wood ashes, and when it rained or got wet the water that dripped through into a crock or other such container made the lye.

Our father built a barn about 1908 and it was built of timbers cut from wood sawed on our farm by Jim Anderson, who set up his saw mill and stayed in a little room built on his wagon while he sawed the timber. He had a phonograph and brought it at night for us to hear. It had cylinders that the music was on. We thought he was quite a nice man. My Grandfather Alonzo Kinnear had a livery barn and kept horses and buggies or other conveyances while people were in town. He also had two beautiful horses and a buggy of his own that he hired out to people to use. The livery barn was located where later the Deans Dairy was, and is now parking lot space between the Schuyler State Bank and the Feigel food store across the street from the Courthouse and jail. He was a very dear man and kept the schoolboys' horses while they attended high school. In 1919, in February, the flu was very bad and he contracted it from someone, and lived only 3 or 4 days after he took it.

My mother had twelve children and never went to see a doctor before any of them were born. All were born at home. The doctors always came to our house. The doctor who delivered me was Doctor Bellomy. He had white hair and seemed quite old but he went where he was called in all kinds of weather in a "rig" and on horseback. He lived in the big house east of Pleasantview.

Everyone, until we were toward or in our teens, travelled by buggy wagon or on horseback. Relatives from nearby neighborhoods or towns came and, if from very far from home, always ate what meals we had. Not much was bought out of store. Flour, sugar and rice were staples bought in stores but we raised our vegetables, potatoes, cabbage, kraut, cane for sorghum molasses, apples, cherries and peaches, and also pears. Most everyone had an orchard with these fruit trees and also blackberries. All these were canned for winter by the half gallon or quart, and all members of the family worked at keeping the garden. Kraut was made in a large crock or barrel containers. Apples, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and many other vegetables were placed in the cellar or buried in straw in ground in a well drained place.

We had Gipsys that came through the country every summer and news soon spread through the neighborhood, as they were pretty tricky sometimes and liked chicken. Also many peddlers came along and peddled material, beautiful dishes, paper weights, and all kinds of gadgets, and even eye glasses that way. In these 75 years there have been cars, electricity and gas for heat—airplanes, atom and hydrogen bombs, trips to the moon and, in the next 75 years, we cannot imagine how much more progress will be made. We only hope it will be for the betterment of mankind.

List of Authors

TALES FROM TWO RIVERS WRITING CONTEST ENTRANTS

All manuscripts entered in the 1980 Tales from Two Rivers writing contest have been placed in Western Illinois University's library. Together with the authors whose stories appear in this book, the following writers shared their own experiences of western Illinois history and all of their works are available to researchers at the library's Archives and Special Collections department.

ADAMS

Aden, Edith F.
Alexander, Ollie M.
Bowles, Arthur E.
Brick, Helen Z.
Cason, Leila H.
Croxton, Mildred
Debres, Margaret
Dittmer, Pauline
Fornell, Irma
Frieburg, Gerald M.
Gunn, Frances S. (Mrs.)
Hollender, Esther
Hulsen, Bob
Ift, Etta M. (Mrs.)
Kanauss, Lydia
Koehler, Inez
Krupa, Julius
Leapley, Alice De Witt
McCullough, James R.
McFarland, Vera
Minear, Sara B.
Moellring, Roy (Mrs.)
Norton, Evangeline Dickhoener
Owen, Roy Sr. (Mrs.)
Riggins, Jerry A. Sr. (Mrs.)
Rose, Violet
Ruddell, Sara J.
Shanholtzer, Wesley A.
Smith, May F.
Taylor, Margaret N.
Thale, Ethel Wagner
Von Holt, Ura May (Mrs.)
Wiegand, Nellie
Wilkey, Keith L.
Woods, Mildred M.

BROWN

Ashbaker, J. Emmett
Clark, Carol
Haas, Art
Hersman, Frank
O'Connell, Nellie A.
Roe, Nellie F.
Swearingen, Erma Elliott
Tice, Duward F.
Unger, Clara Roberts

BUREAU

Shearburn, Dorothy

CALHOUN

Bryant, Evelyn
Carpenter, George W.
Dixon, Elsie L.
Halemeyer, Esther
Navarre, Olive

CASS

Beadles, Elmer L.
Blessman, Alice Greb
Kirchner, Janette
Murphy, Lucille G. (Mrs.)
Pate, Vivian May

CHRISTIAN

Becchelli, Anna (Mrs.)
Jacoby, Cleeta Davidson
Lebeter, Madeline

FULTON

Ames, Grace
Auigley, Anna
Baker, Marion Y.
Boden, Katherine
Bowman, Mabel
Boyce, Ava
Breeding, Grace
Burrows, Beulah
Clemens, Valera Kelly
Coultas, Julian E.
Dean, Blanche Aurelia
Derry, Elsie Mae
Forneris, Angelo
Foster, Marguerite
Guyton, Marian S.
Helle, Joe
Keeney, Frances
Lewis, Edward R., Jr.
Marshall, Pierre
Myers, Helen (Mrs.)
Orsborn, Olive L.
Scak, Aletha
Schoonover, Edna
Workman, Garnet (Mrs.)

GREENE

Chapman, Floy K.
Schutz, Neita
Stout, Viola Ann

HANCOCK

Allen, Ira J.
Beckwith, Clare
Braun, Florence
Burdett, Small
Clover, Lowell
Cludray, Ellen
Curtis, Loren S.
Dean, Adelphia J.
Donkle, Harold L.
Douglas, Ora Lee

Dunn, Helen R.
Eyman, Margaret
Grainger, Ora
Harl, Mary
Hufendick, Ora M.
Jackson, Ida C.
Junk, Lucille
Kruse, Idapearl
Lawton, Leota (Mrs.)
Link, Kathryn
Lionberger, Bertha
Lutz, Delbert
Ourth, Florence
Peyron, Ernest A., Sr.
Peyron, Jane
Rice, Margaret K.
Scheuremann, Mattie (Mrs.)
Siegfried, Mary H. Miss
Spangler, Mamie E.
Summers, Vilette May
White, Helen E.
Williams, Edna

HENDERSON

Canfield, Homer A.
Carner, Muriel
Gillaspie, Sylvia
Kane, John W. (Mrs.)
Mead, Virgie L.
Sanderson, Mabelle

HENRY

DeShane, Eunice Stone
Johnson, Ruth
Martin, Inez
Nash Lund, Jane
Norcross, Kenneth M.
Schillinger, Grace V.

JERSEY

Ayres, Ruth E.
Fink, Allie
Freesmeyer, Marie
Heitzig, Mary W.
Lawson, Margaret Sipes
Ratz, Eula
Shanks, Mary L.
Strunk, Charles B. (Mrs.)

KNOX

Baker, Berniece
Clausen, Maree L.
Close, Edith M.
Hagerty, Genevieve
Hansen, Dorothy
Hicks, Grace
Reed, Marjory M.
Ruth, Eola Marie
Self, Opal
Simms, Louise
Smith, Imogne
Thompson, Marie Sellers

LA SALLE

Berry, Dorothy B.
Cook, Mary Helen Kiegley
Mason, Beulah Jay

MACON

Lawrence, Lorene
Waters, Irene Clopton

MASON

Jones, Trevor L.
Scherer, Alyce
Walker, Lucille J.
Wheat, Mary

McDONOUGH

Bloomer, Harlan H.
Bricker, Mary Harriet
Bryan, Minnie J.
Bump, Floyd R.
Butcher, Clarence A.
Combites, Lillian (Nelson)
Crabb, Martha L.
DeJong, Marie H.
DeMuth, Ellen Taylor
Feaster, Marian
Fugate, Clela M.
Gingerich, Eleanor P.
Gorsuch, Geneva
Graham, Burdette
Grieshaber, Jedidja Margaret
Haffner, May F.
Harper, Charles H.
Heaton, Roxie Stroops
Hurst, Mabel
Larson, Orville
Lefler, Floradell
Little, Robert
Logan, David E.
Logan, Gladys M.
Lybarger, Rilla
Madison, Marie
McKone, Sarah Catherine
McMillan, Beulah J. (Mrs.)
Meacham, Lena
Meyers, Forrest
Myers, Goldie
Nelson, Mildred M.
Oliver, Kermit F.
Oller, Thorlo W.
Pace, Paulince
Patrick, Mary L. S.
Ray, Darlene (Mrs.)
Robbins, Lyle W.
Robinson, Nell Windsor (Mrs.)
Selters, Beula
Senders, Nina
Sexton, Ruby L.
Sypherd, Esther M.
Taylor, Helen A.
Thomson, Frances
Torrance, Josie A.
Willey, Esther
Welley, John C.
Wilson, Agnes
Woodworth, Florence M.

MENARD

Masten, Fora M.
Shannon, Helen

MERCER

Kiddoo, Elizabeth

MORGAN

Armstrong, Margaret
Moore, Grace Worman
Shanahan, Mabel
Smith, Hattie S.
Vandeventer, Dorothy

PIKE

Chamberlain, Reeta Vestal
Cockrum, Margaret
Cox, Edith W.
Cox, William H. H.
Dixon, Norma R.
Doil, Eloise
Engle, Amy
Ervin, Viola
Hinchee, Bernice (Mrs.)
Kerr, Ruth T.
Lingle, Ruth H.
Torbeck, Mary E.
Weinant, Edith L.
Weinant, Kenneth

ROCK ISLAND

Allison, Edith
Guise, Katherine
Herstedt, Martin E.
Lashbrook, Blondell
Lund, Geraldine
Melin, Ethel L.
Reed, Mary Ann
Smith, John
Zejmowicz, Marion Lister

SANGAMON

Barr, Lois Erma Watkins
Beatty, F. Coninne
Beger, Junius
Harris, Renee Murray
Johnston, Laura M.
Jones, Fred C.
Kish, Ruby Davenport
Oblinger, Josephine
Padget, Ben
Scharf, Margaret Lloyd
Schneider, Virginia (Dee)

SCHUYLER

Armstrong, Raymond E.
Bartlow, Evelyn Long
Cain, Nelda B. (Mrs.)
Clark, Eva M.
Clements, Ethel
Croxton, J. Dwight
Degits, Frieda T.
Devitt, E. Blake
DeWitt, Mary K.
DeWitt, Wilmer
Dickerson, Clarice T.
Dodds, Eleanor T.
Espy, Chester (Mrs.)
Fisk, Grace
Goodwin, Burton O.
Harrison, Francis
Irvin, William F.
Irvin, Lucille H.
Kearby, Ruth A.
Knott, Vivian
Peters, Iva I.
Quigley, Katie
Royer, Laurence L.
Sloan, Paul
Terry, Charles (Mrs.)
Thompson, Leslie Edward
Turner, Nell Dace
Tyson, Guy

SCOTT

Hutchings, Stella

ST. CLAIR

Miller, Lillian D.

STARK

Robertson, Dorothy (Mrs.)

WARREN

Hill, Marguerite Cambell
Johnson, Edythe H.
Keilman, Wilma
Miller, Anna Pauline
Pollitt, Ruth S.
Raberg, Thomas
Shanks, Beulah B.
Stewart, Carl R.
Wetterling, Ethel Jenkins
White, Omega (Mrs.)

WHITESIDE

Florence, Jennie (Mrs.)
Japson, Andrew
Japson, Andrew (Mrs.)

"Those who are living as retirees in today's world are the new pioneers, the first large generation of achievers of long life. As they share what it is like to be long living in the land of the young, they may paint the way for changes that will make our world a better world for people of all ages."

Dr. Sterling E. Alam
Specialist in Gerontology
University of Illinois

"The writers of the essays in this little book see and feel their relationships with the past. Readers will sense the importance of traditions *and* roots *and will be moved to sense their own."*

Dr. Charles R. Keller
Professor of History Emeritus
Williams College, Mass.

"Kate had been a farm horse and was not really in love with the city. Some things petrified her and she resorted to her only defense: Run! . . . Another hazard was the factory whistle. Somehow Kate never got used to it. We always checked the clock to be certain not to pass a plant at noon hour because a toot from the factory whistle meant big trouble for Dad and me."

Bob Hulsen
Adams County

"About 1933 I sold hogs that weighed over eighteen hundred pounds for a total sum of forty-four dollars and some cents. About this time we shipped four sheep to Chicago and received less than a dollar for the four."

Delbert Lutz
Hancock County

"A neighbor lady who expected her husband for lunch had run to the mine when he did not arrive. She found him pinned under a rock. I, among others, drove there quickly . . . He was pinned face down with his knees spread. The rock was about twelve feet long and two feet thick, so we had to 'mine' under him before pulling him out."

John C. Willey
McDonough County

"If they played Pitch, one deck was used. They sat around a big round cherry wood table in the dining room. The lights were furnished by a Delco plant system that made a noise like a John Deere tractor. The game was played most times until 2 or 3 a.m. They'd talk so much sometimes, they'd forget whose deal it was. That was entertainment: 1929."

Elsie L. Dixon
Calhoun County

"Our teachers on the whole were dedicated and good. Always there would be Bible reading and prayer to begin the day. Some teachers read a part of the book each day . . . Group singing was a big part of school for me. I remember such songs as 'Listen to the Mockingbird', "Old Black Joe', and "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground".

Ruth M. Johnson
Kewanee County

"Do you know what a tumblebug is? I haven't seen one in years, but when we farmed with horses, they were plentiful. These bugs laid their eggs in small balls of horse manure . . . Then two of them, a papa and mama, I suppose, would roll it with them. They took it along at a good clip . . ."

Elizabeth Kiddoo
Mercer County